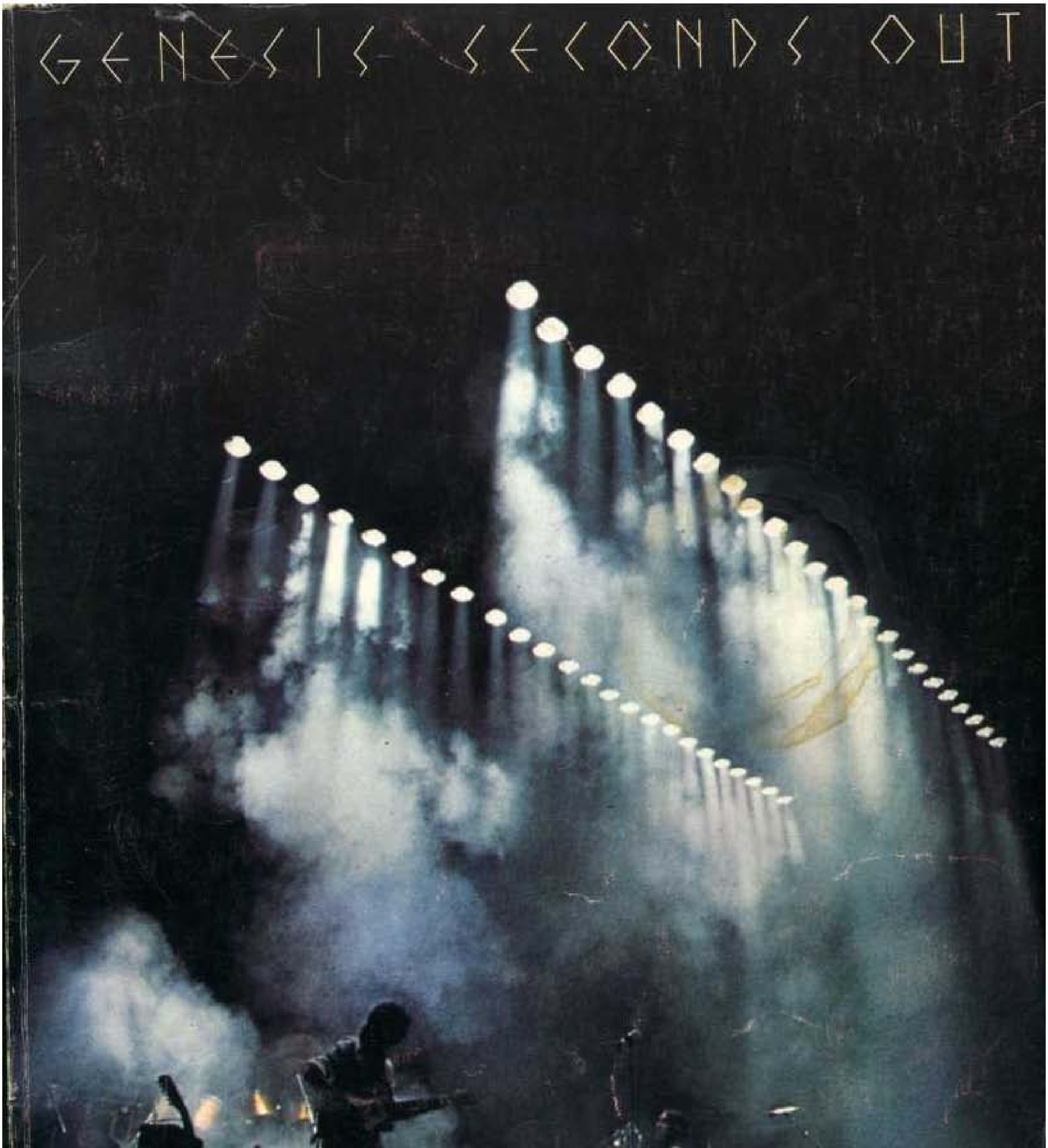

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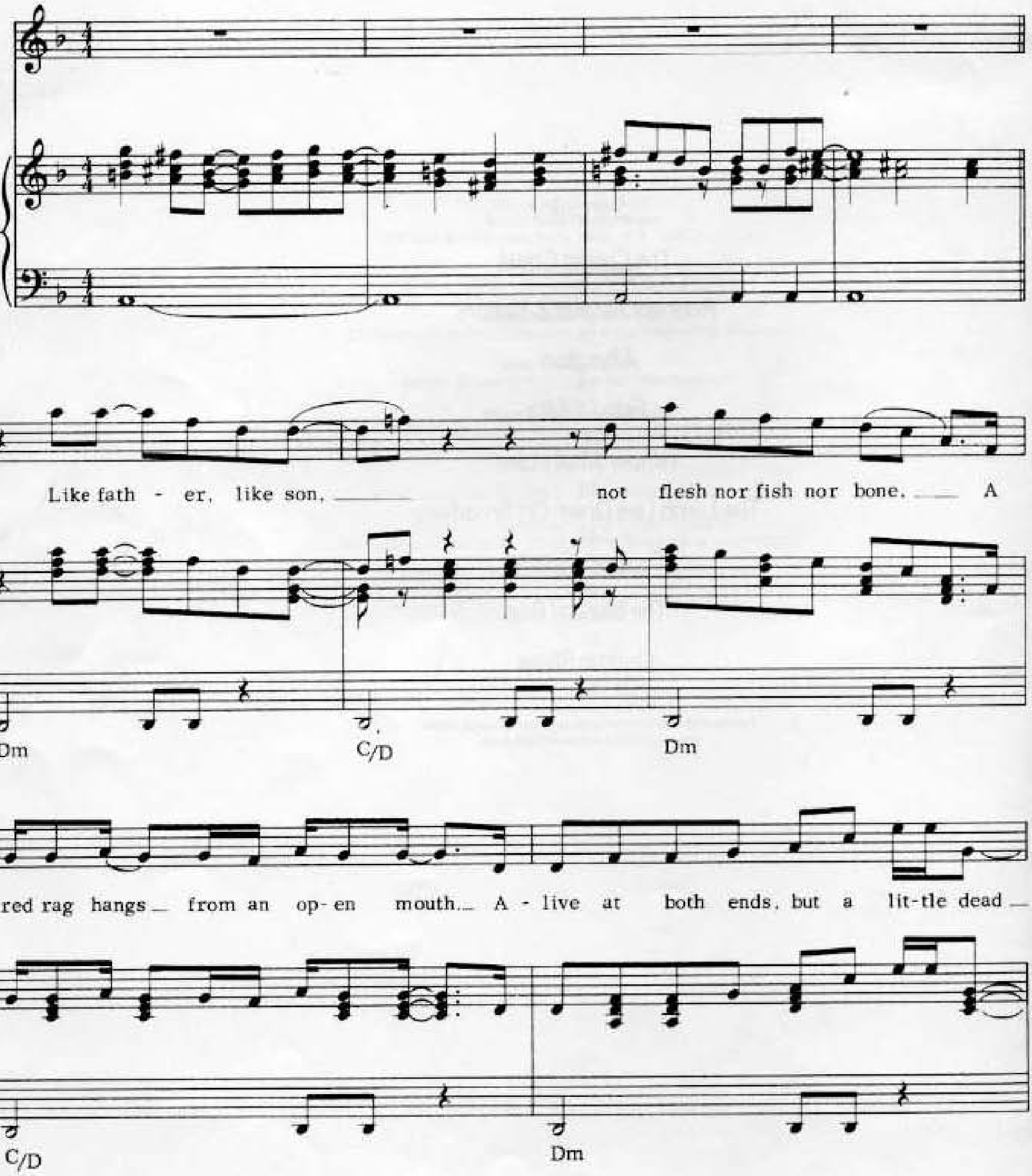
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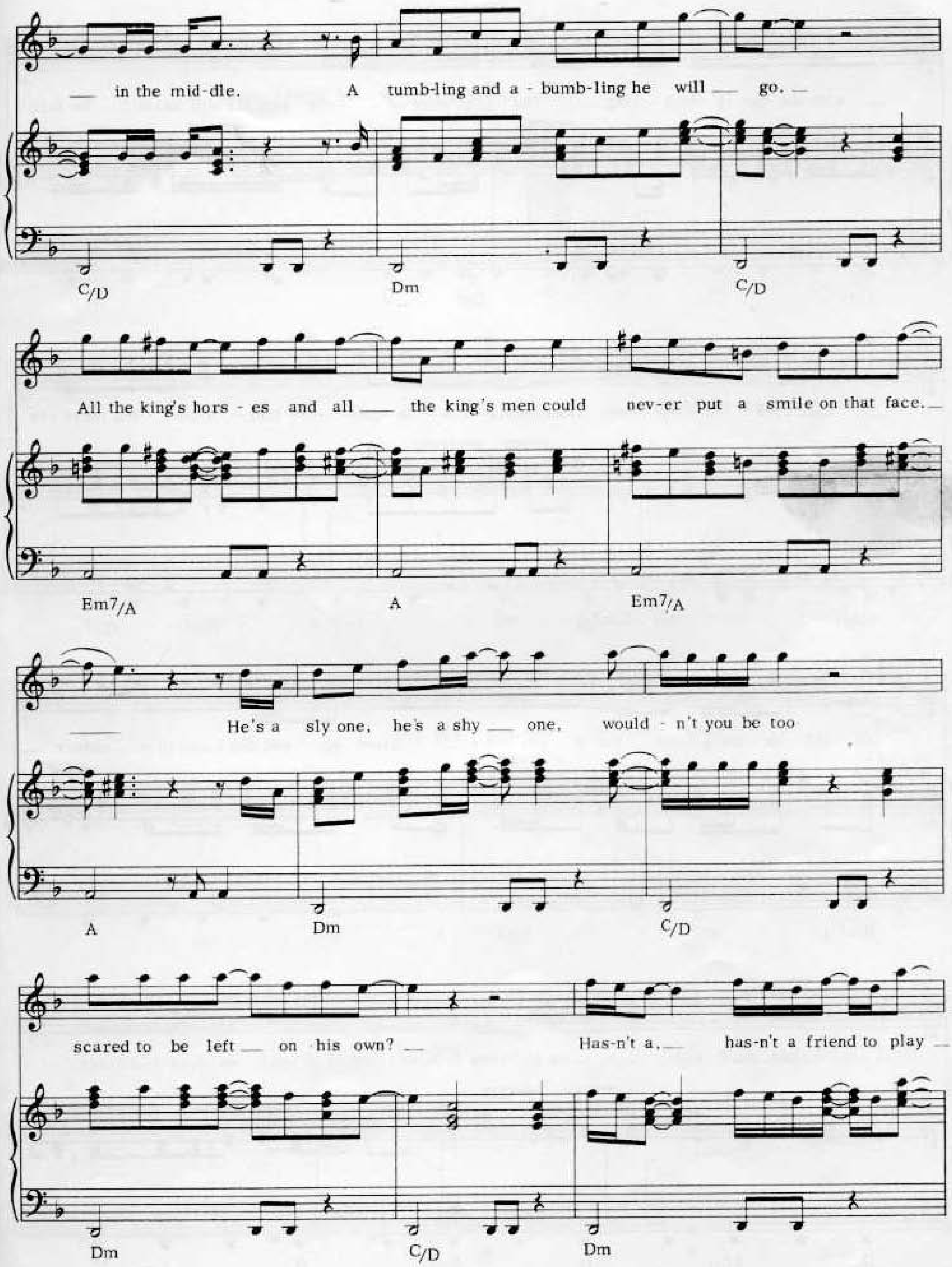
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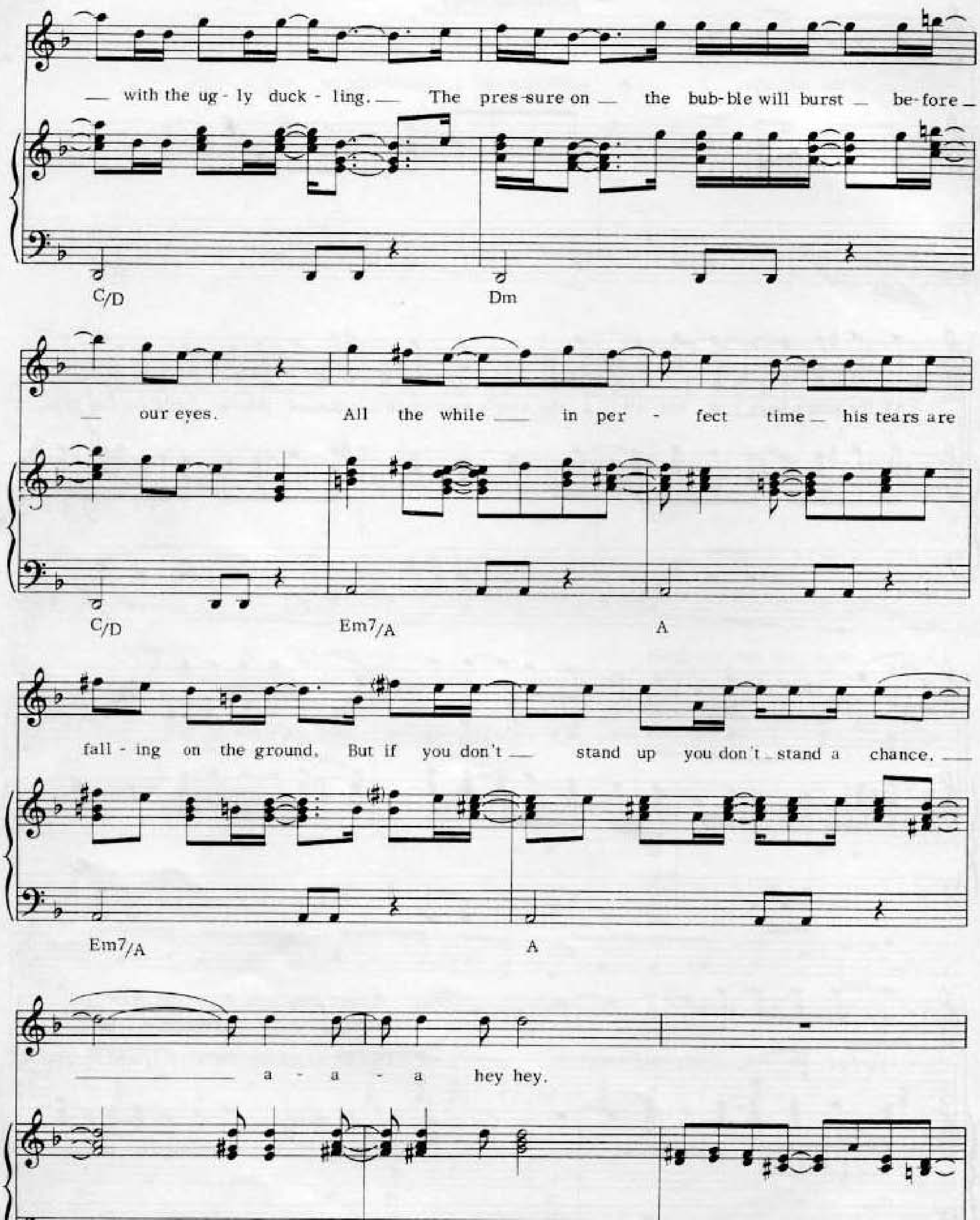
For copyright reasons the same selection of songs on the album cannot be included in this book.

Squonk

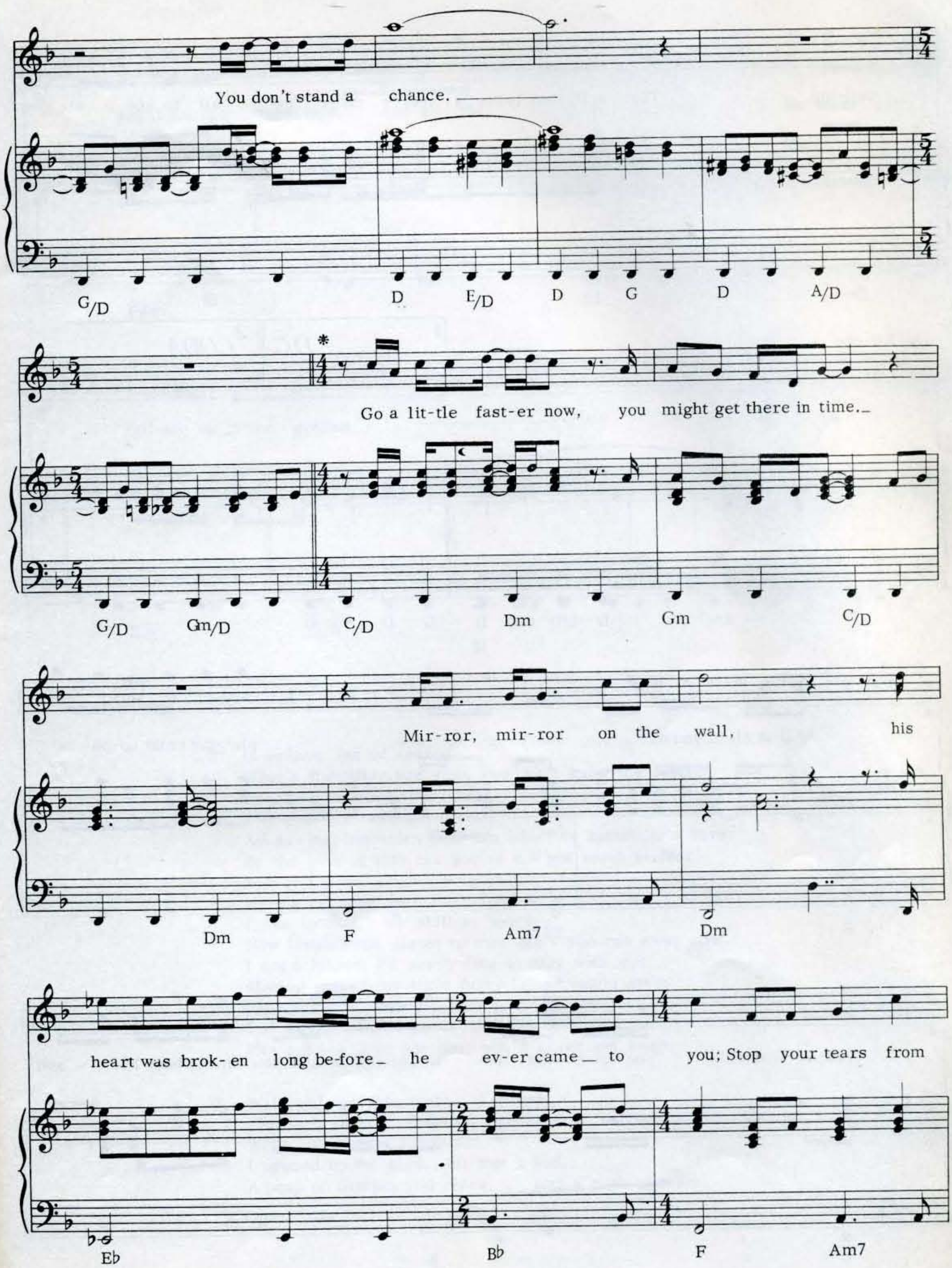
Words & Music by Rutherford & Banks.
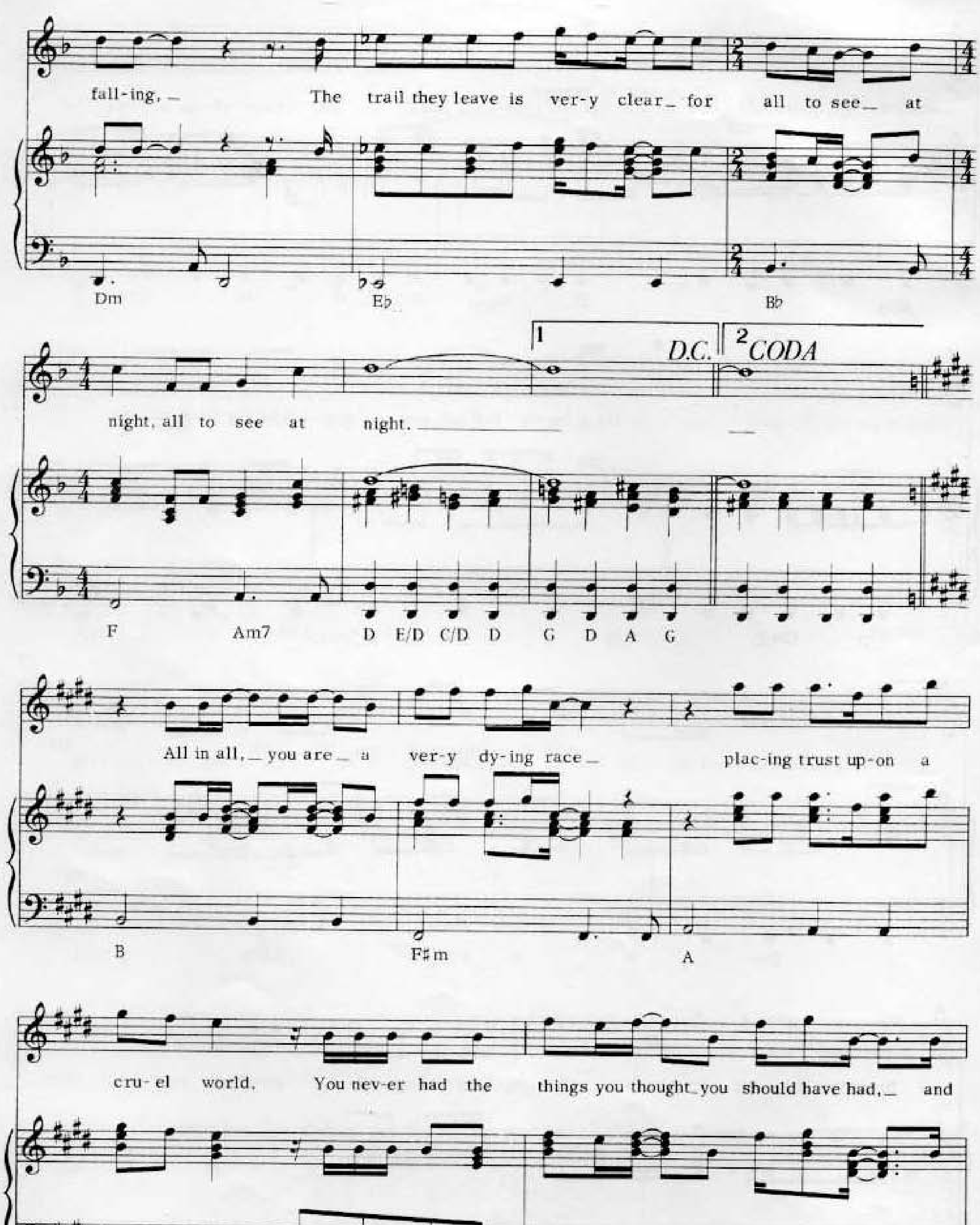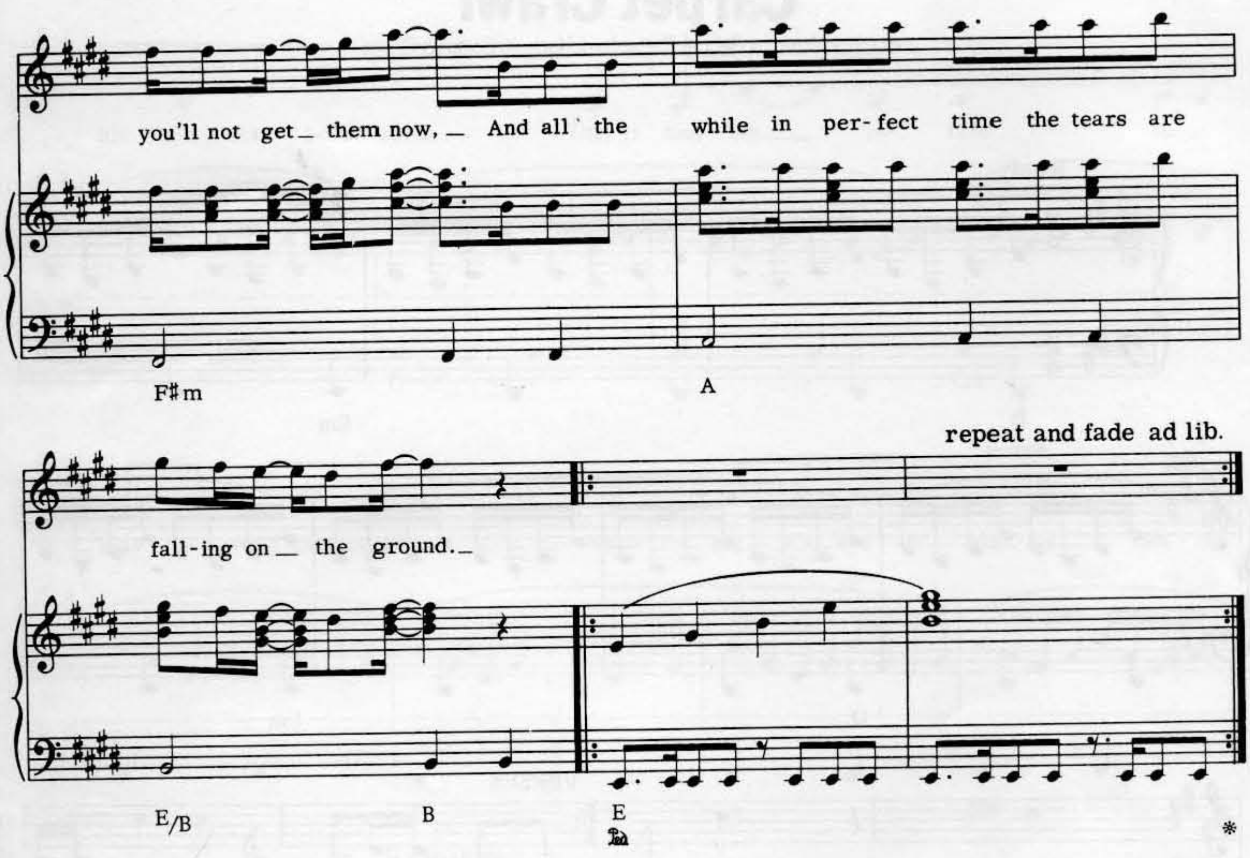



in the mid-dle. A tumb-ling and a - bumb-ling he will go.
C/D
Dm
C/D
All the king's hors - es and all the king's men could nev-er put a smile on that face.
Em7/A
A
Em7/A
He's a sly one, he's a shy one, would - n't you be too
A
Dm
C/D
scared to be left on his own? Has-n't a, has-n't a friend to play
Dm
C/D
Dm



with the ug - ly duck - ling. The pres-sure on the bub-ble will burst be-fore
C/D
Dm
our eyes. All the while in per - fect time his tears are
C/D
Em7/A
A
fall - ing on the ground. But if you don't stand up you don't stand a chance.
Em7/A
A
a - a - a hey hey.
D
E7/D
D
G/D
D
A/D


You don't stand a chance.
G/D D E/D D G D A/D
Go a lit-tle fast-er now, you might get there in time.
G/D Gm/D C/D Dm Gm C/D
Mir-ror, mir-ror on the wall, his
Dm F Am7 Dm
heart was brok-en long be-fore he ev-er came to you; Stop your tears from
Eb Bb F Am7


fall-ing, _ The trail they leave is ver-y clear _ for all to see _ at
Dm
Eb
Bb
1
D.C.
2 CODA
night, all to see at night. _
F
Am7
D E/D C/D D
G D A G
All in all, _ you are _ a ver-y dy-ing race _ plac-ing trust up-on a
B
F♯m
A
cru- el world. You nev-er had the things you thought_you should have had, _ and
E
B



3: In season, out of season
What's the difference when you don't know the reason.
In one hand bread, the other a stone.
The hunter enters the forest.
All are not huntsmen who can blow the huntsman's horn.
By the look of this one you've not got much to fear.
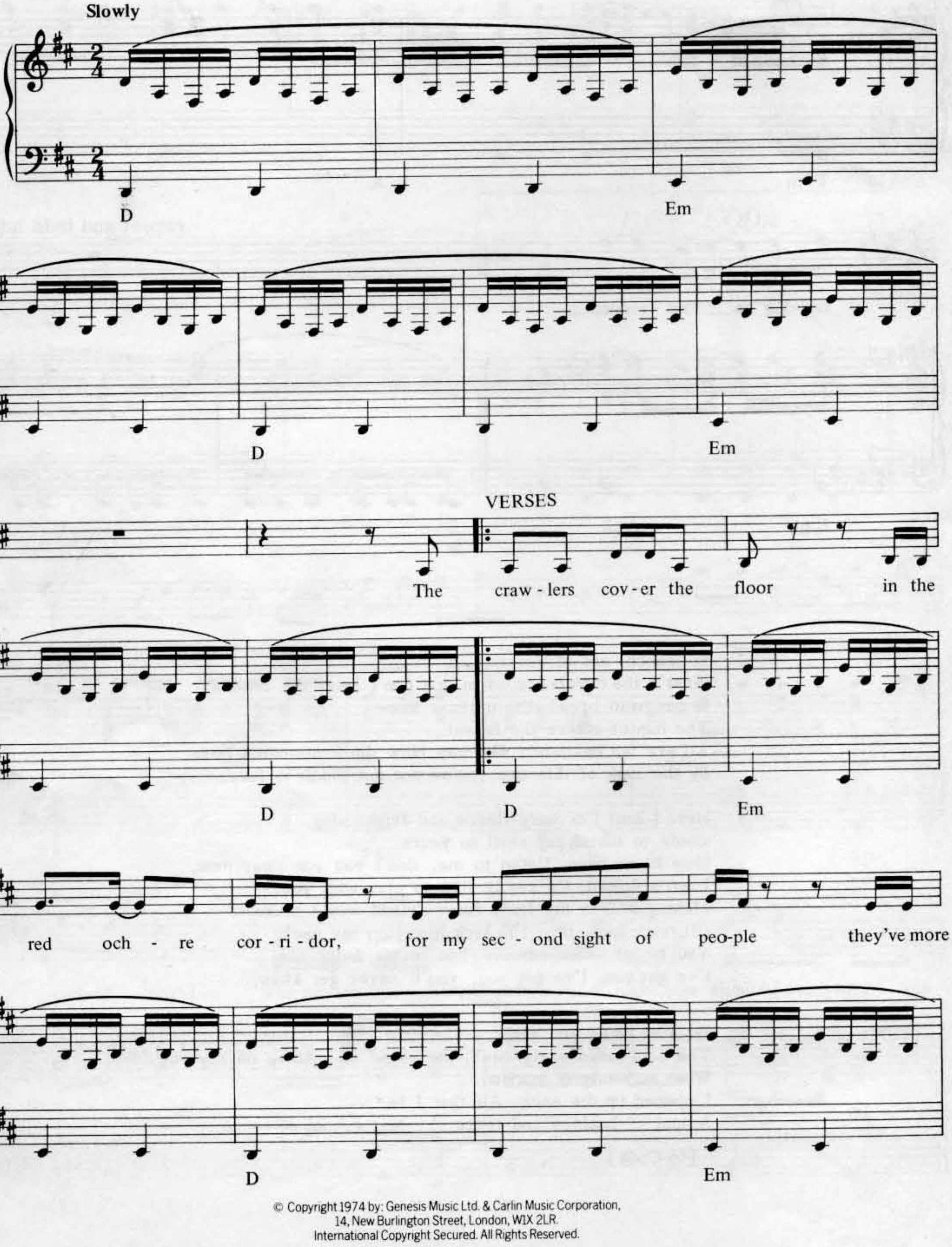
4: Here I am; I'm very fierce and frightening,
Come to match my skill to yours.
Now listen here, listen to me, don't you run away now.
I am a friend; I'd really like to play with you.
Making noises my little furry friend would make
I'll trick him, then I'll kick him into my sack.
You better watch out..... You better watch out.
I've got you, I've got you, you'll never get away.
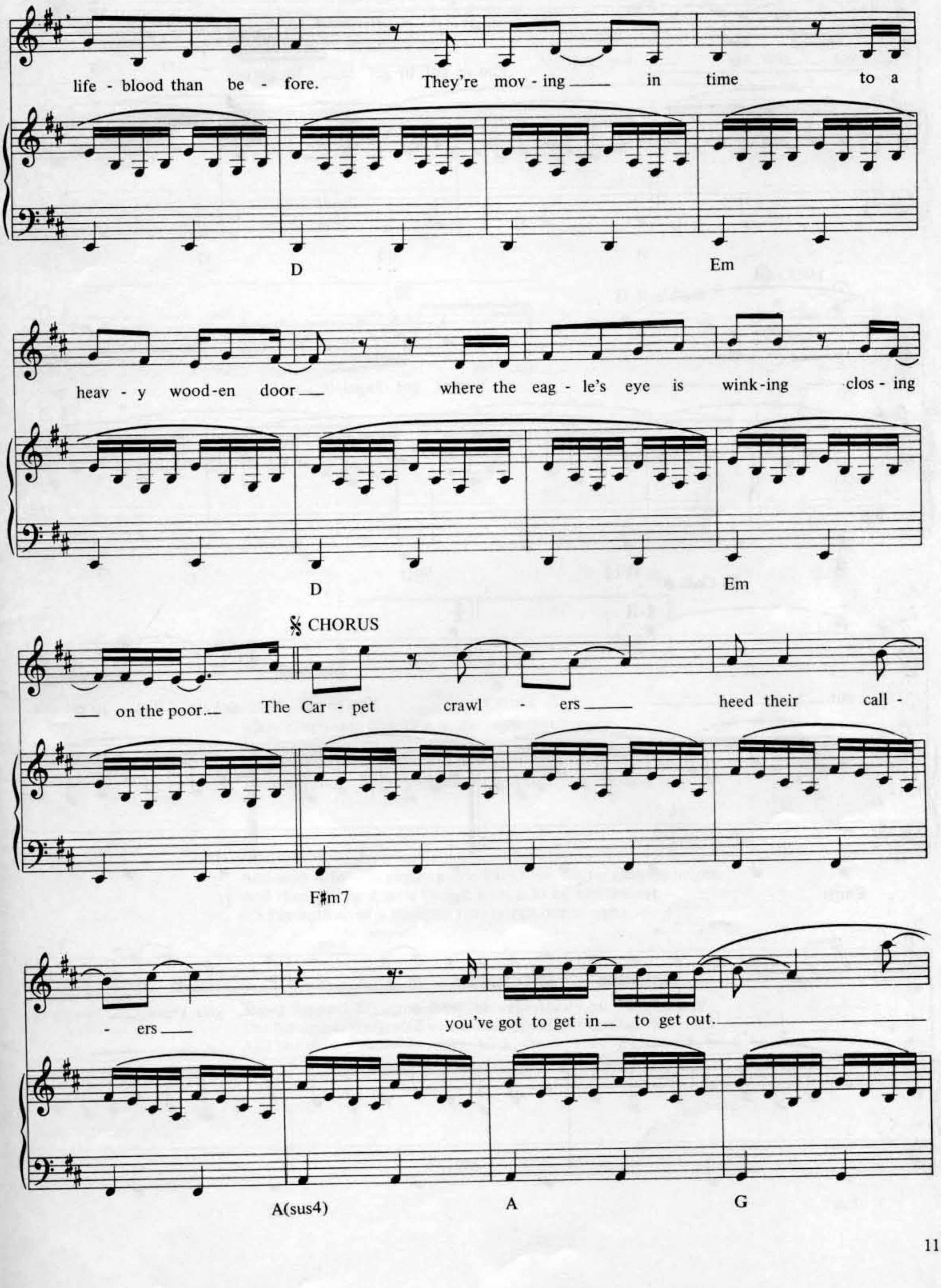
* Walking home that night,
The sack across my back, the sound of sobbing on my shoulder,
When suddenly it stopped.
I opened up the sack. All that I had.....
A pool of bubbles and tears..... just a pool of tears.
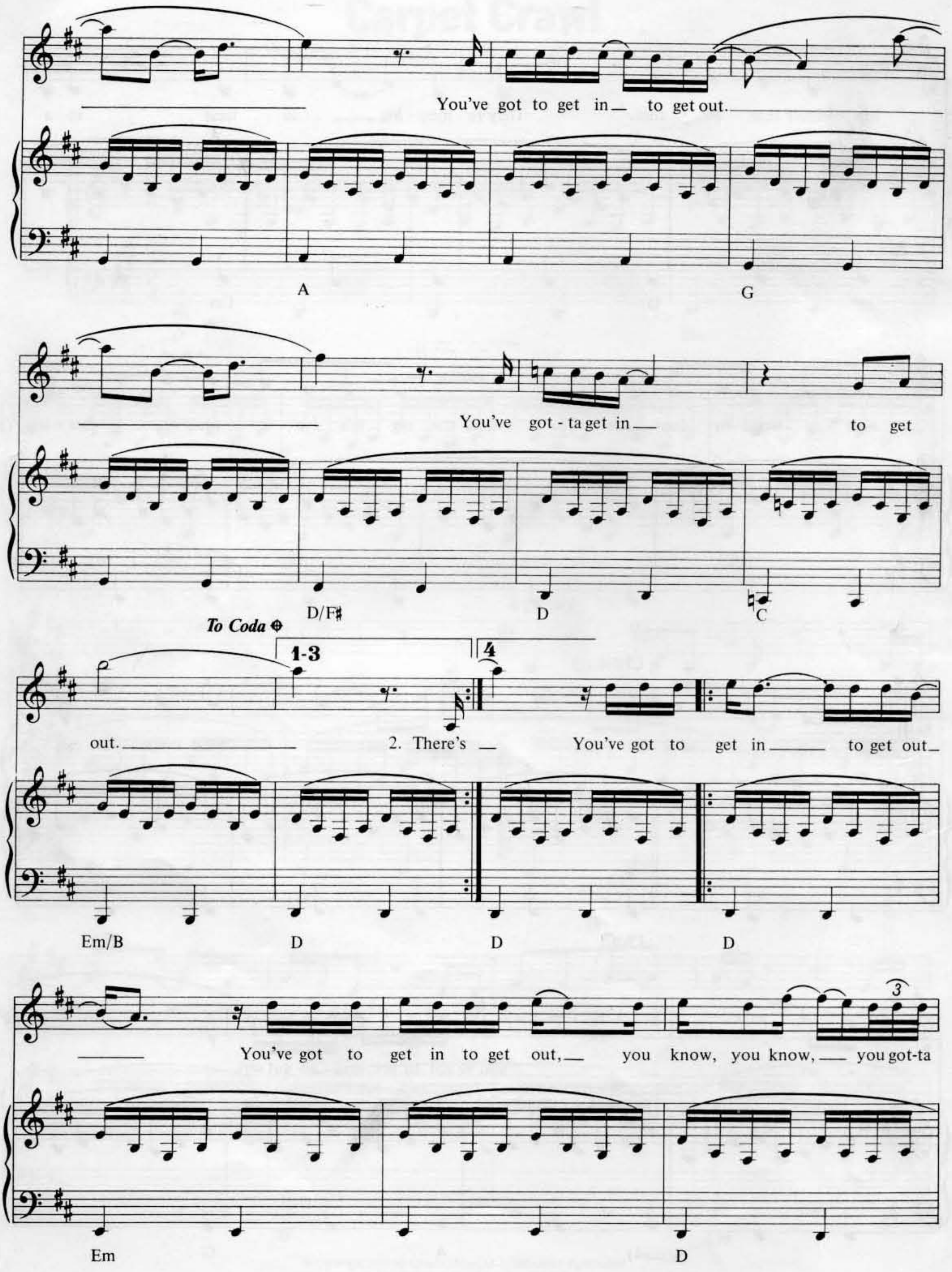
[to Coda]

Carpet Crawl
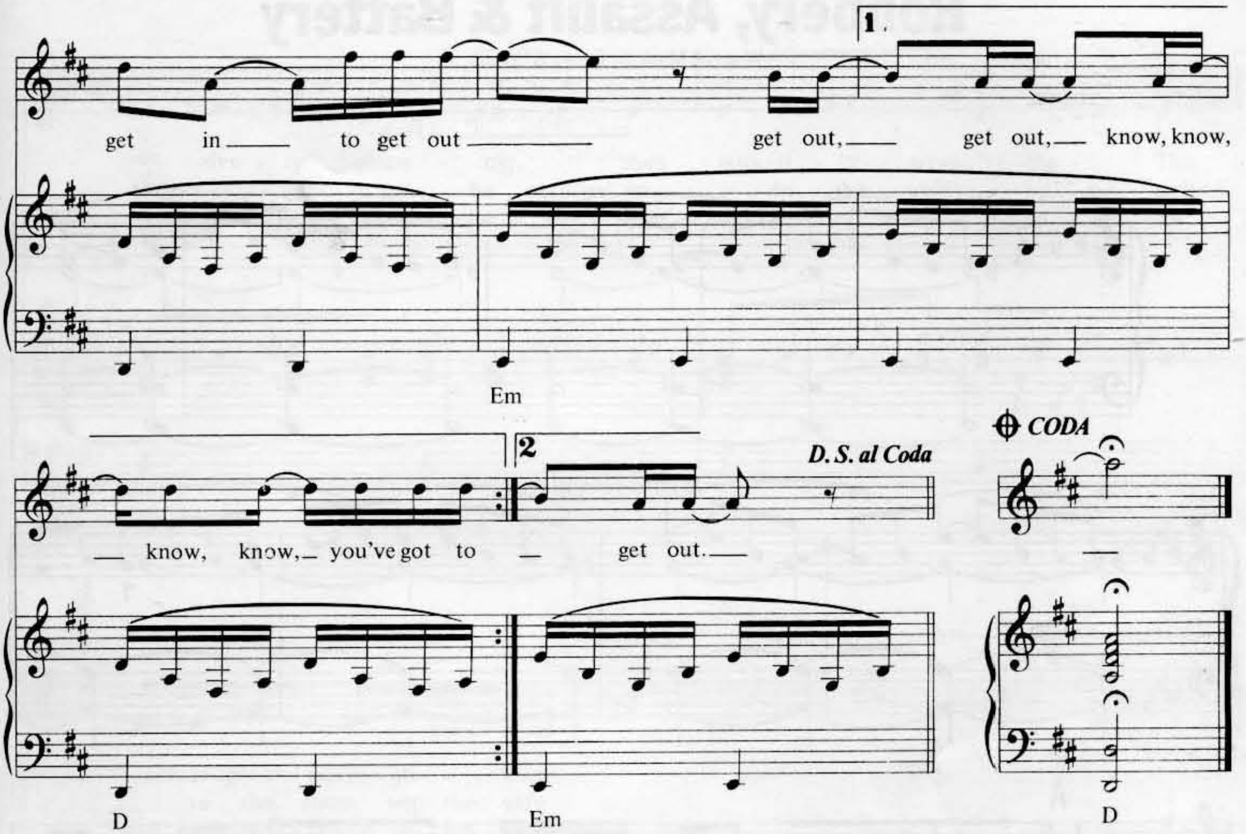
Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Hackett, Collins & Banks.




life - blood than be - fore. They're mov - ing in time to a
D
Em
heav - y wood-en door where the eag - le's eye is wink-ing clos - ing
D
Em
CHORUS
on the poor. The Car - pet crawl - ers heed their call -
F♯m7
- ers you've got to get in to get out.
A(sus4)
A
G



You've got to get in to get out.
A
G
You've got-ta get in to get
D/F♯
D
C
To Coda ⊕
1-3
4
out.
2. There's
You've got to get in to get out
Em/B
D
D
D
You've got to get in to get out, you know, you know, you got-ta
Em
D



Verse 2

There's only one direction in the faces that I see
And it's upward to that ceiling where the chamber's said to be.
Like the forest fight for sunlight that takes root in every tree
They are pulled up by the magnet still believing they are free.
(to chorus)

Verse 3
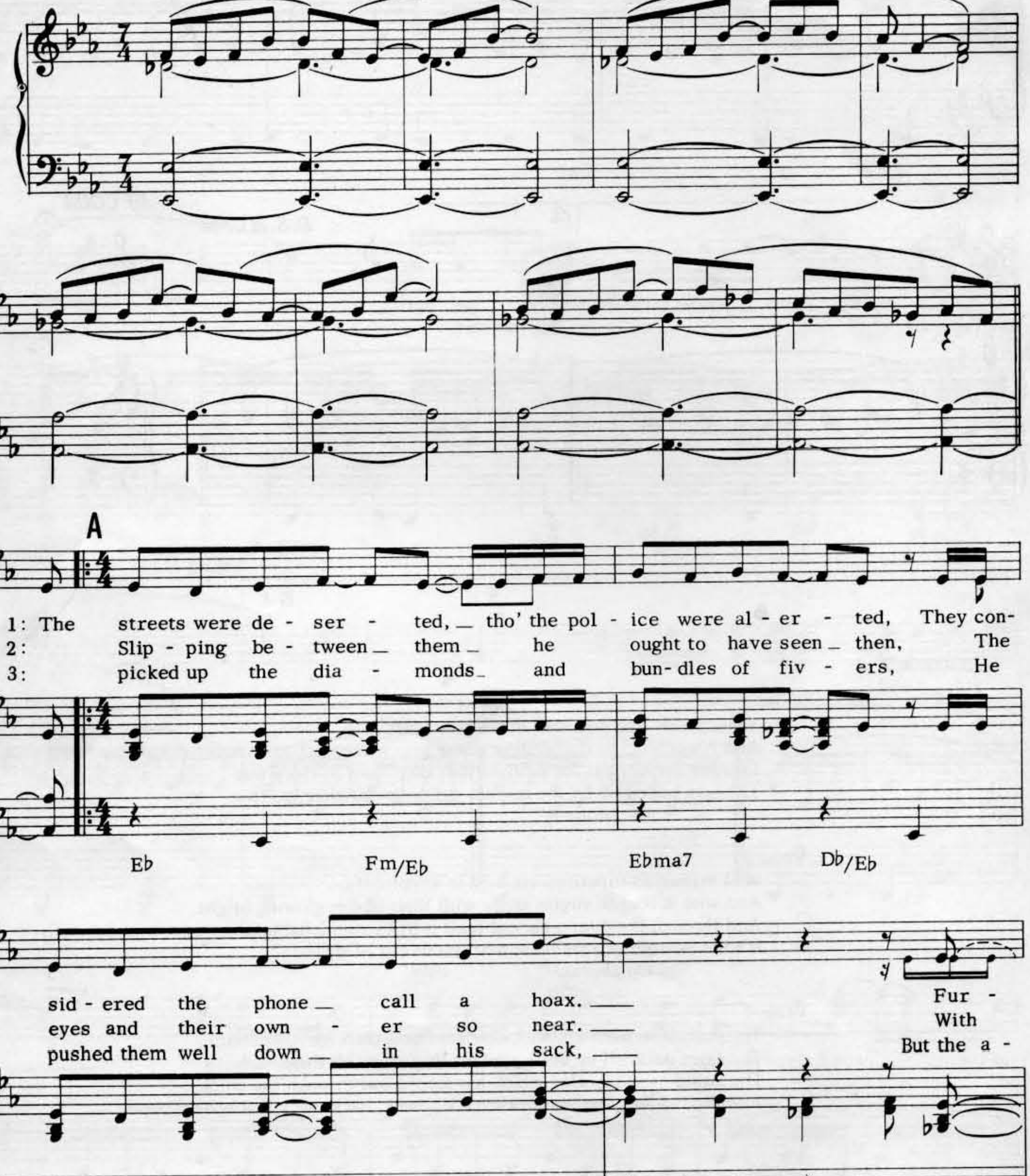
Mild mannered supermen are held in kryptonite,
And wise & foolish virgins giggle with their bodies glowing bright.
And through the door a harvest feast is lit by candlelight,
It's the bottom of a staircase that spirals out of sight.
(to chorus)
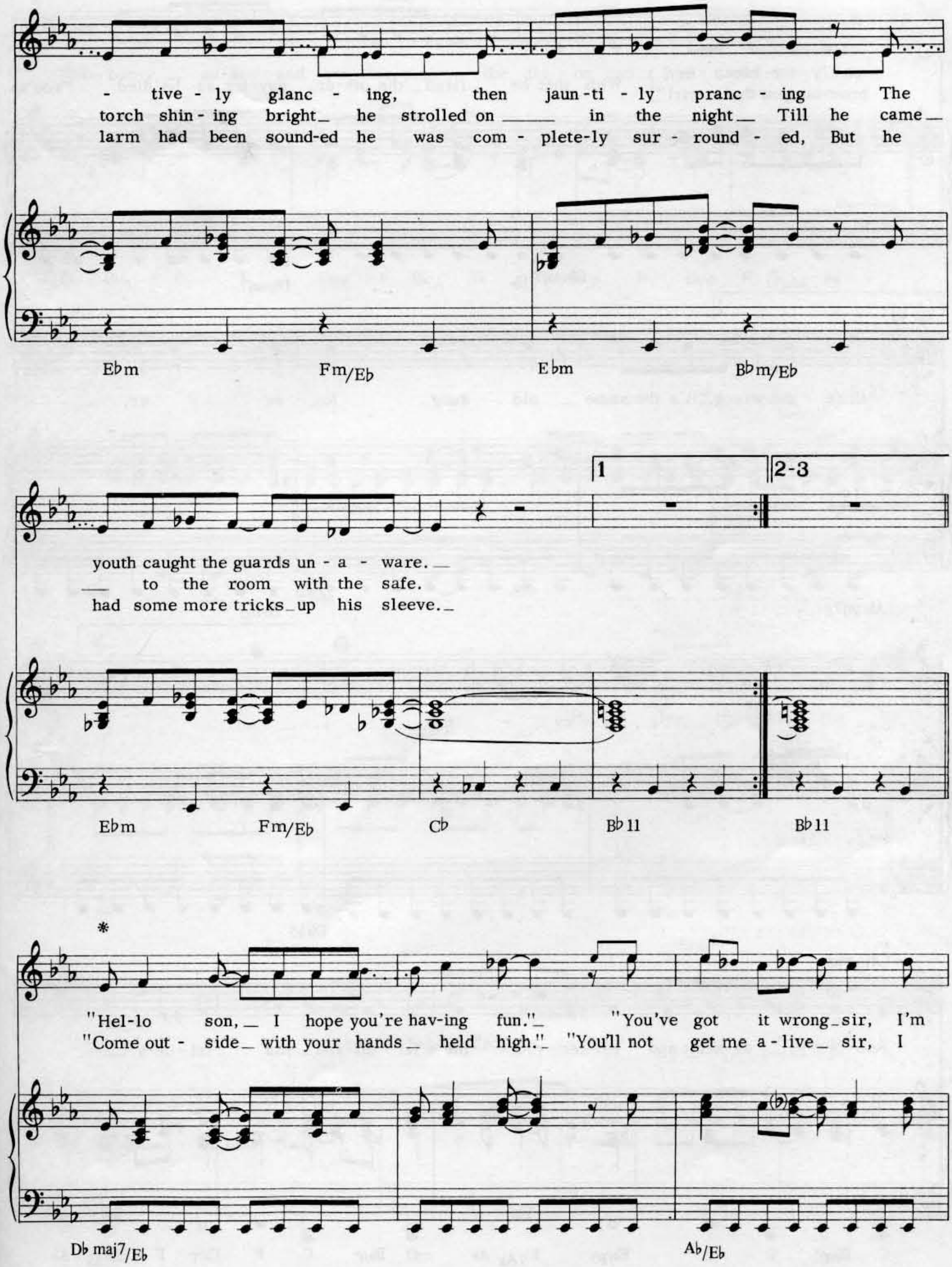
Verse 4
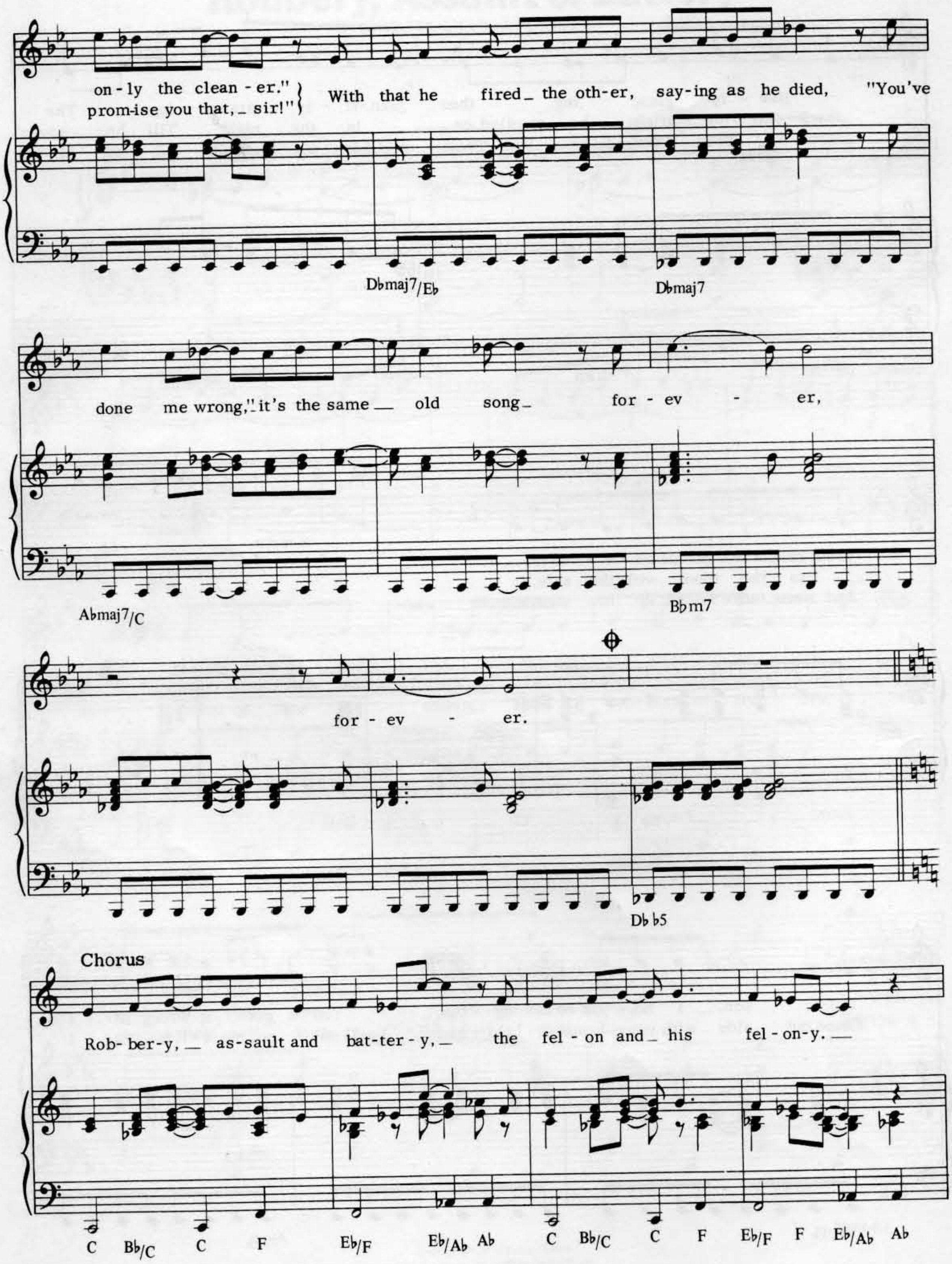
The porcelain mannikin with shattered skin fears his next attack,
The eager pack lift up their pitchers they carry on their back
The liquid has congealed which has seeped out through the crack,
And the tickler takes his stickle back,–back, back, back, back, back, back.
(to chorus)
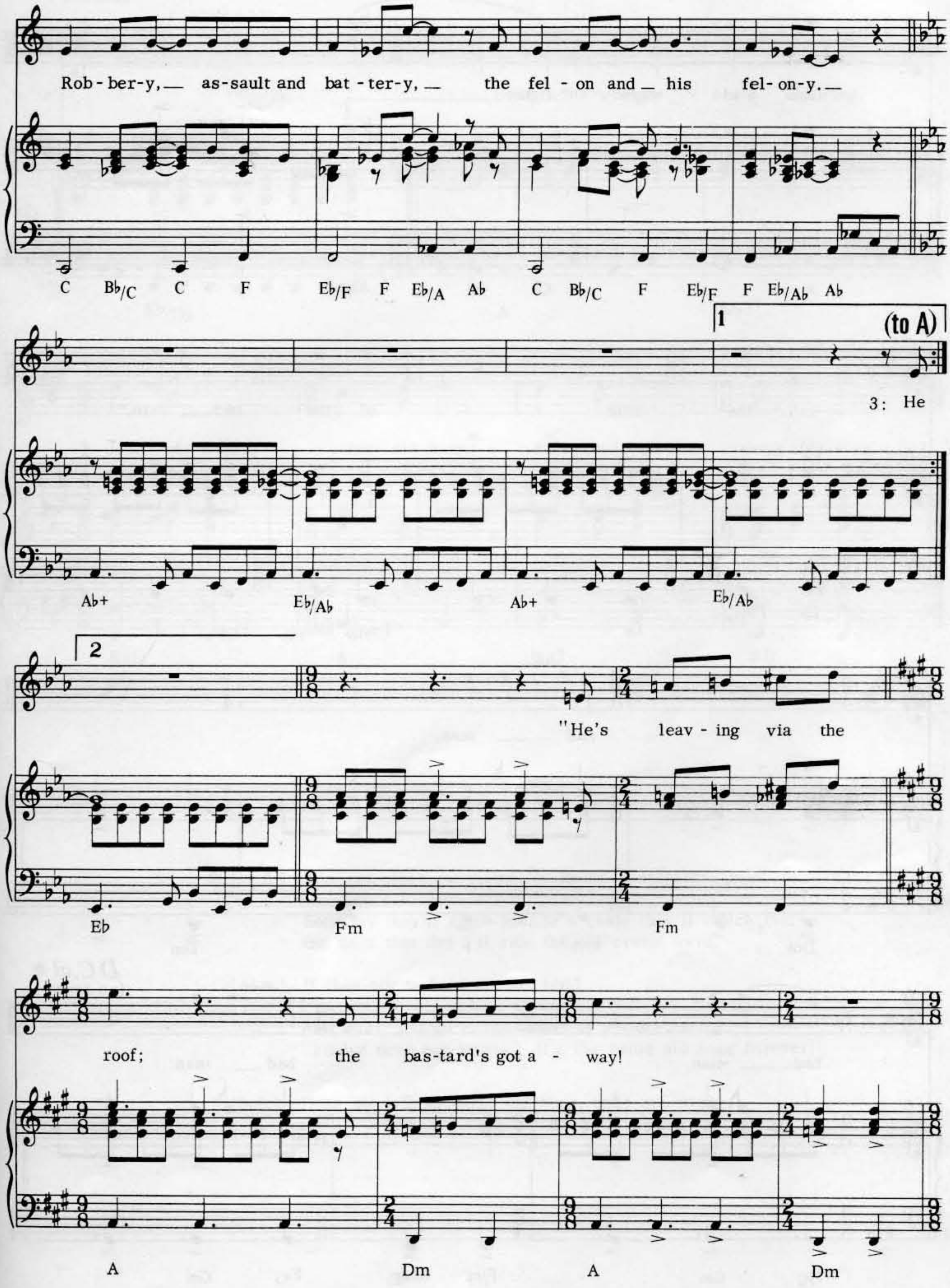
Robbery, Assault & Battery
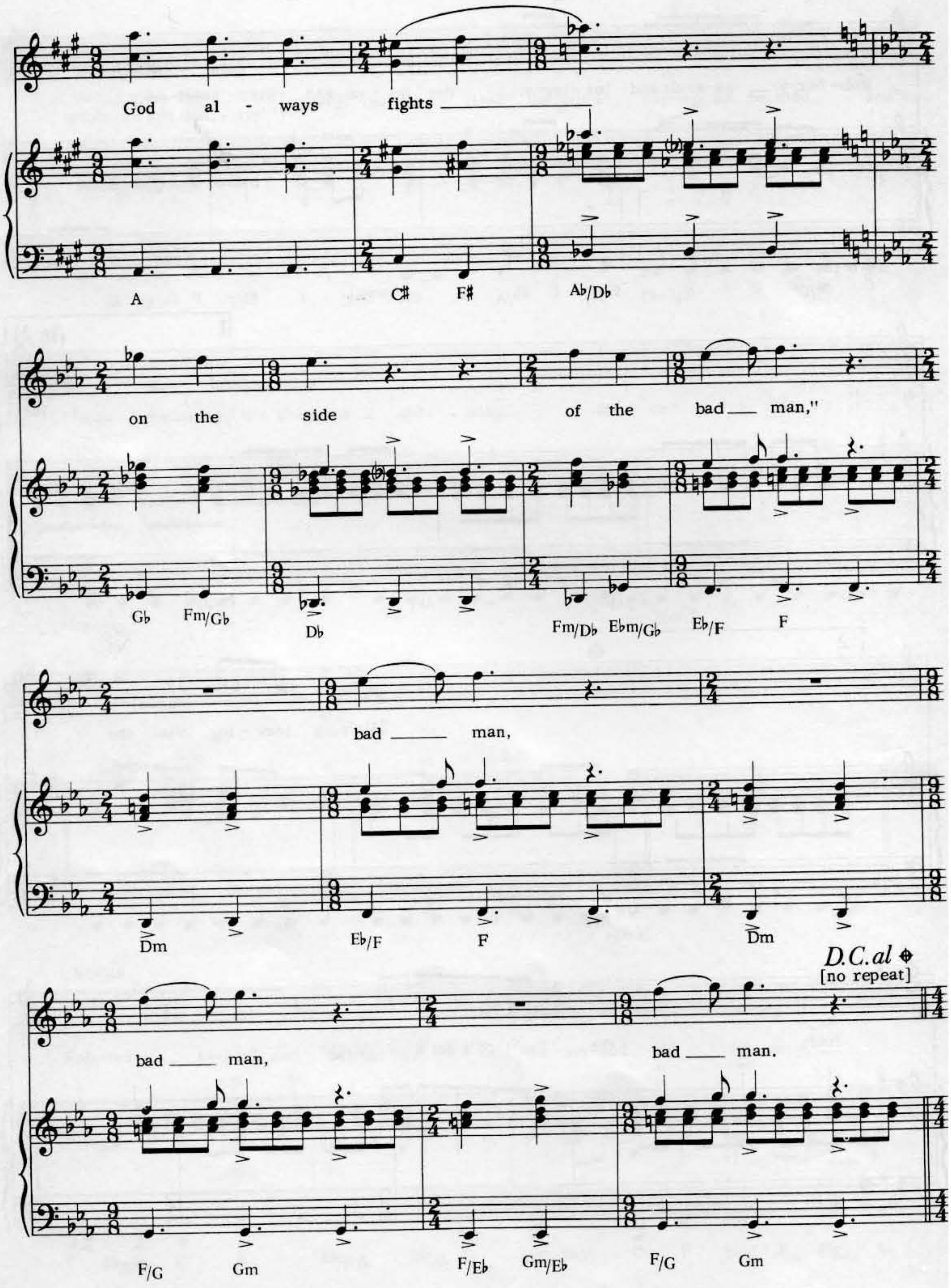
Words & Music by Banks & Collins.
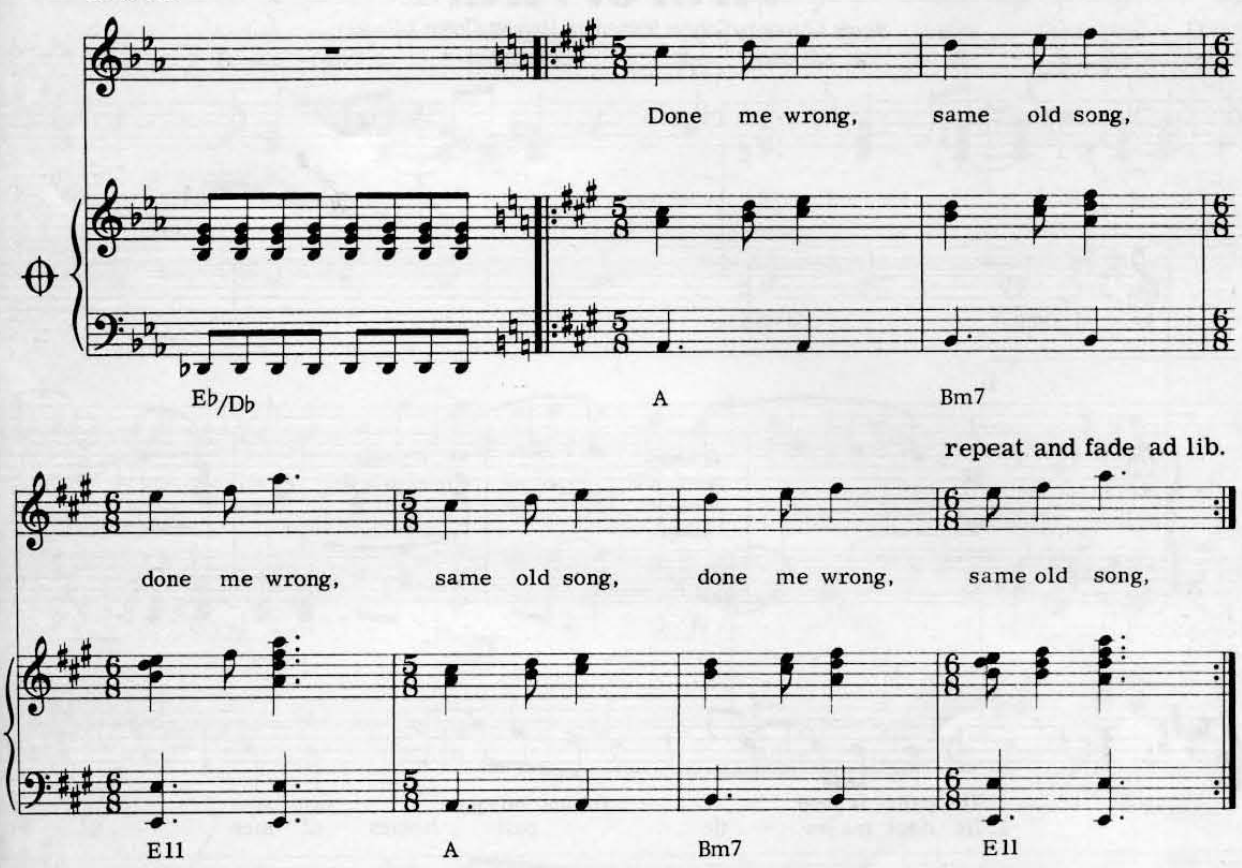



- tive - ly glanc - ing, then jaun - ti - ly pranc - ing The
torch shin - ing bright_ he strolled on ____ in the night__ Till he came__
larm had been sound-ed he was com - plete-ly sur - round - ed, But he
Ebm
Fm/Eb
Ebm
Bbm/Eb
1
2-3
youth caught the guards un - a - ware.__
__ to the room with the safe.
had some more tricks_up his sleeve._
Ebm
Fm/Eb
Cb
Bb11
Bb11
*
"Hel-lo son,_ I hope you're hav-ing fun."_ "You've got it wrong_sir, I'm
"Come out - side_ with your hands_ held high."_ "You'll not get me a - live_ sir, I
Db maj7/Eb
Ab/Eb


on-ly the clean-er." With that he fired_ the oth-er, say-ing as he died, "You've
prom-ise you that, _ sir!"
Dbmaj7/Eb
Dbmaj7
done me wrong," it's the same _ old song_ for-ev-er,
Abmaj7/C
Bbm7
for-ev-er.
Db b5
Chorus
Rob-ber-y, _ as-sault and bat-ter-y, _ the fel-on and _ his fel-on-y. _
C Bb/C C F Eb/F Eb/Ab Ab C Bb/C C F Eb/F F Eb/Ab Ab


Rob - ber-y, as-sault and bat - ter-y, the fel - on and his fel- on-y.
C Bb/C C F Eb/F F Eb/A Ab C Bb/C F Eb/F F Eb/Ab Ab
1
(to A)
3: He
Ab+ Eb/Ab Ab+ Eb/Ab
2
"He's leav - ing via the
Eb Fm Fm
roof; the bas-tard's got a - way!
A Dm A Dm


God al - ways fights ___
A C# F# Ab/Db
on the side of the bad ___ man,"
Gb Fm/Gb Db Fm/Db Ebm/Gb Eb/F F
bad ___ man,
Dm Eb/F F Dm
D.C. al ⊕
[no repeat]
bad ___ man, bad ___ man.
F/G Gm F/Eb Gm/Eb F/G Gm

CODA
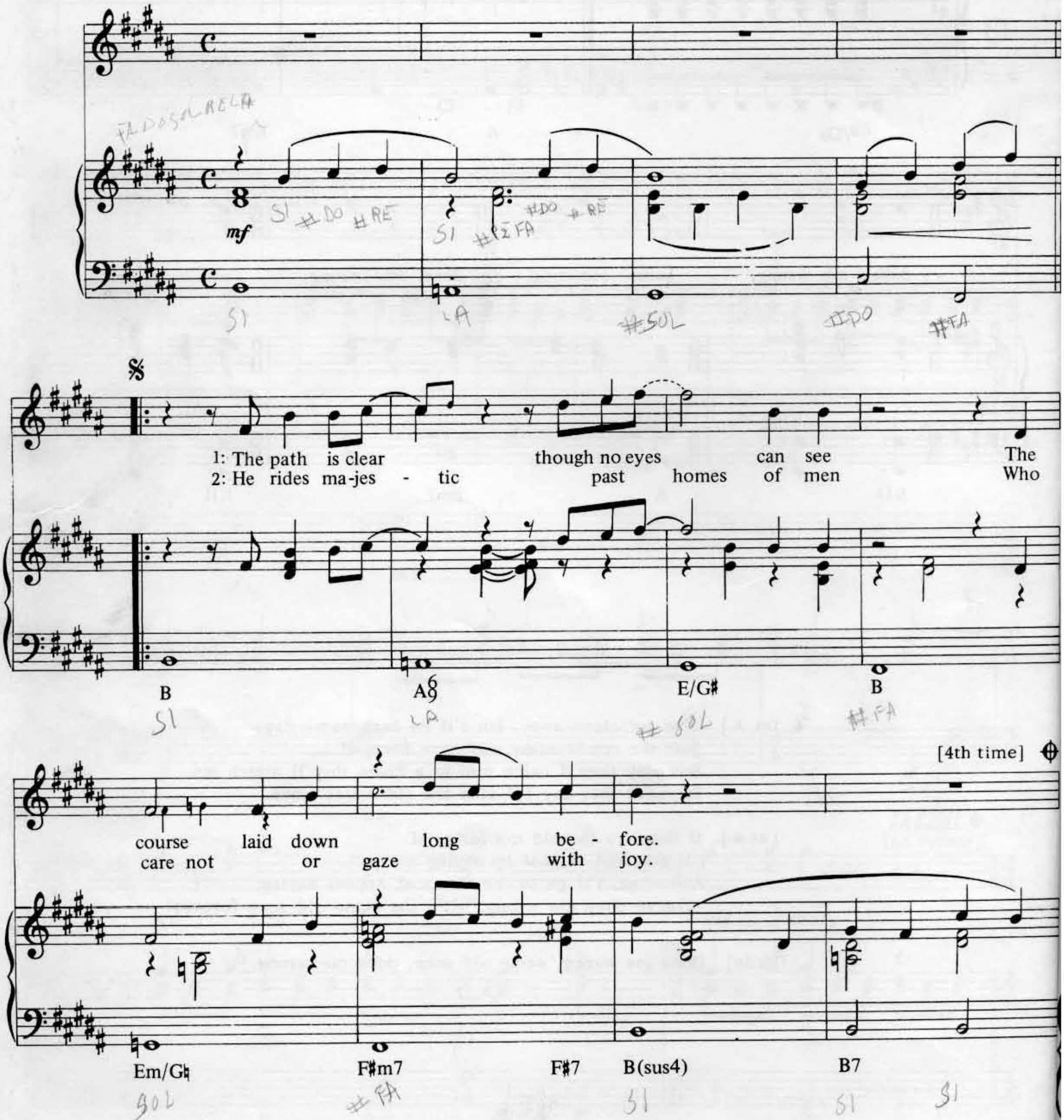


4: [at A] I've got clean away, but I'll be back some day;
Just the combination will have changed.
Someday they'll catch me, to a chain they'll attach me,
But until that day I'll ride the old crime wave.
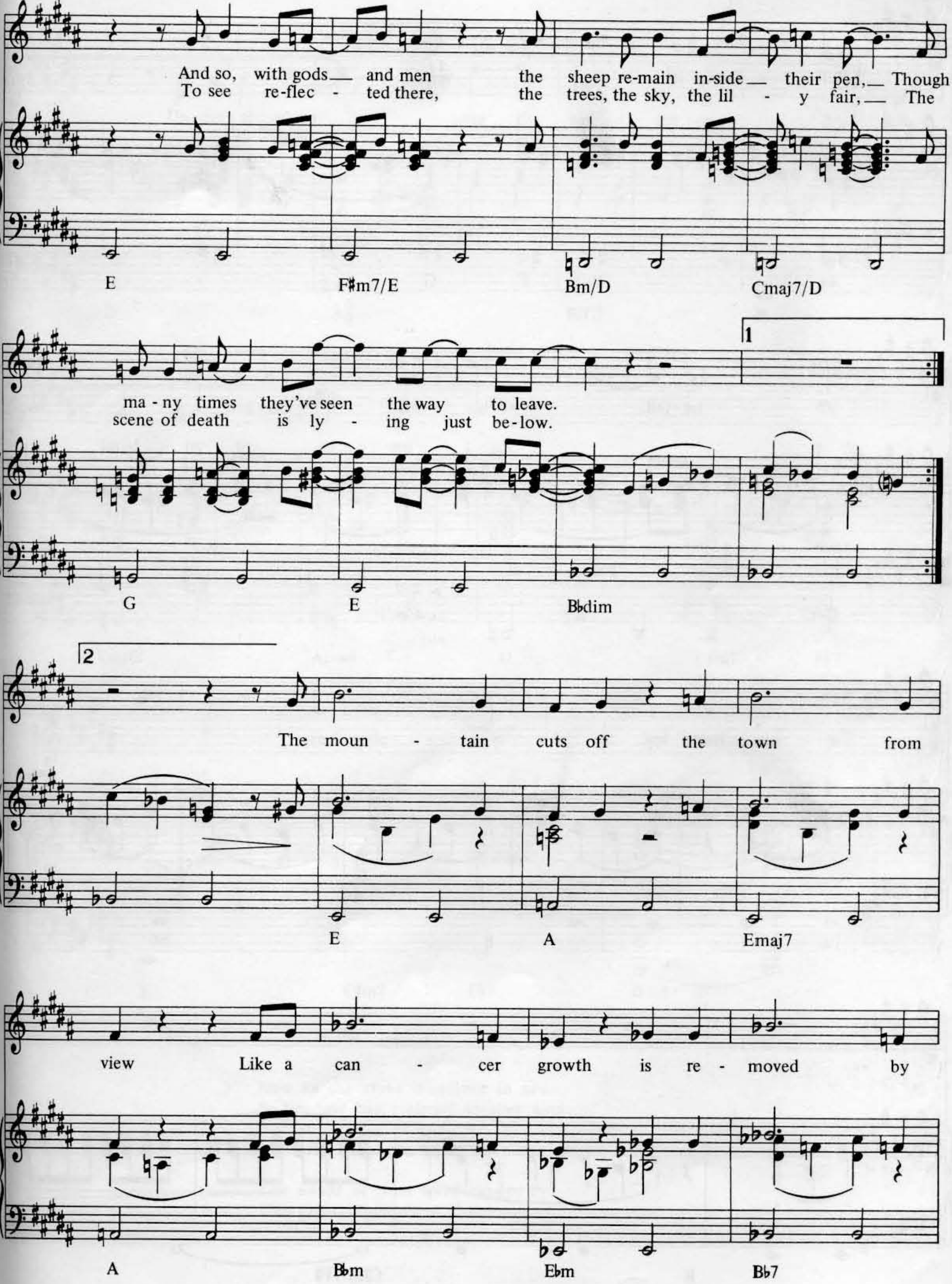
[at *] If they try to hold me for trial
I'll stay out of gaol by paying my bail,
And after, I'll go to the Court of Appeal saying,
"You've done me wrong," It's the same old song forever!
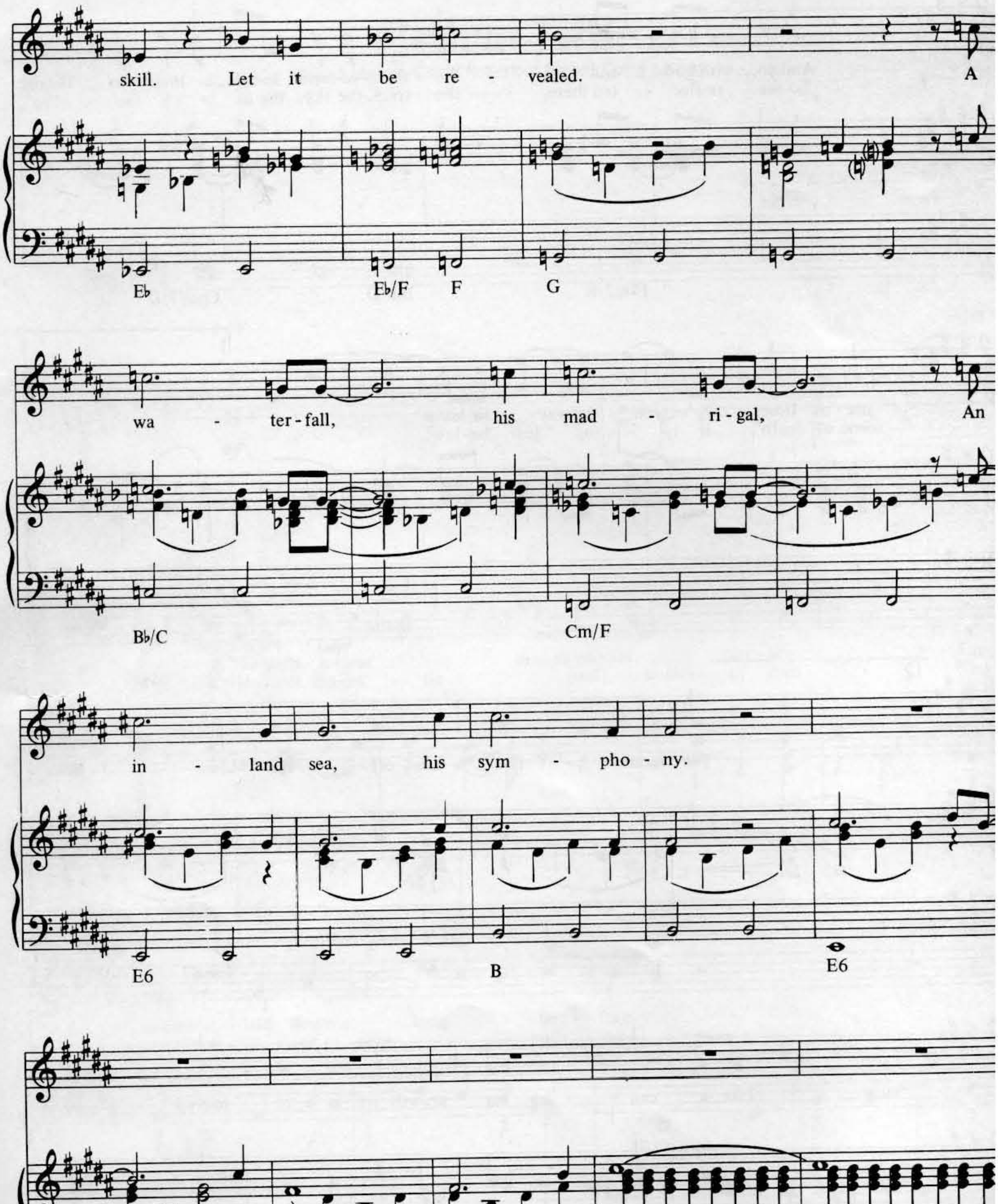
[fade] Done me wrong, same old song, done me wrong, –
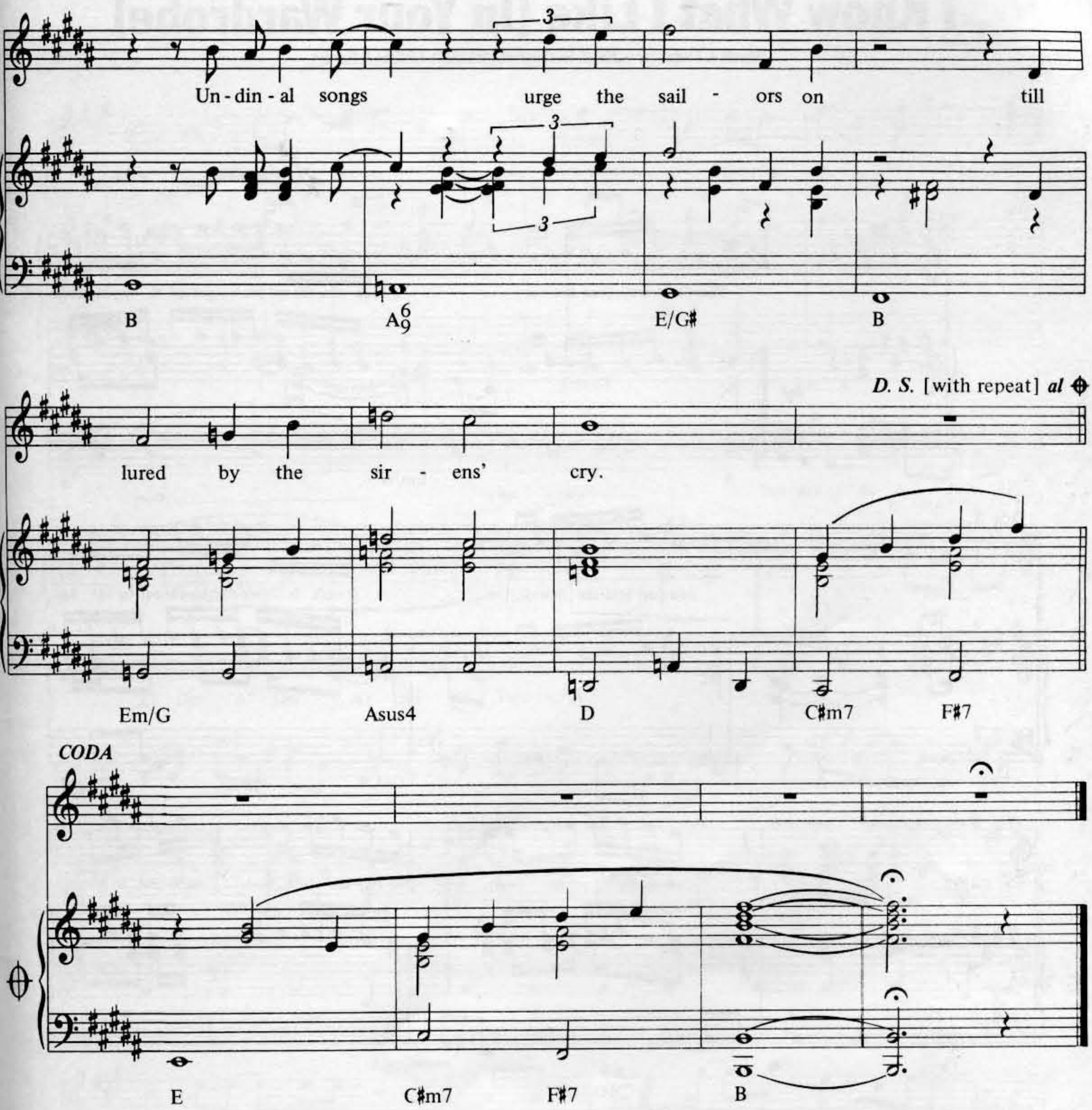
Firth of Fifth

Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Hackett, Collins & Banks.




And so, with gods and men the sheep re-main in-side their pen, Though
To see re-flec - ted there, the trees, the sky, the lil - y fair, The
E
F♯m7/E
Bm/D
Cmaj7/D
ma-ny times they've seen the way to leave.
scene of death is ly - ing just be-low.
G
E
B♭dim
1
2
The moun - tain cuts off the town from
E
A
Emaj7
view Like a can - cer growth is re - moved by
A
B♭m
E♭m
B♭7


skill. Let it be re - vealed.
A
E♭ E♭/F F G
wa - ter - fall, his mad - ri - gal,
An
B♭/C Cm/F
in - land sea, his sym - pho - ny.
E6 B E6
B C♯m7/F♯
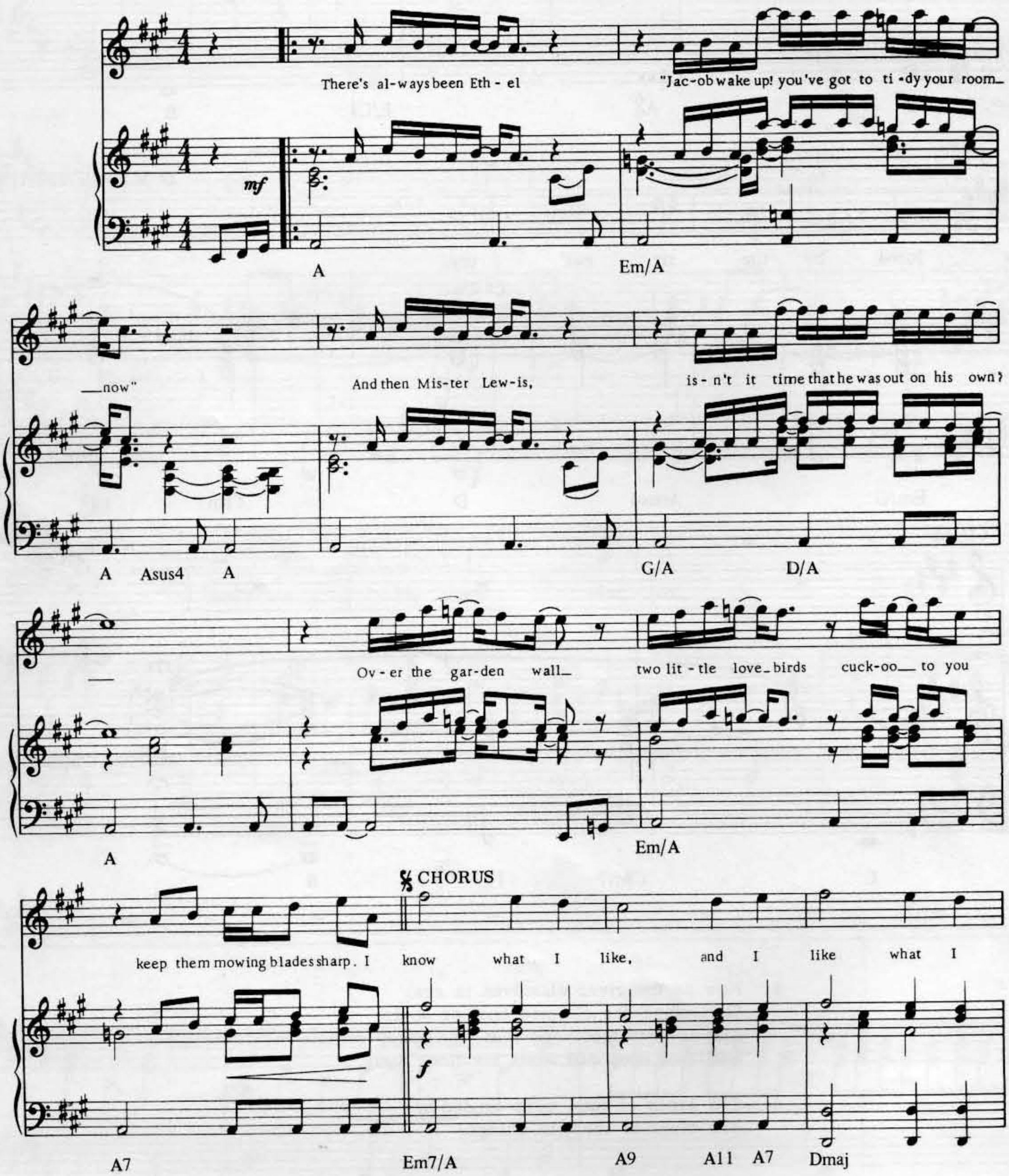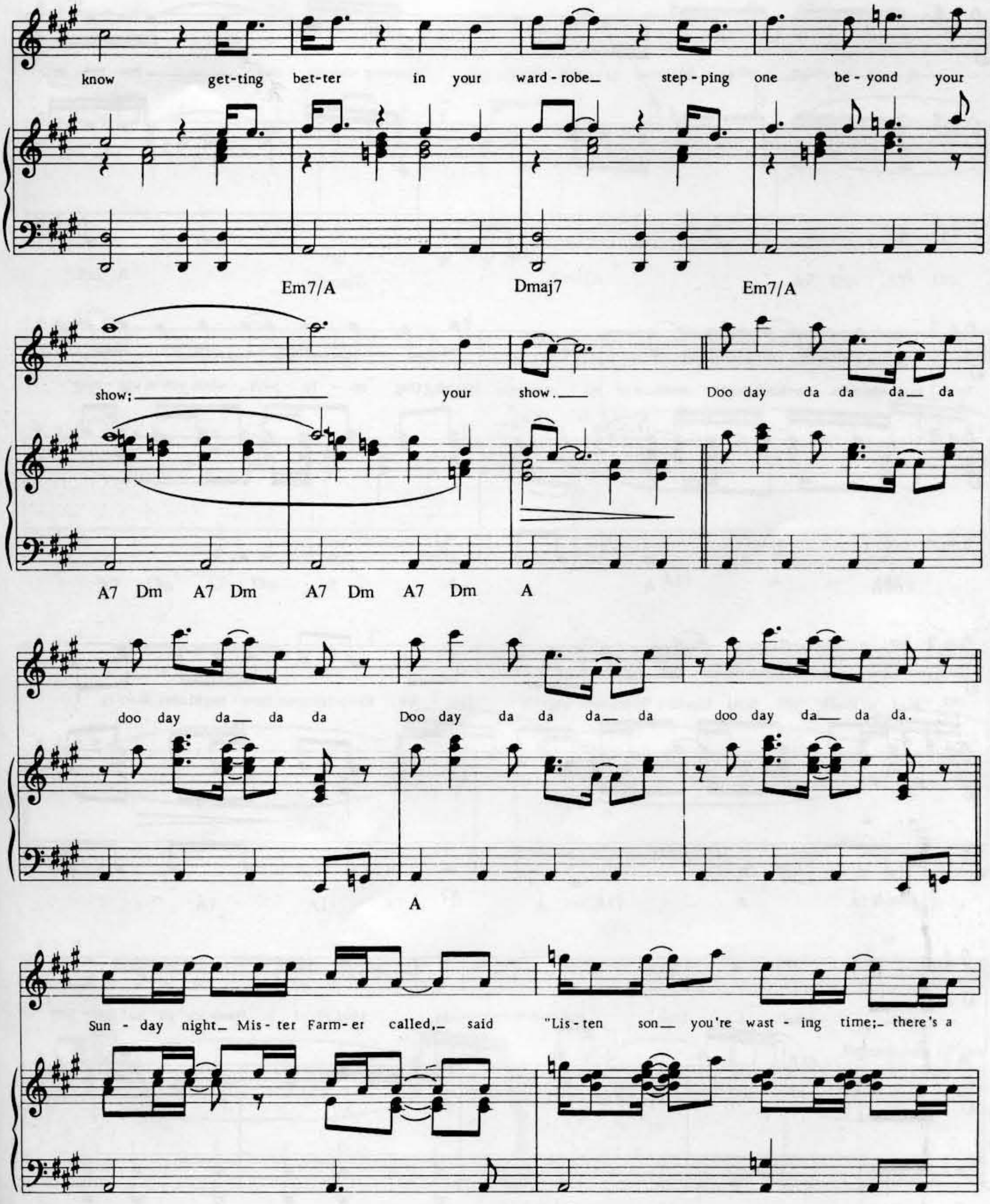


3: Now as the river dissolves in sea,
So Neptune has claimed another soul.
And so, with gods and men, the sheep remain inside their pen
Until the shepherd leads his flock away.
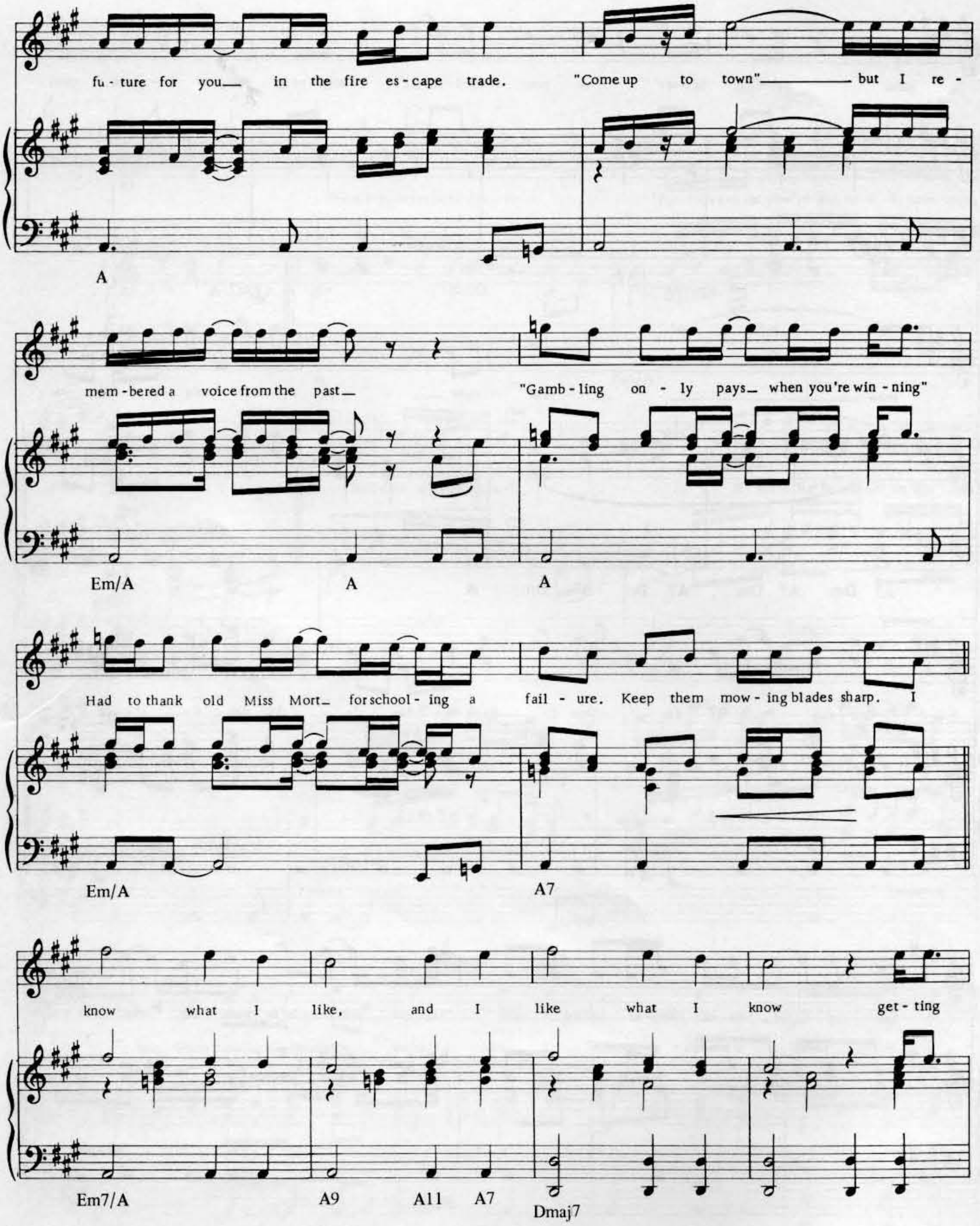
4: The sands of time were eroded by
The river of constant change.
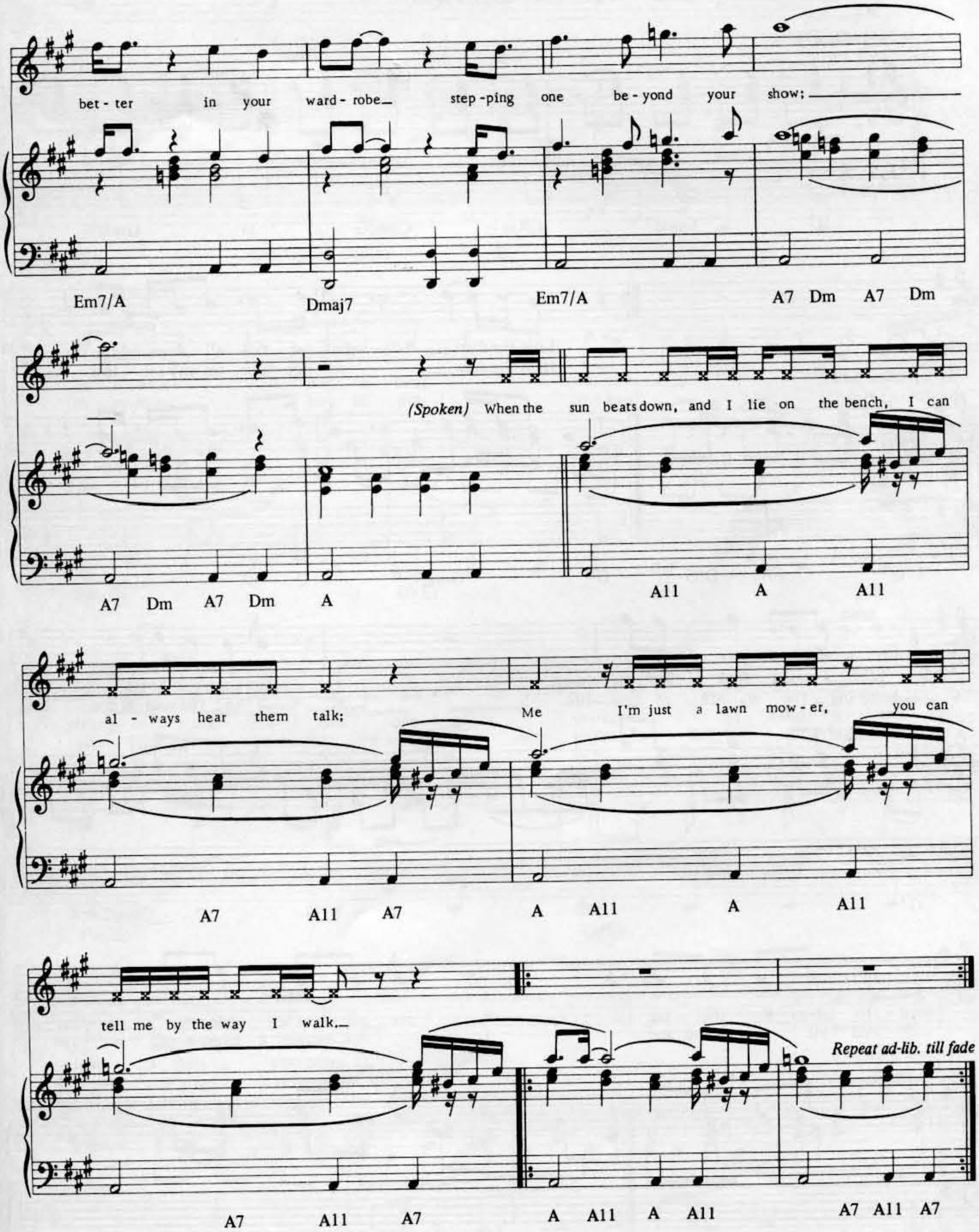
I Know What I Like (In Your Wardrobe)

Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Hackett, Collins & Banks.
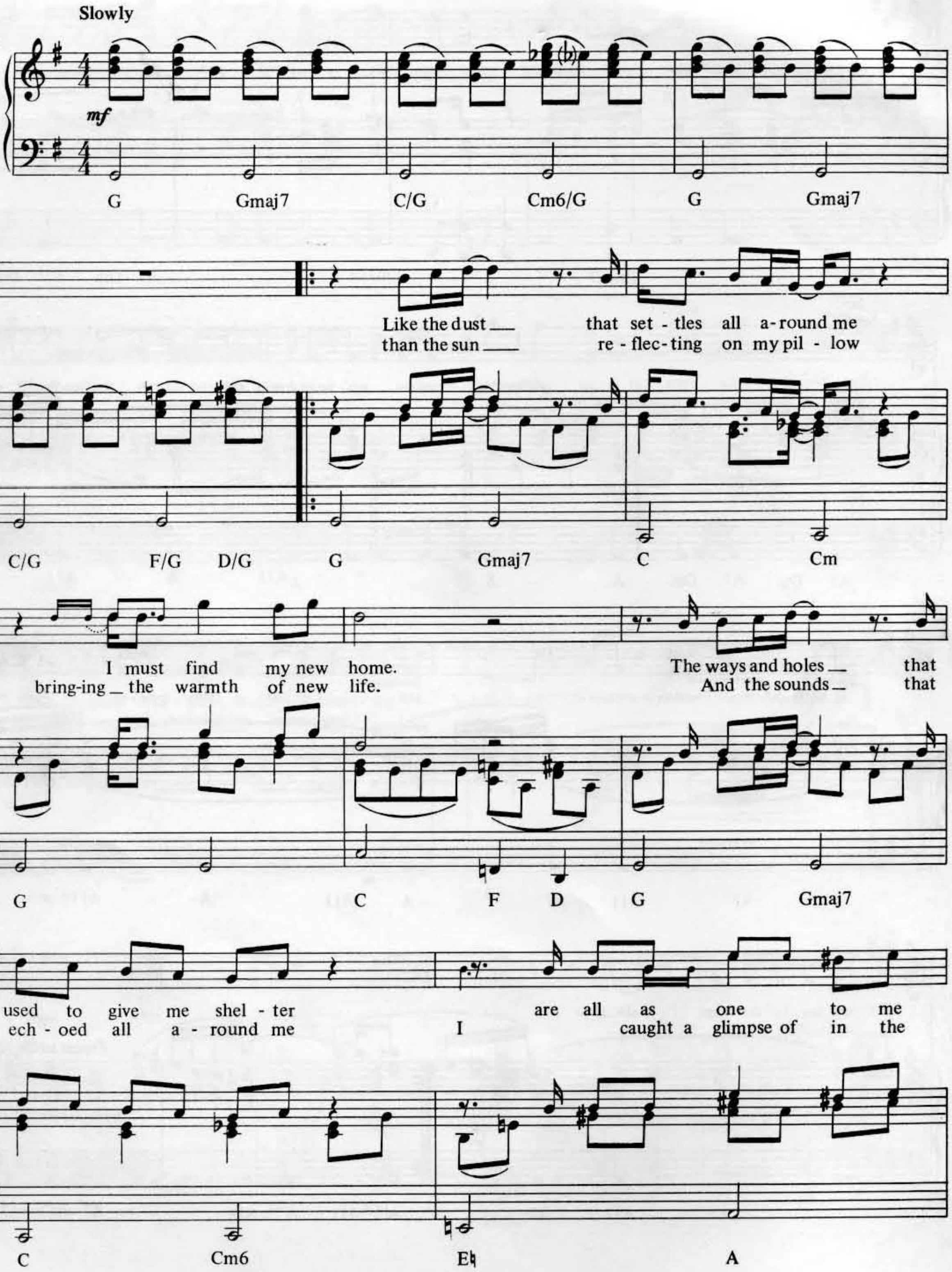



know get-ting bet-ter in your ward-robe_ step-ping one be-yond your
Em7/A Dmaj7 Em7/A
show; your show.
Doo day da da da_ da
A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm A
doo day da_ da da Doo day da da da_ da doo day da_ da da.
A
Sun-day night_ Mis-ter Farm-er called,_ said "Lis-ten son_ you're wast-ing time;_ there's a
A Em/A
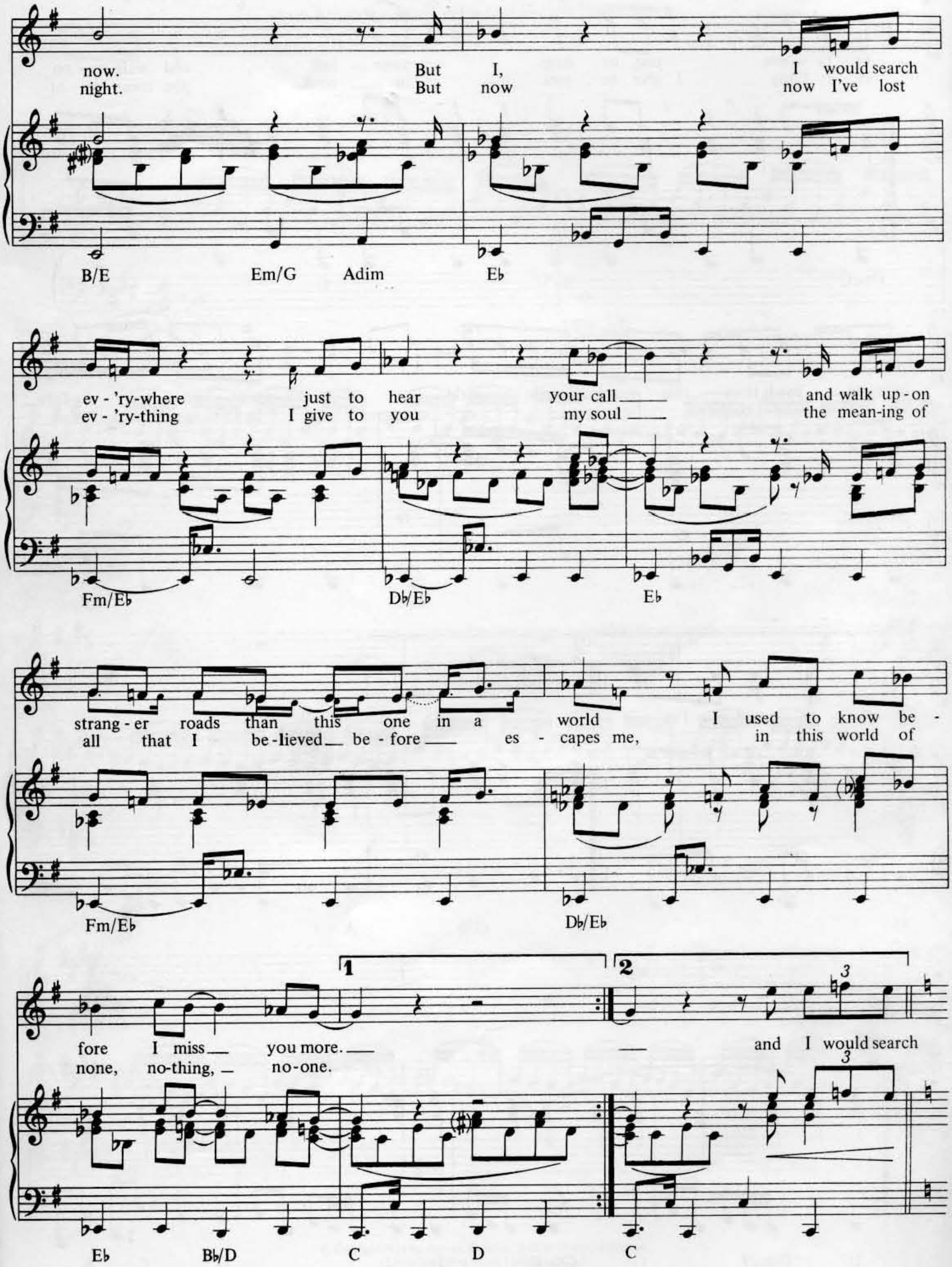

fu - ture for you__ in the fire es - cape trade. "Come up to town"________ but I re -
A
mem - bered a voice from the past__ "Gamb - ling on - ly pays__ when you're win - ning"
Em/A
A
A
Had to thank old Miss Mort__ for school - ing a fail - ure. Keep them mow - ing blades sharp. I
Em/A
A7
know what I like, and I like what I know get - ting
Em7/A
A9
A11
A7
Dmaj7
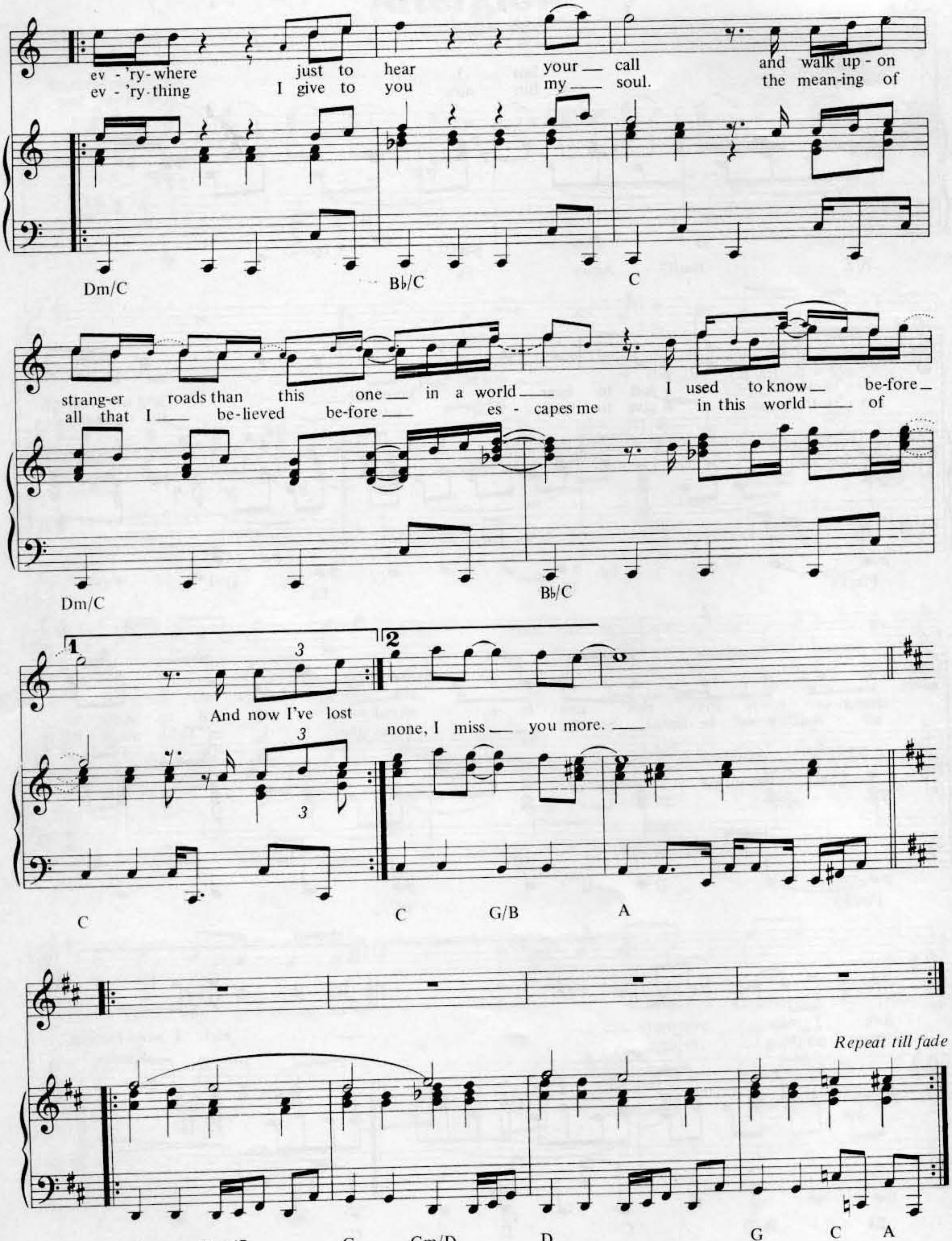

bet - ter in your ward - robe_ step - ping one be - yond your show;
Em7/A Dmaj7 Em7/A A7 Dm A7 Dm
A7 Dm A7 Dm A
(Spoken) When the sun beats down, and I lie on the bench, I can
A11 A A11
al - ways hear them talk;
A7 A11 A7
Me I'm just a lawn mow - er, you can
A A11 A A11
tell me by the way I walk._
A7 A11 A7
A A11 A A11
A7 A11 A7
Repeat ad-lib. till fade

Afterglow

Words & Music by Banks
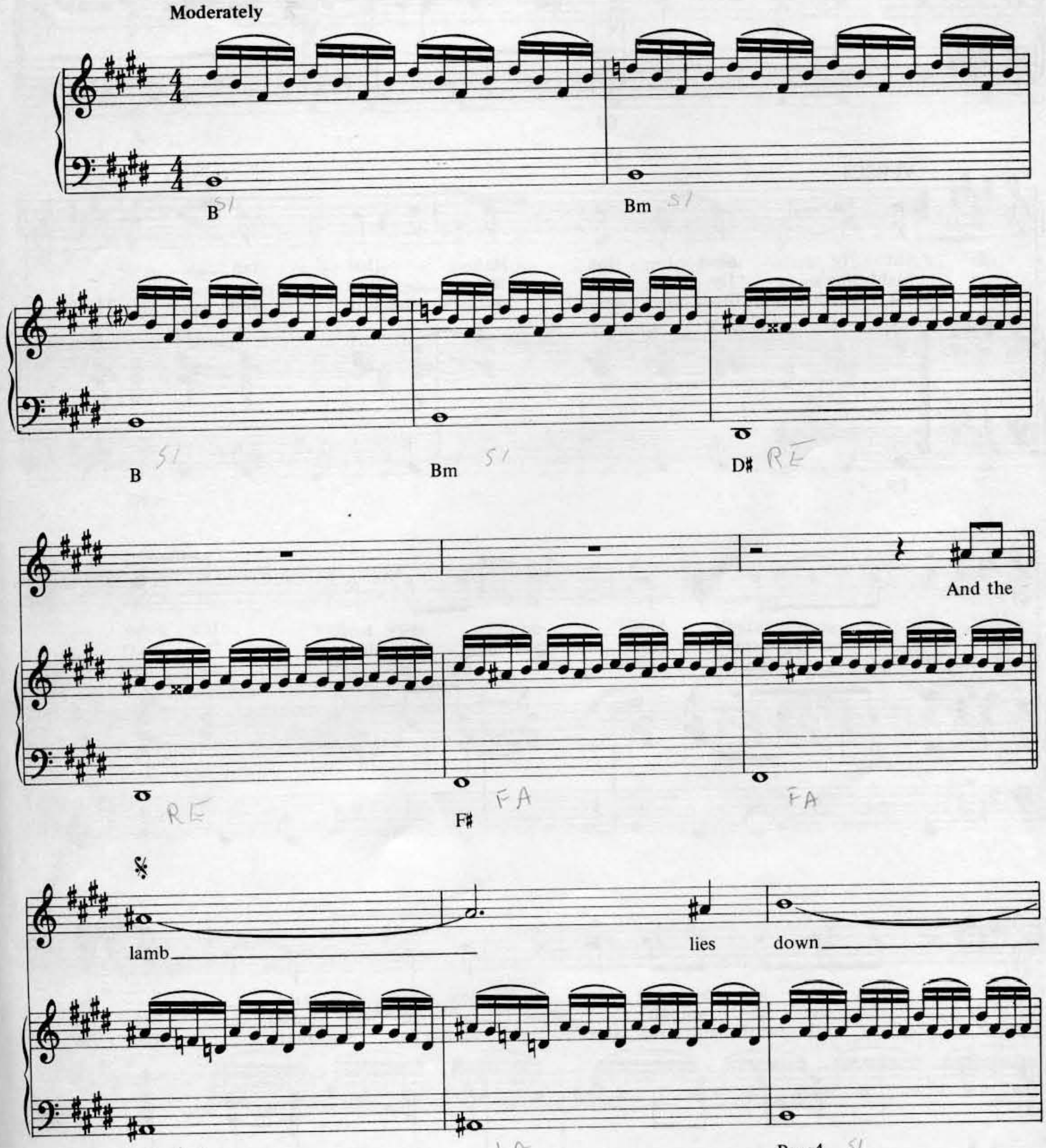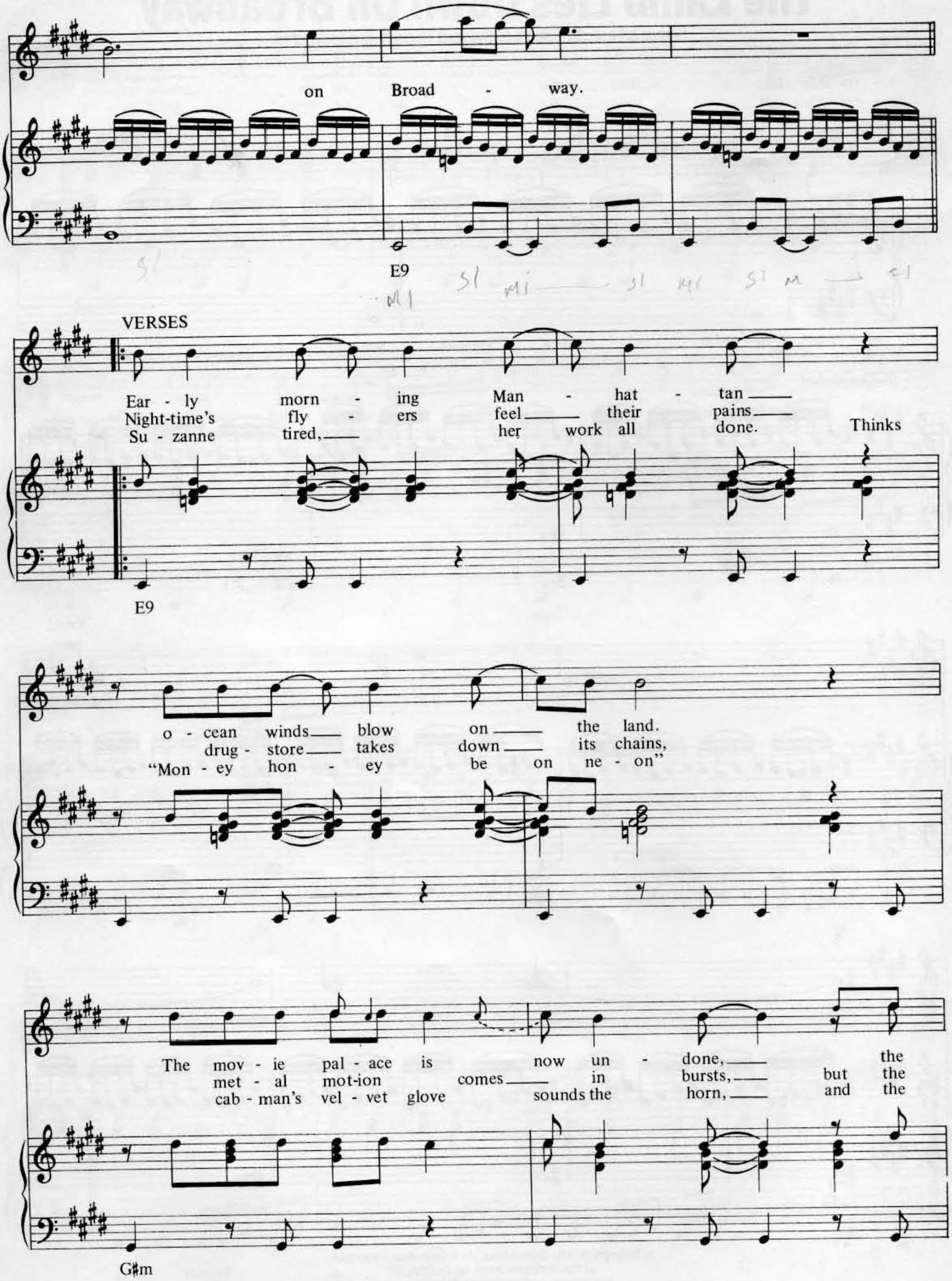



now. But I, I would search
night. But now now I've lost
B/E Em/G Adim Eb
ev - 'ry-where just to hear your call and walk up - on
ev - 'ry-thing I give to you my soul the mean-ing of
Fm/Eb Db/Eb Eb
strang - er roads than this one in a world I used to know be -
all that I be - lieved be - fore es - capes me, in this world of
Fm/Eb Db/Eb
fore I miss you more. and I would search
none, no-thing, no-one.
Eb Bb/D C D C
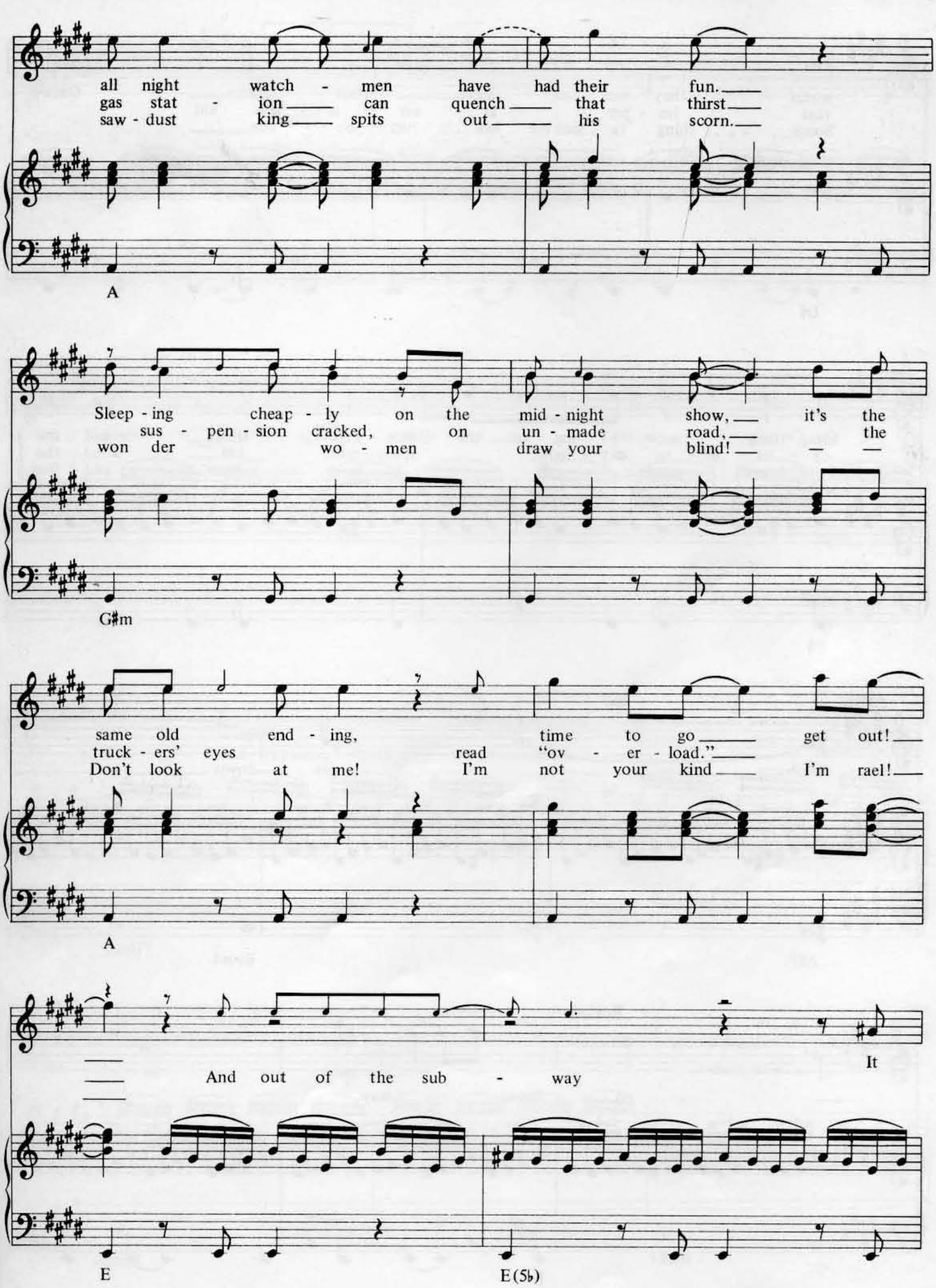

ev - 'ry-where just to hear your call and walk up - on
ev - 'ry-thing I give to you my soul. the mean-ing of
Dm/C
Bb/C
C
strang-er roads than this one in a world I used to know be-fore
all that I be-lieved be-fore es - capes me in this world of
Dm/C
Bb/C
And now I've lost
none, I miss you more.
C
C
G/B
A
Repeat till fade
D
Dmaj9
G
Gm/D
D
G
C
A
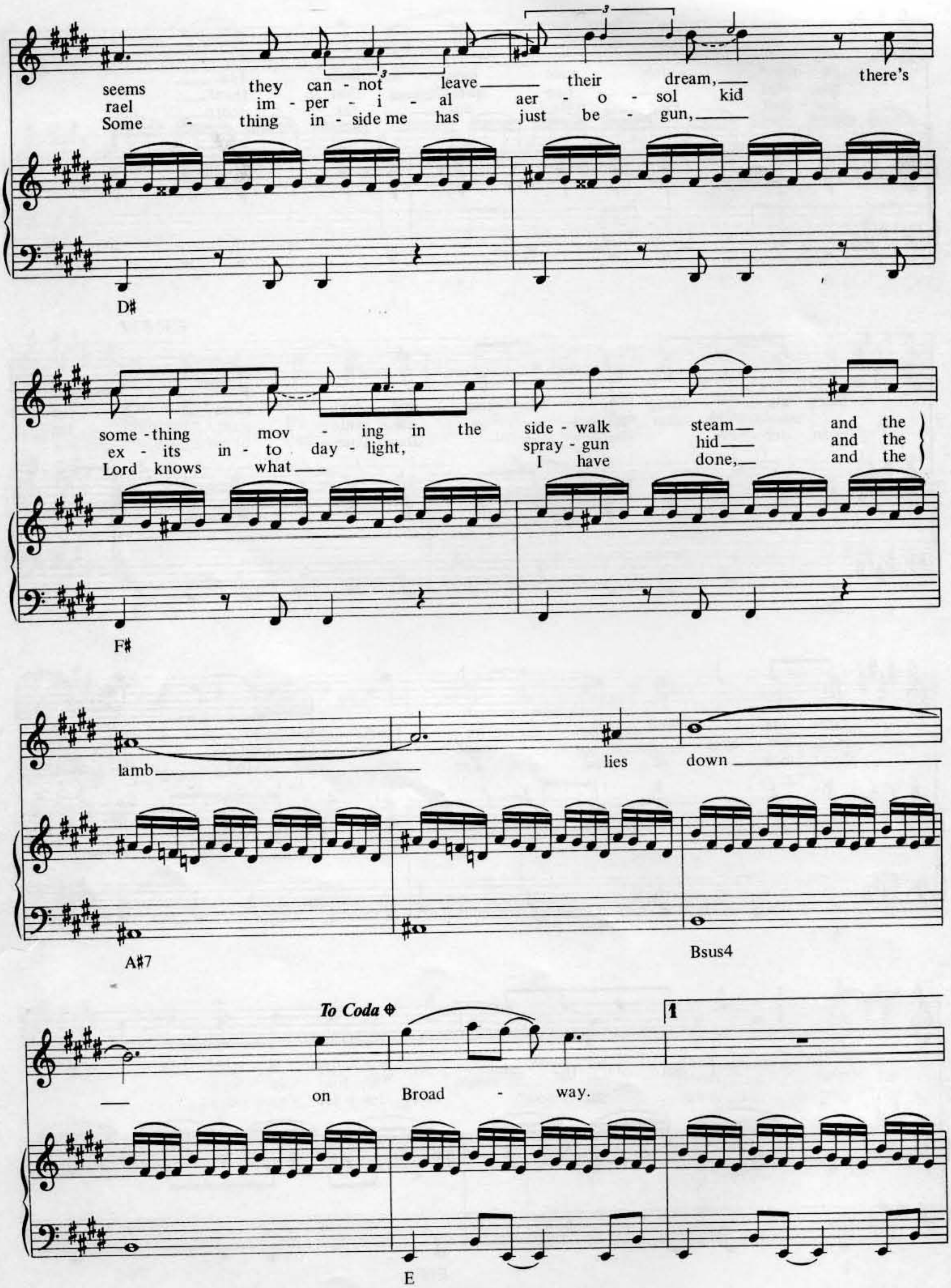
The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway
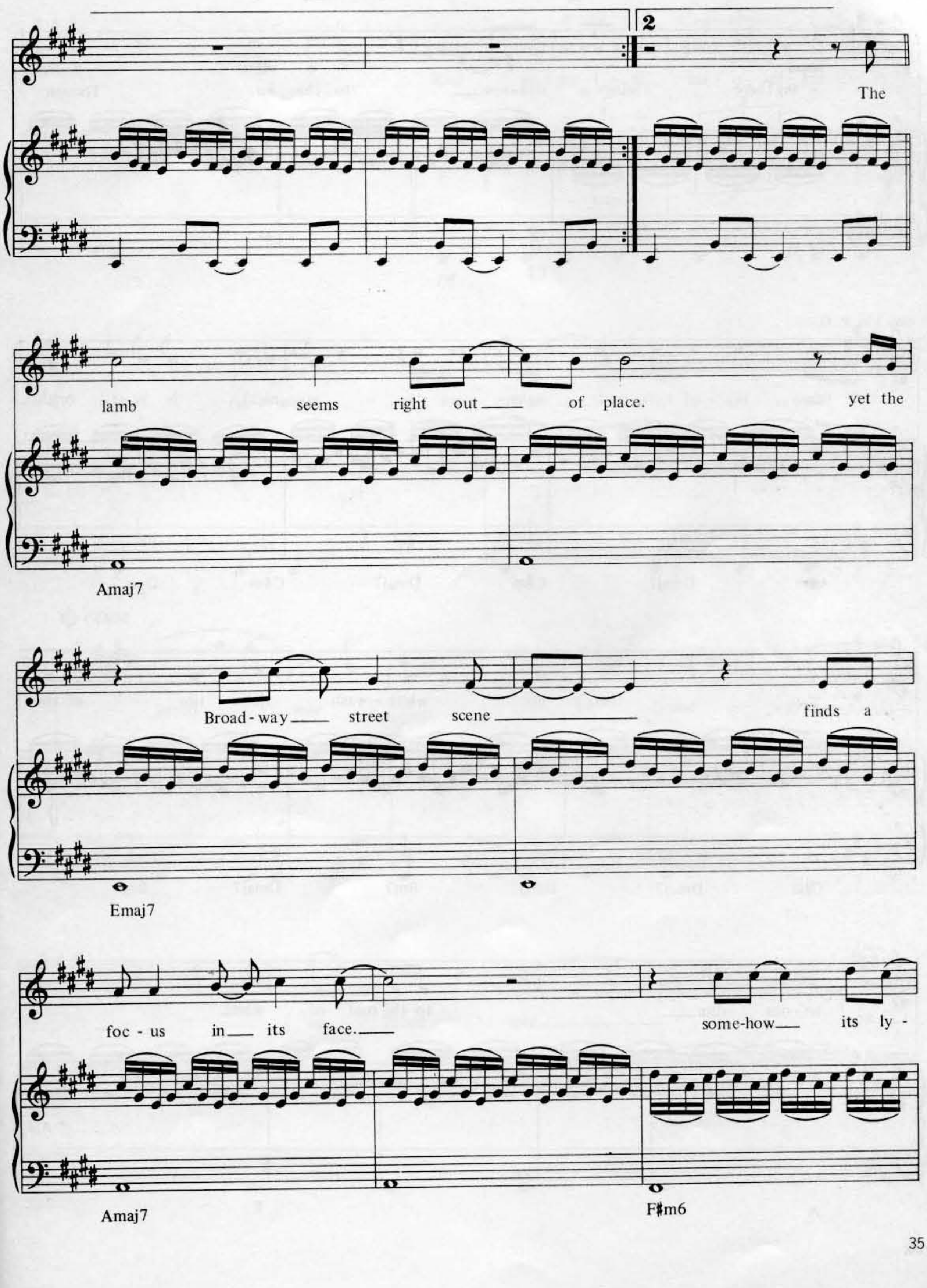
Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Hackett, Collins & Banks.
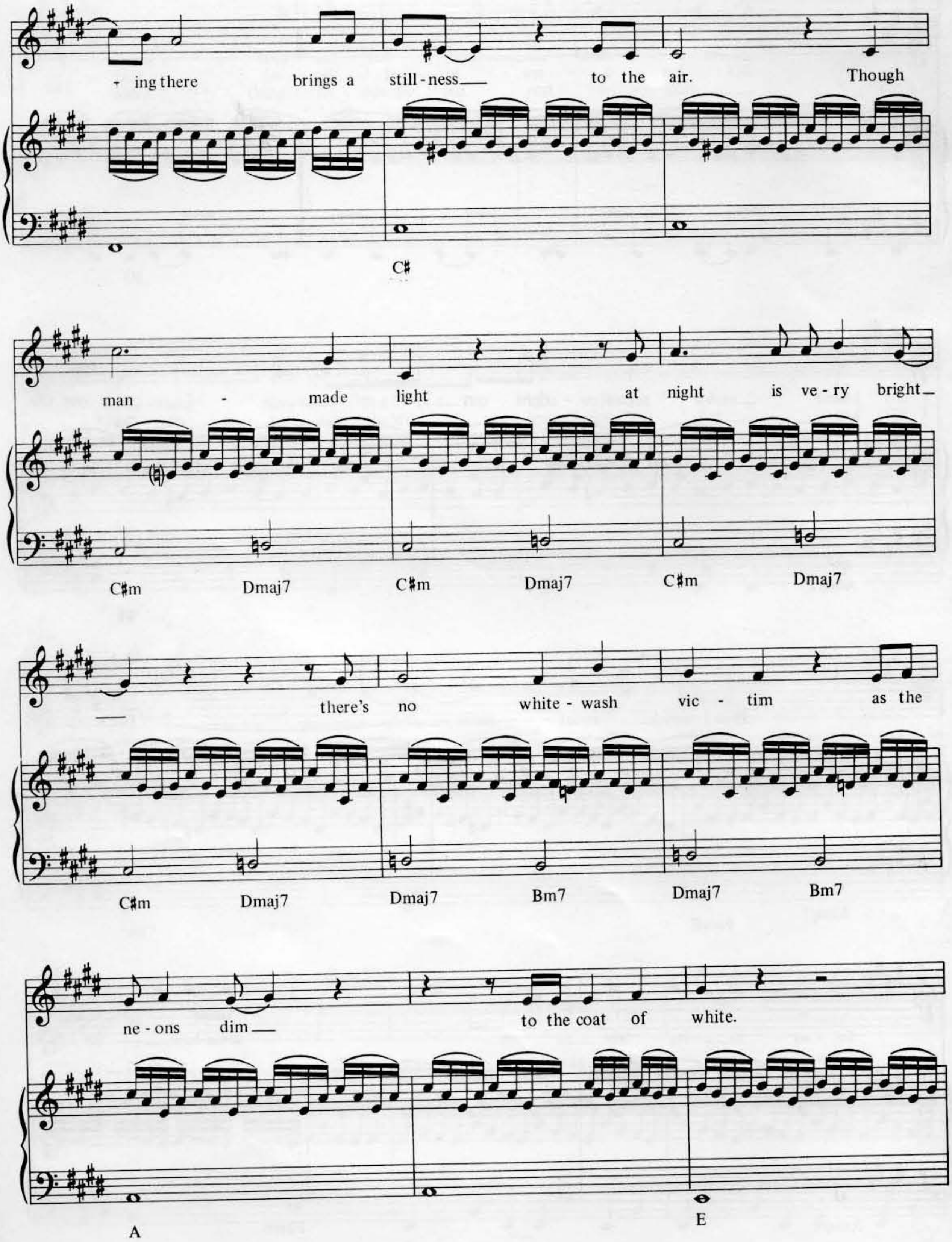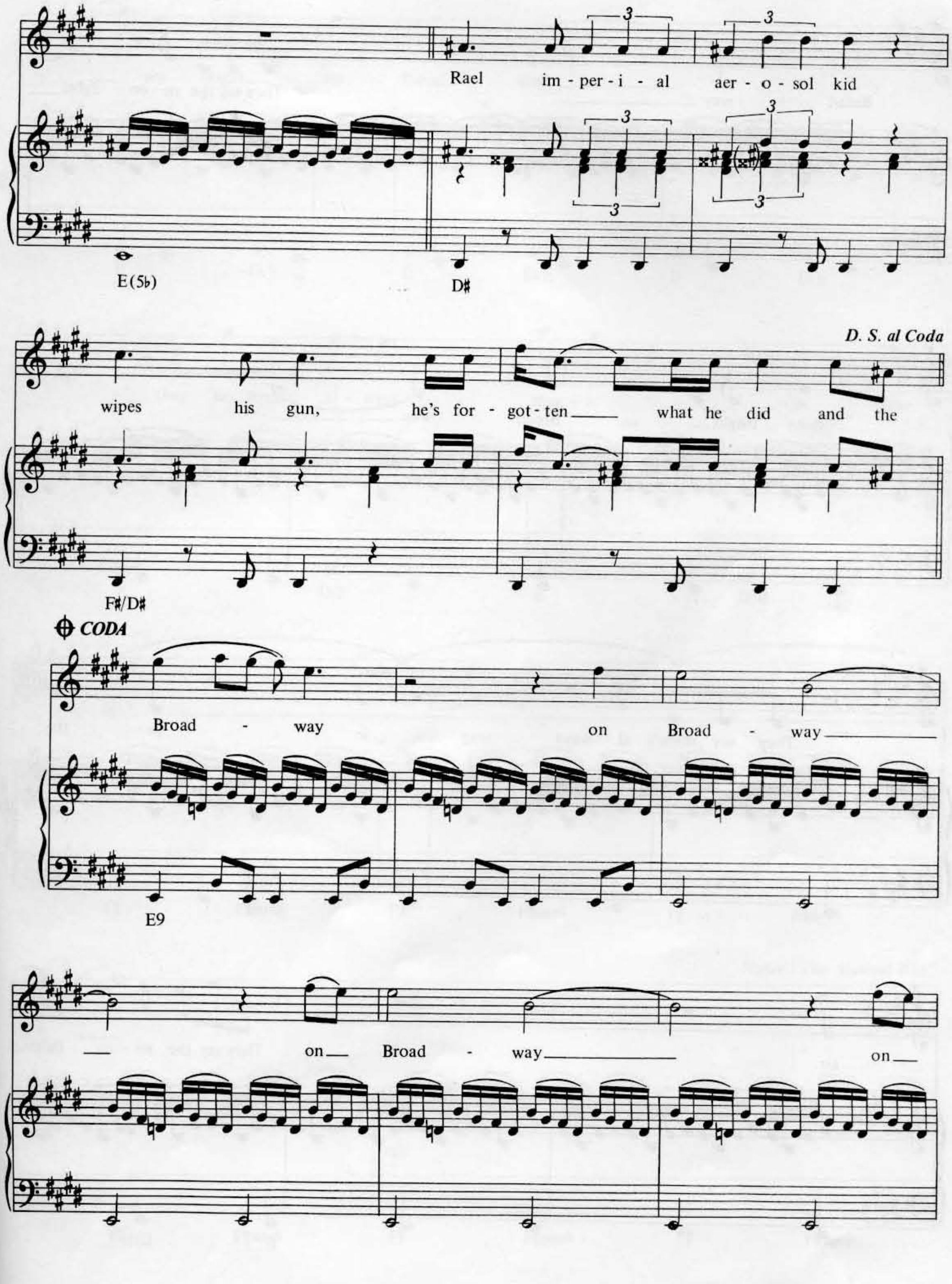



on Broad - way.
E9
VERSES
Ear - ly morn - ing Man - hat - tan
Night-time's fly - ers feel their pains
Su - zanne tired, her work all done. Thinks
E9
o - cean winds blow on the land.
drug - store takes down its chains,
"Mon - ey hon - ey be on ne - on"
The mov - ie pal - ace is now un - done, the
met - al mot-ion comes in bursts, but the
cab - man's vel - vet glove sounds the horn, and the
G♯m
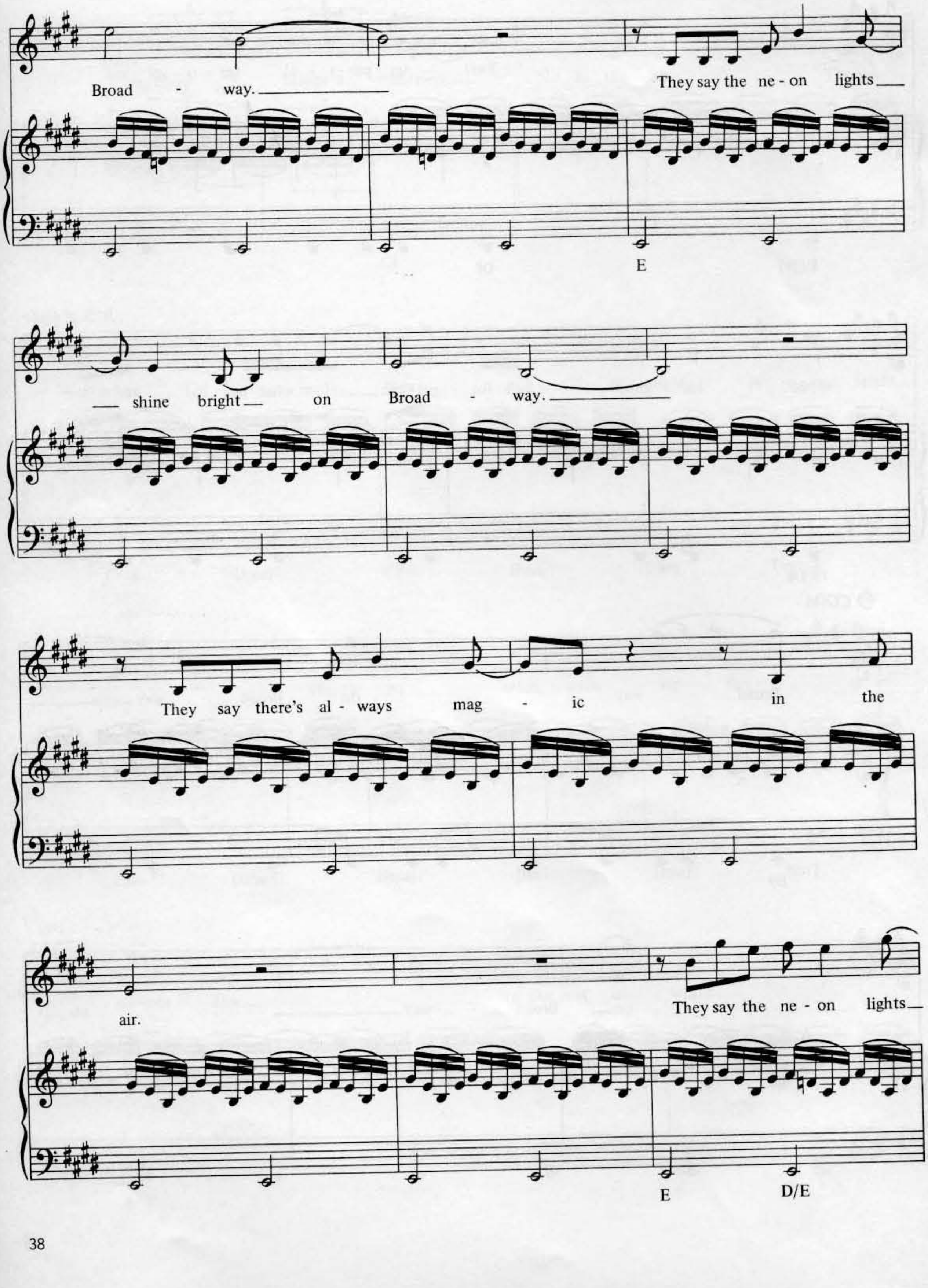

all night watch - men have had their fun.
gas stat - ion can quench that thirst
saw - dust king spits out his scorn.
A
Sleep - ing cheap - ly on the mid - night show, it's the
sus - pen - sion cracked, on un - made road, the
won der wo - men draw your blind!
G#m
same old end - ing, time to go get out!
truck - ers' eyes read "ov - er - load."
Don't look at me! I'm not your kind I'm rael!
A
And out of the sub - way
It
E
E(5♭)
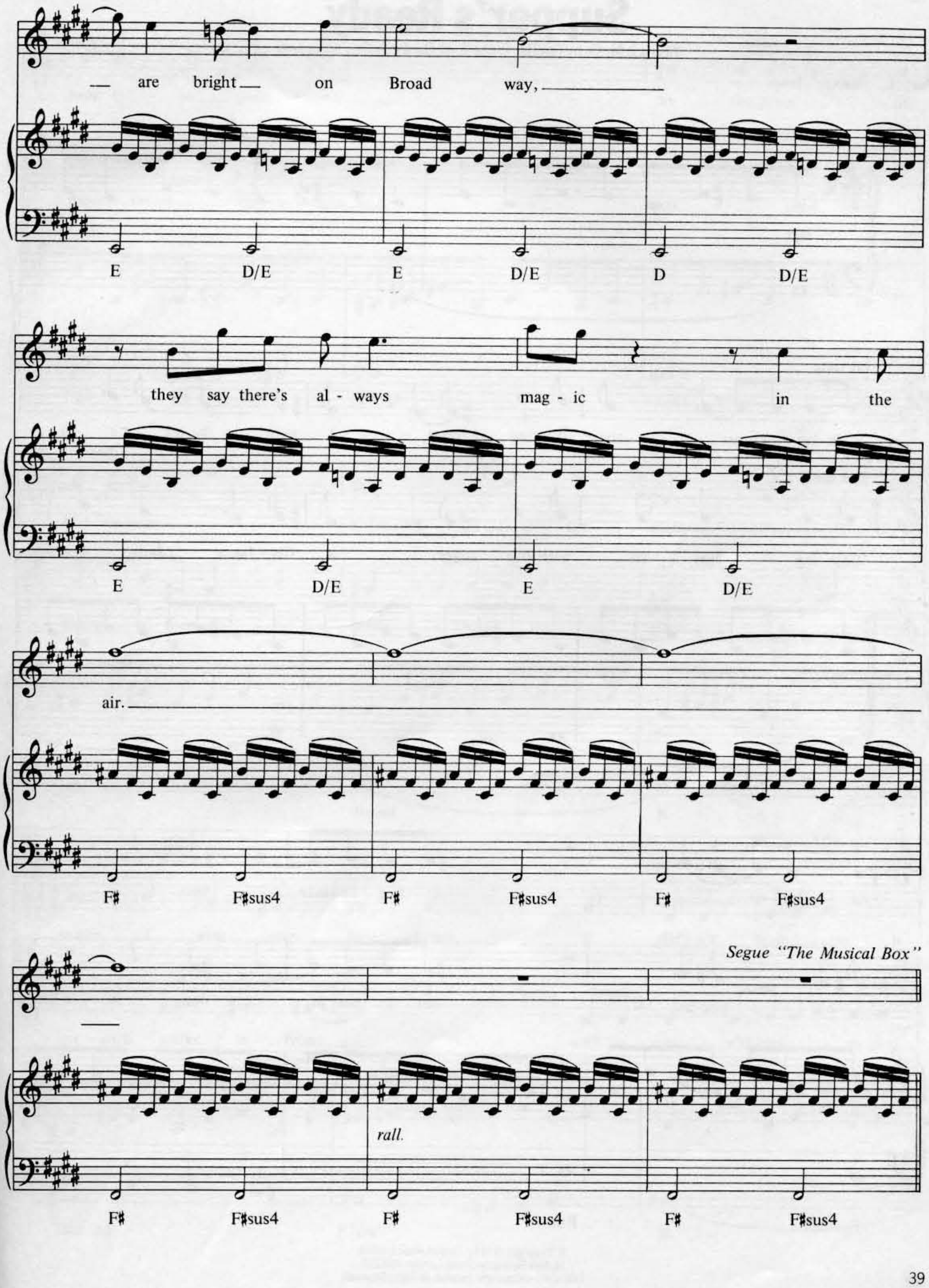

seems they can - not leave their dream, there's
rael im - per - i - al aer - o - sol kid
Some - thing in - side me has just be - gun,
D♯
some - thing mov - ing in the side - walk steam and the
ex - its in - to day - light, spray - gun hid and the
Lord knows what I have done, and the
F♯
lamb lies down
A♯7
Bsus4
To Coda
on Broad - way.
E
1


2
The
lamb seems right out___ of place. yet the
Amaj7
Broad - way___ street scene___ finds a
Emaj7
foc - us in___ its face.___ some-how___ its ly -
Amaj7
F♯m6


- ing there brings a still - ness to the air. Though
C♯
man - made light at night is ve - ry bright
C♯m Dmaj7 C♯m Dmaj7 C♯m Dmaj7
there's no white - wash vic - tim as the
C♯m Dmaj7 Dmaj7 Bm7 Dmaj7 Bm7
ne - ons dim to the coat of white.
A E


Rael im - per - i - al aer - o - sol kid
E(5♭)
D♯
D. S. al Coda
wipes his gun, he's for - got - ten what he did and the
F♯/D♯
CODA
Broad - way on Broad - way
E9
on Broad - way on
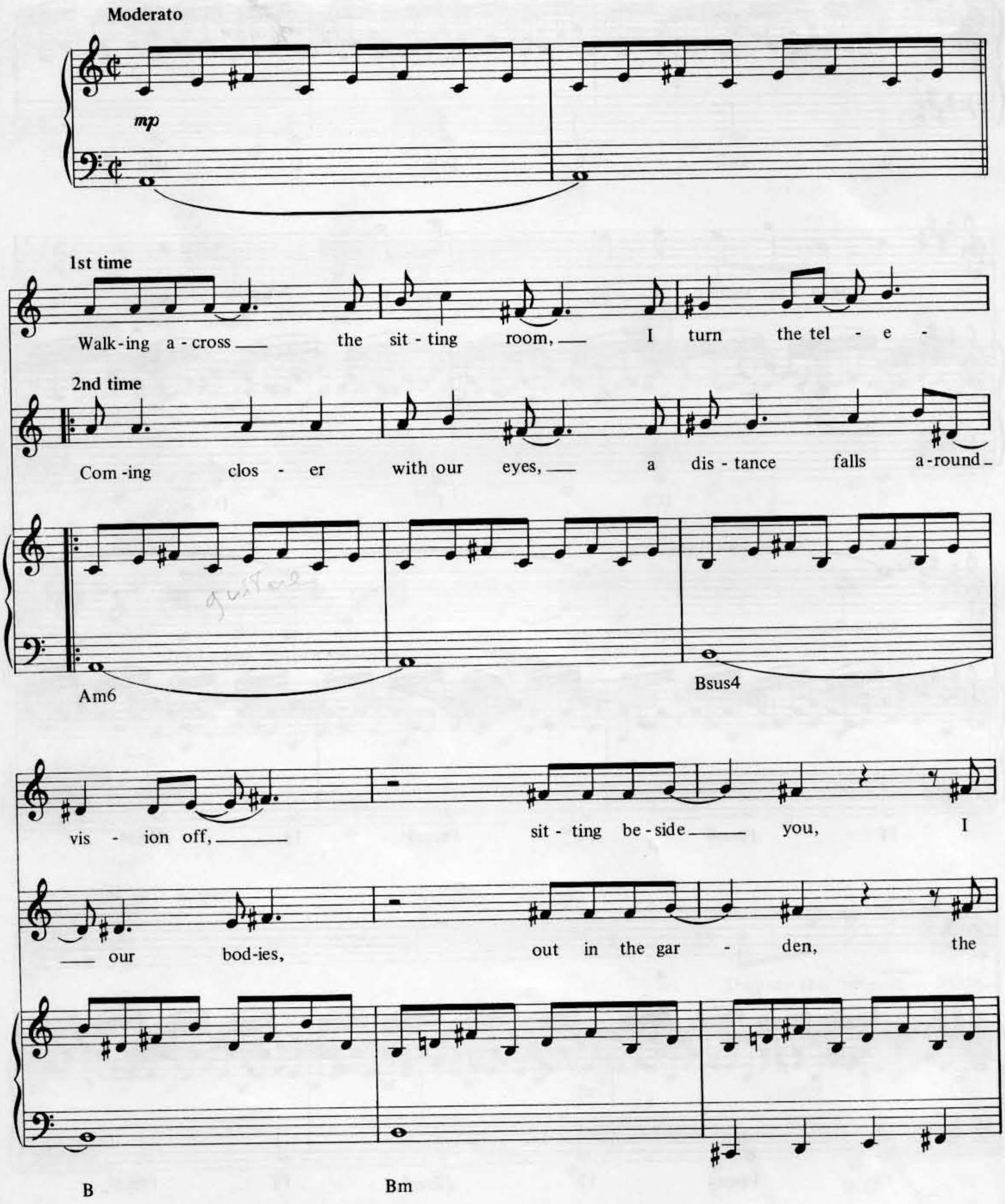

Broad - way.
They say the ne - on lights
E
shine bright on Broad - way.
They say there's al - ways mag - ic in the
air.
They say the ne - on lights
E
D/E
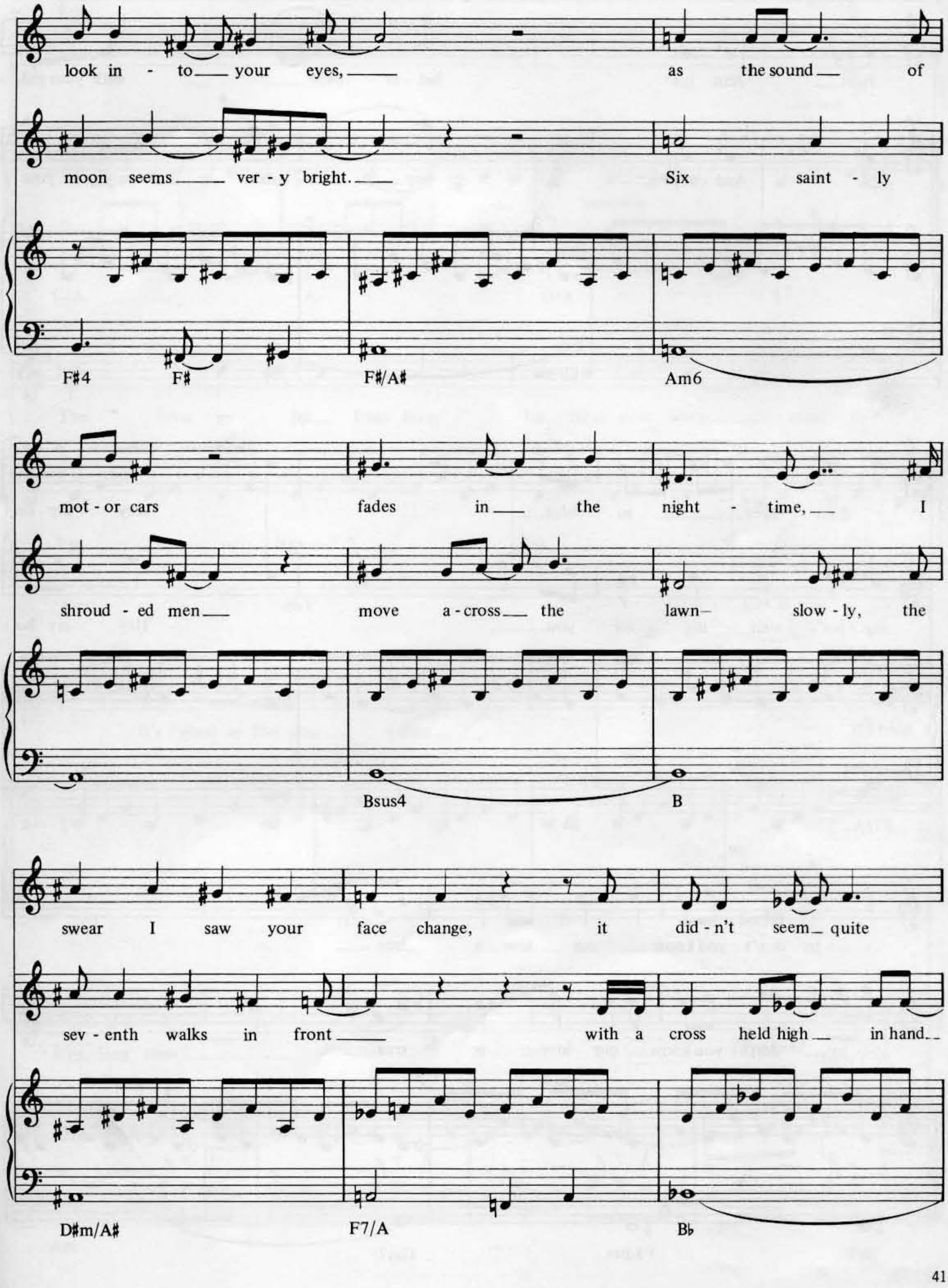

— are bright — on Broad way, —
E D/E E D/E D D/E
they say there's al - ways mag - ic in the
E D/E E D/E
air. —
F♯ F♯sus4 F♯ F♯sus4 F♯ F♯sus4
Segue "The Musical Box"
rall.
F♯ F♯sus4 F♯ F♯sus4 F♯ F♯sus4
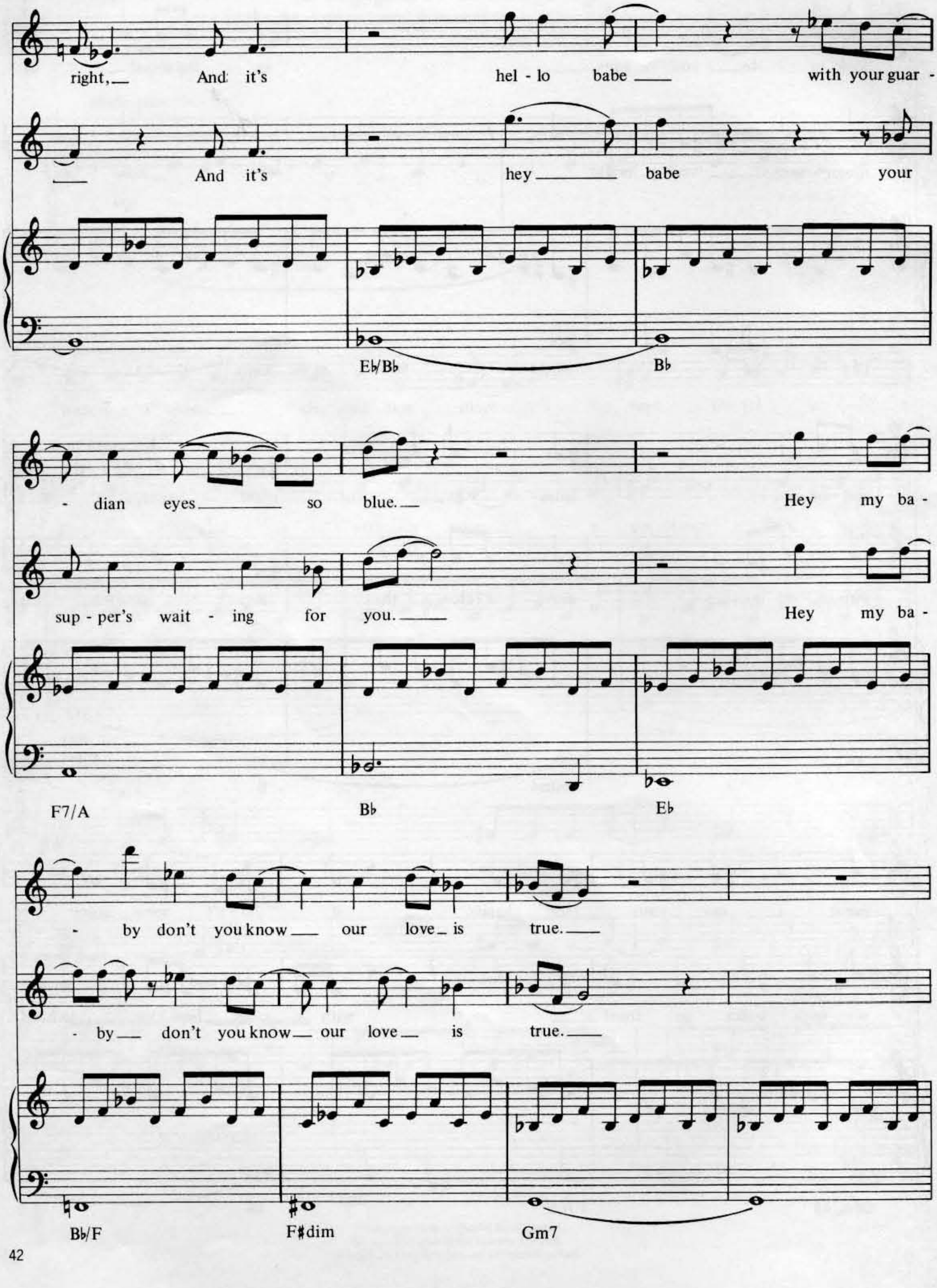
Supper's Ready
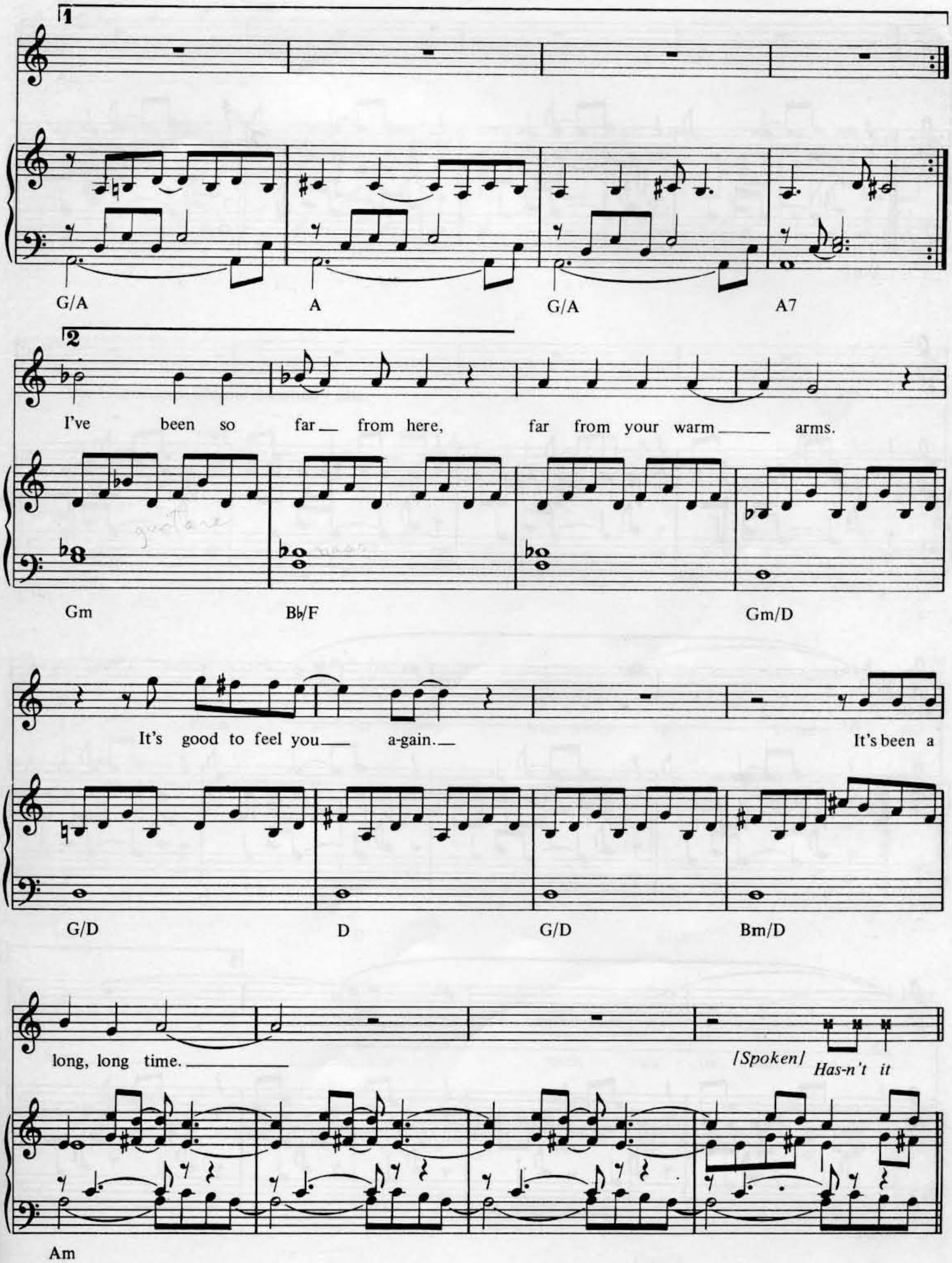
Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Banks, Collins & Hackett.
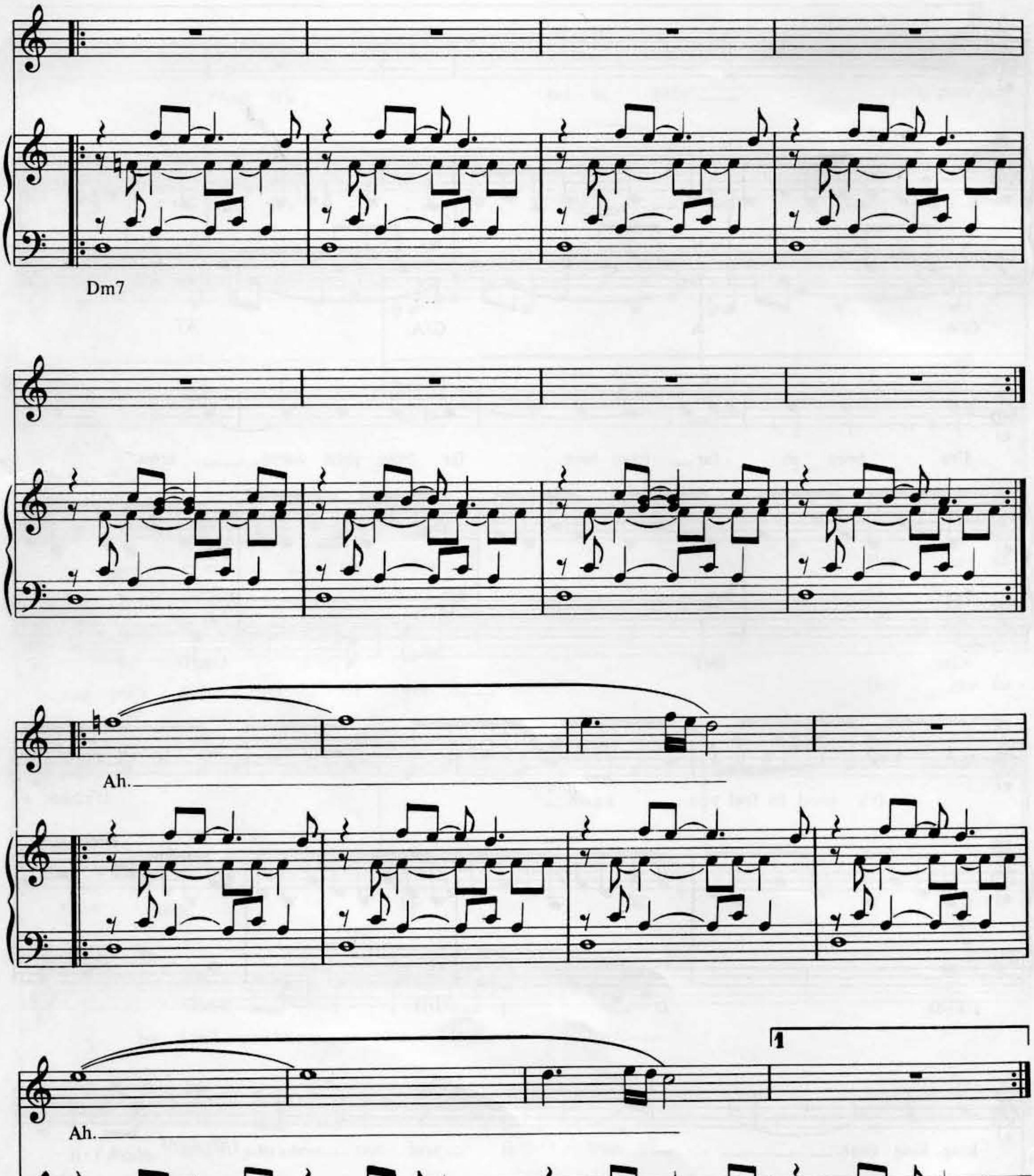
Part 1. Lover's leap.
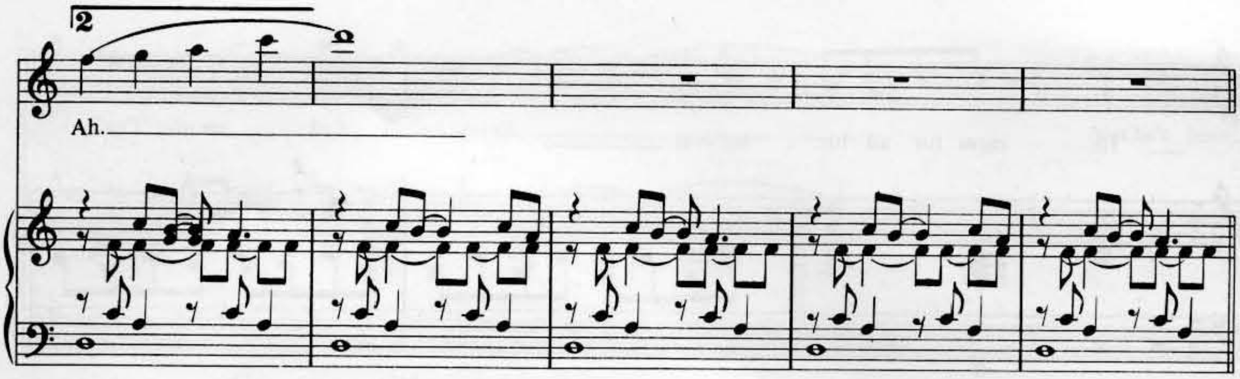



look in - to your eyes, as the sound of
moon seems ver - y bright. Six saint - ly
F#4 F# F#/A# Am6
mot - or cars fades in the night - time, I
shroud - ed men move a - cross the lawn– slow - ly, the
Bsus4 B
swear I saw your face change, it did - n't seem quite
sev - enth walks in front with a cross held high in hand.
D#m/A# F7/A B♭
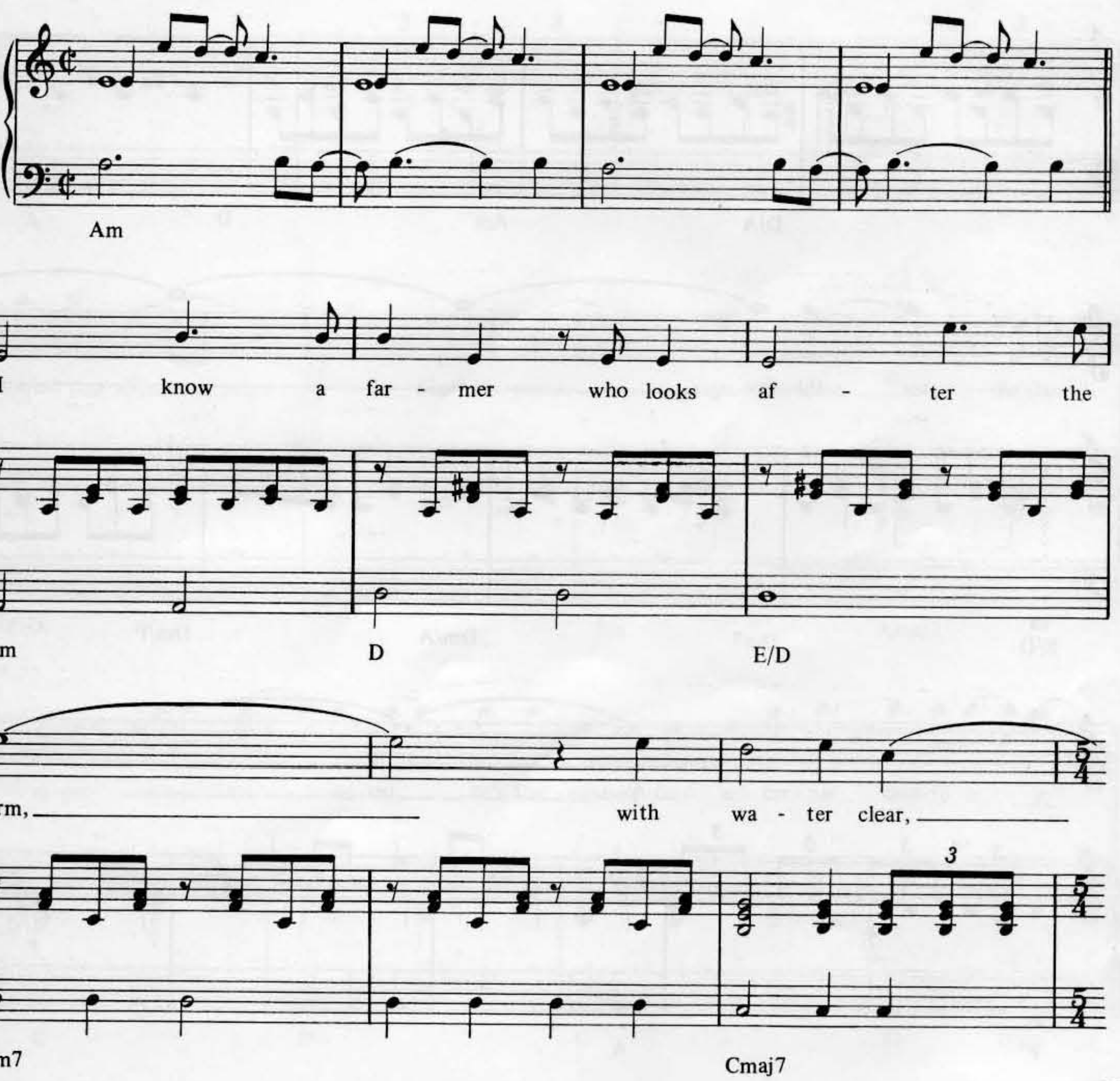

right, __ And it's hel - lo babe __ with your guar -
__ And it's hey __ babe your
Eb/Bb
Bb
- dian eyes __ so blue. __ Hey my ba -
sup - per's wait - ing for you. __ Hey my ba -
F7/A
Bb
Eb
- by don't you know __ our love _ is true. __
- by __ don't you know __ our love __ is true. __
Bb/F
F#dim
Gm7
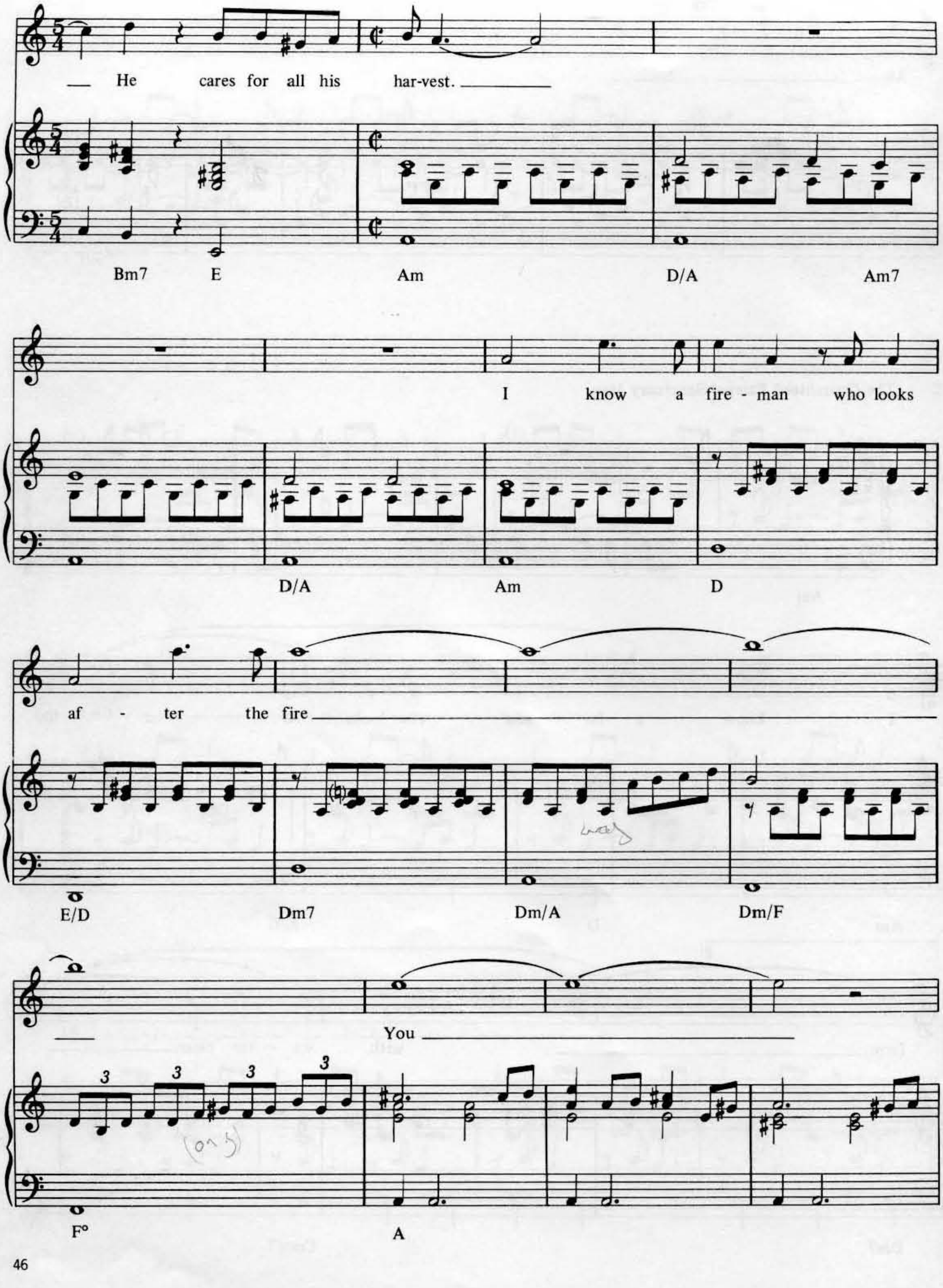

1
G/A
A
G/A
A7
2
I've been so far from here, far from your warm arms.
Gm
Bb/F
Gm/D
It's good to feel you again. It's been a
G/D
D
G/D
Bm/D
long, long time.
[Spoken] Has-n't it
Am


Dm7
Ah.
Ah.
1
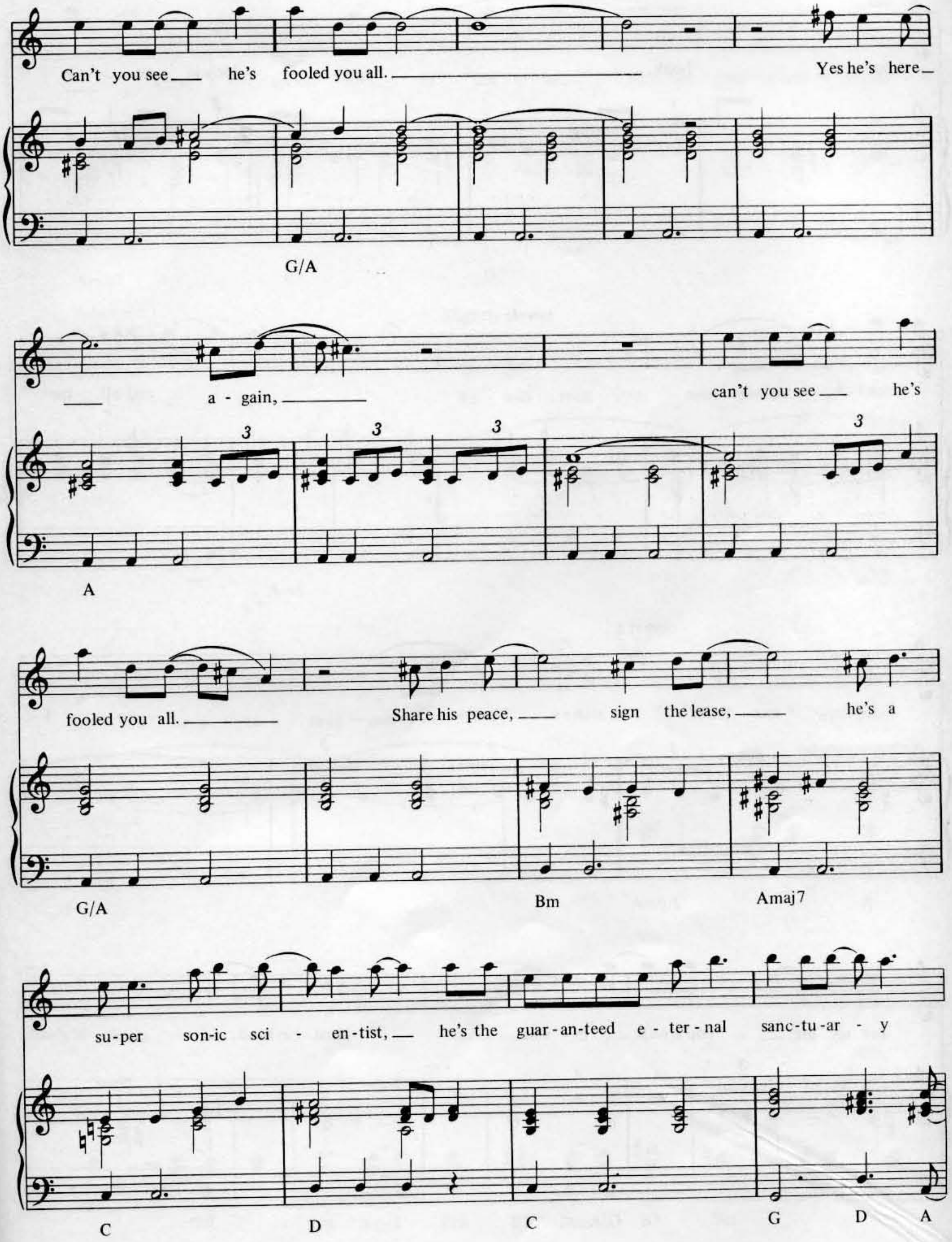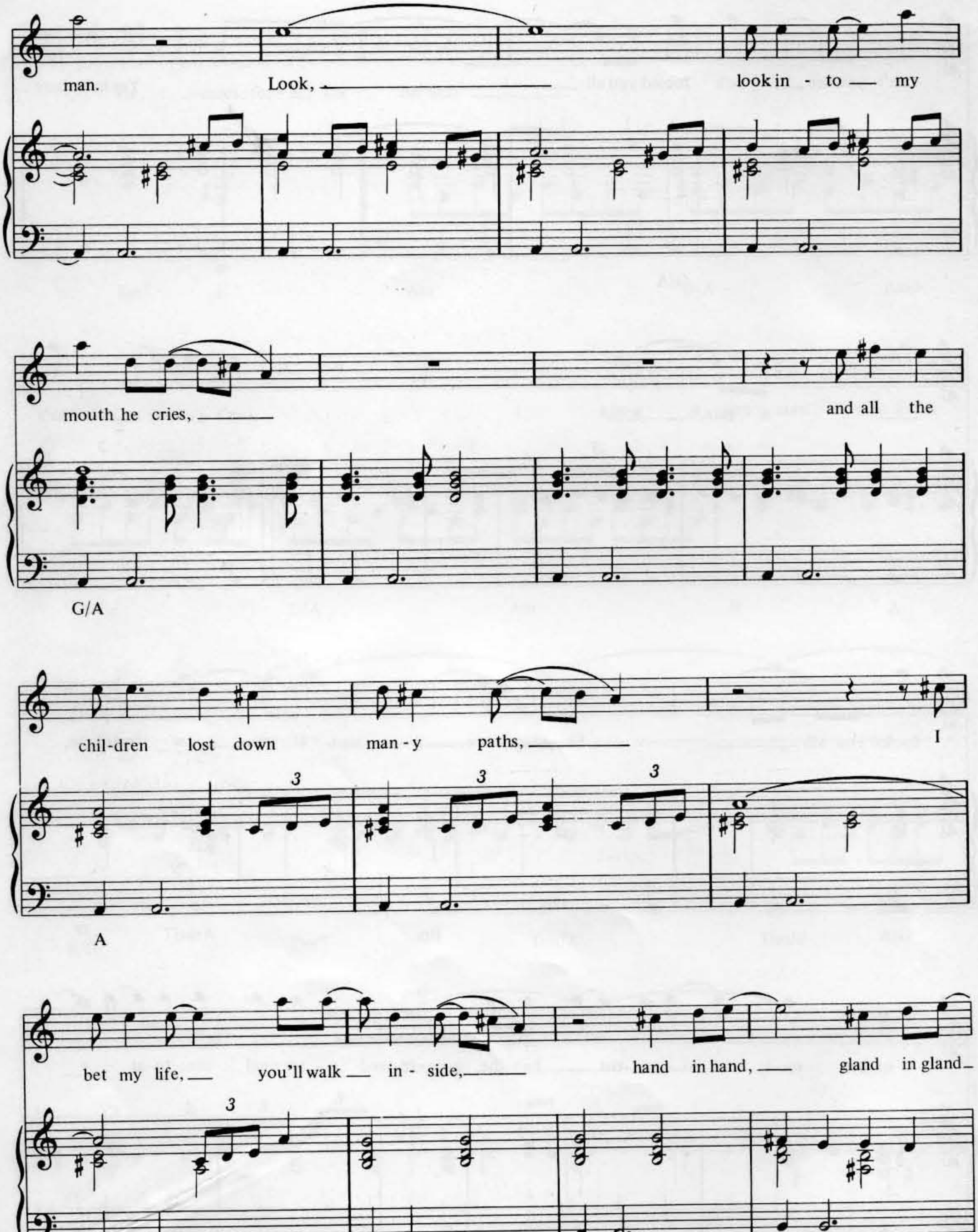


2 The Guaranteed Eternal Sanctuary Man
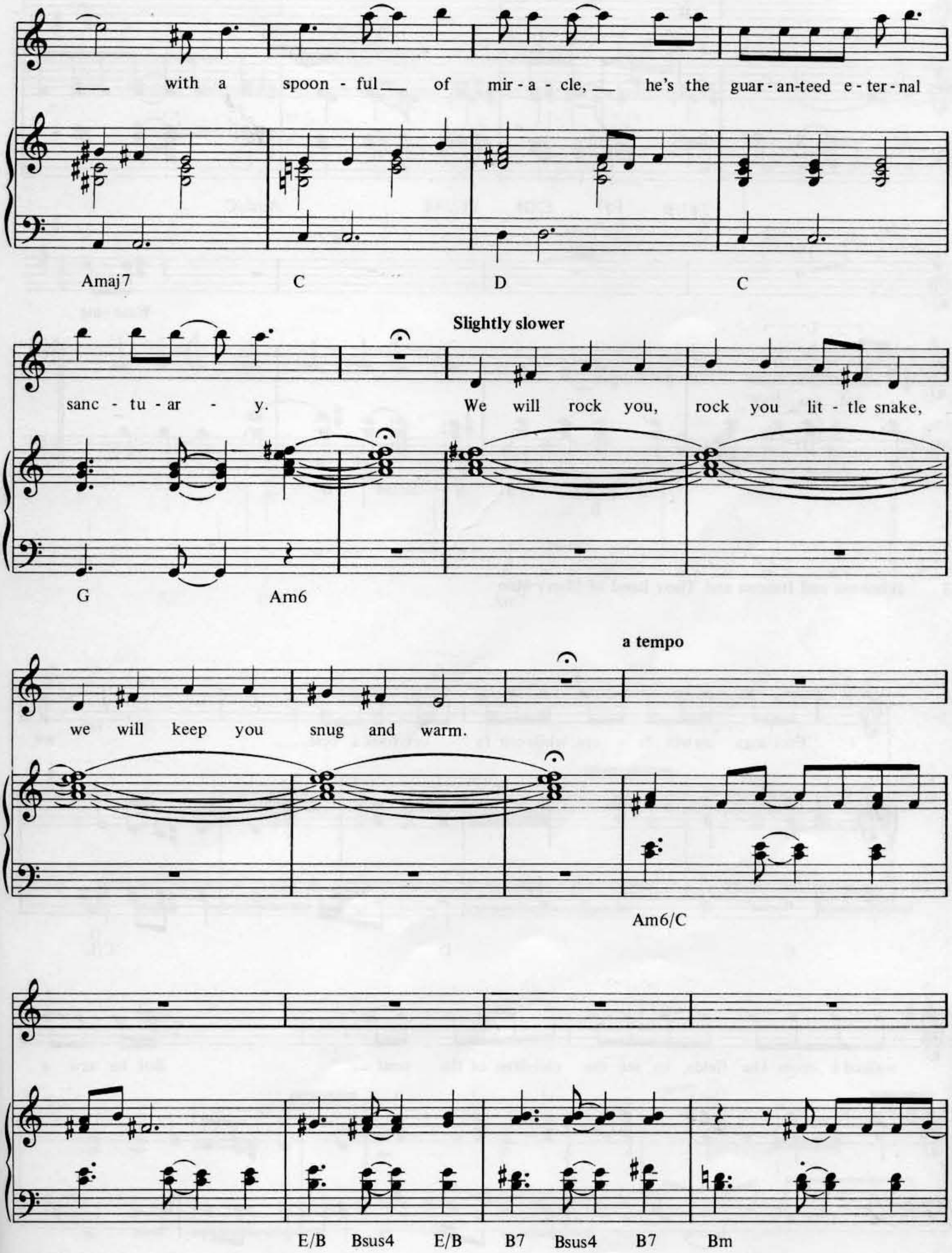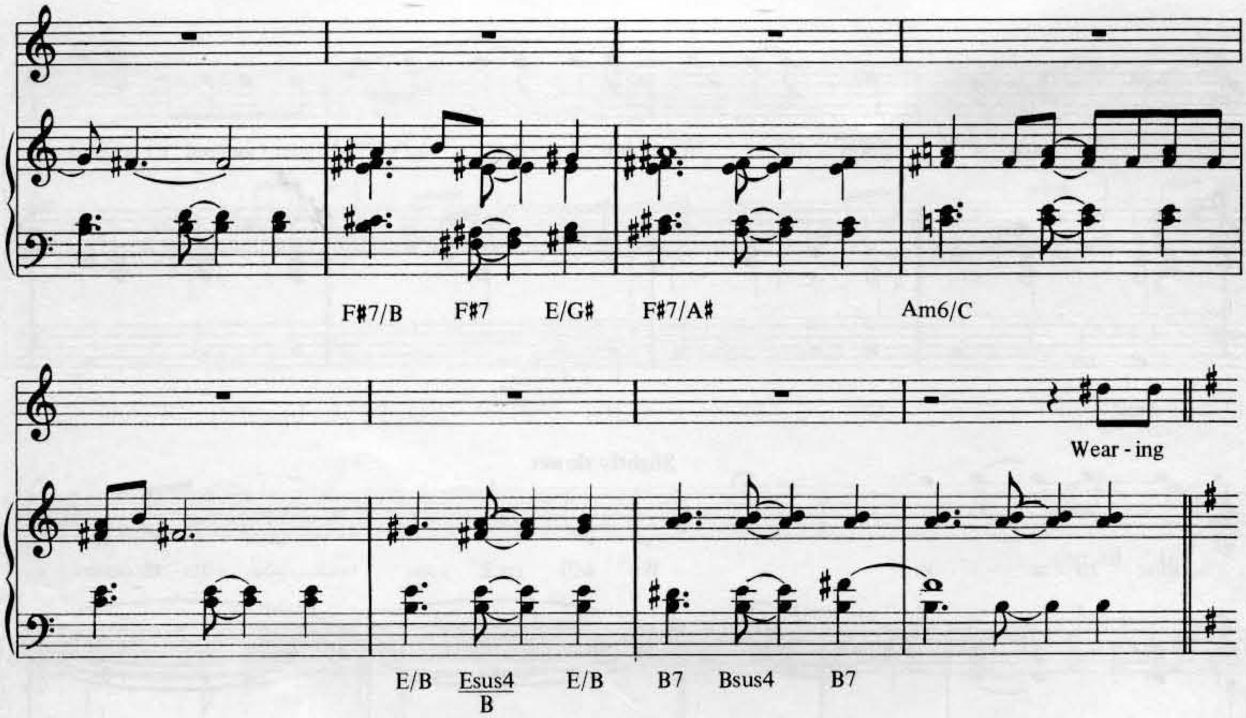




He cares for all his harvest.
Bm7 E Am D/A Am7
I know a fire - man who looks
D/A Am D
af - ter the fire
E/D Dm7 Dm/A Dm/F
You
F° A
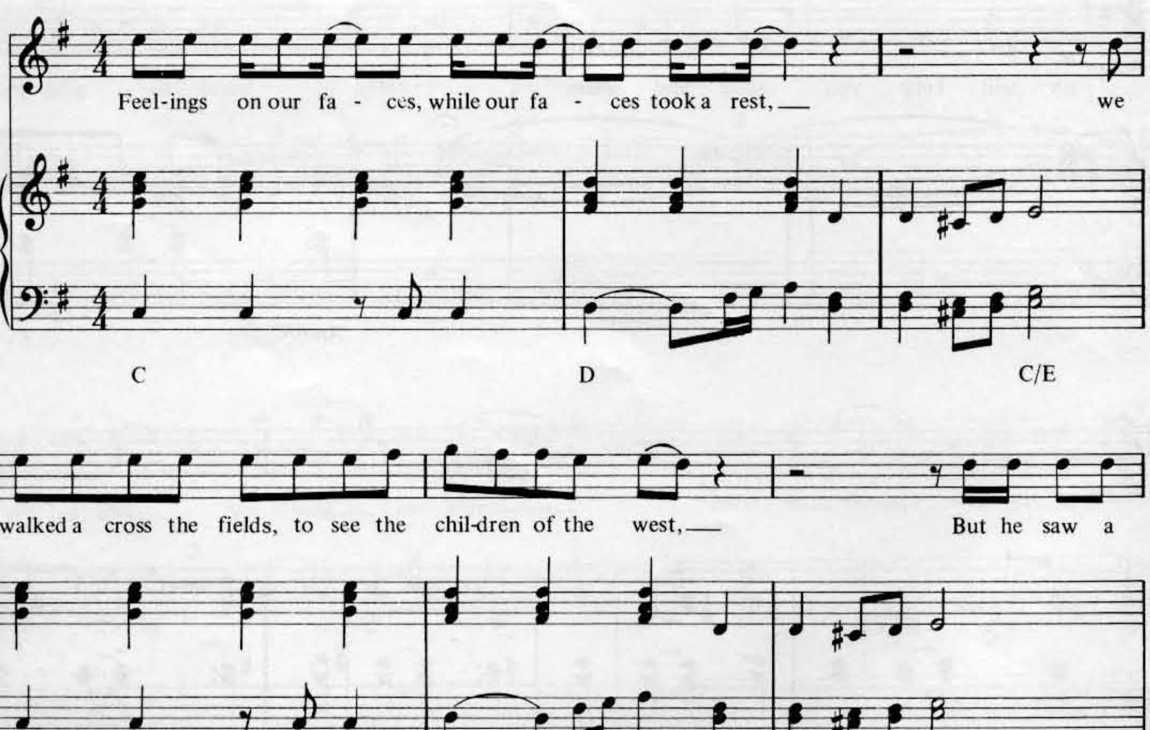

Can't you see he's fooled you all. Yes he's here
G/A
again,
can't you see he's
A
fooled you all.
Share his peace, sign the lease,
he's a
G/A
Bm
Amaj7
super sonic sci - en-tist, he's the guar-an-teed e - ter-nal sanc-tu-ar - y
C
D
C
G
D
A
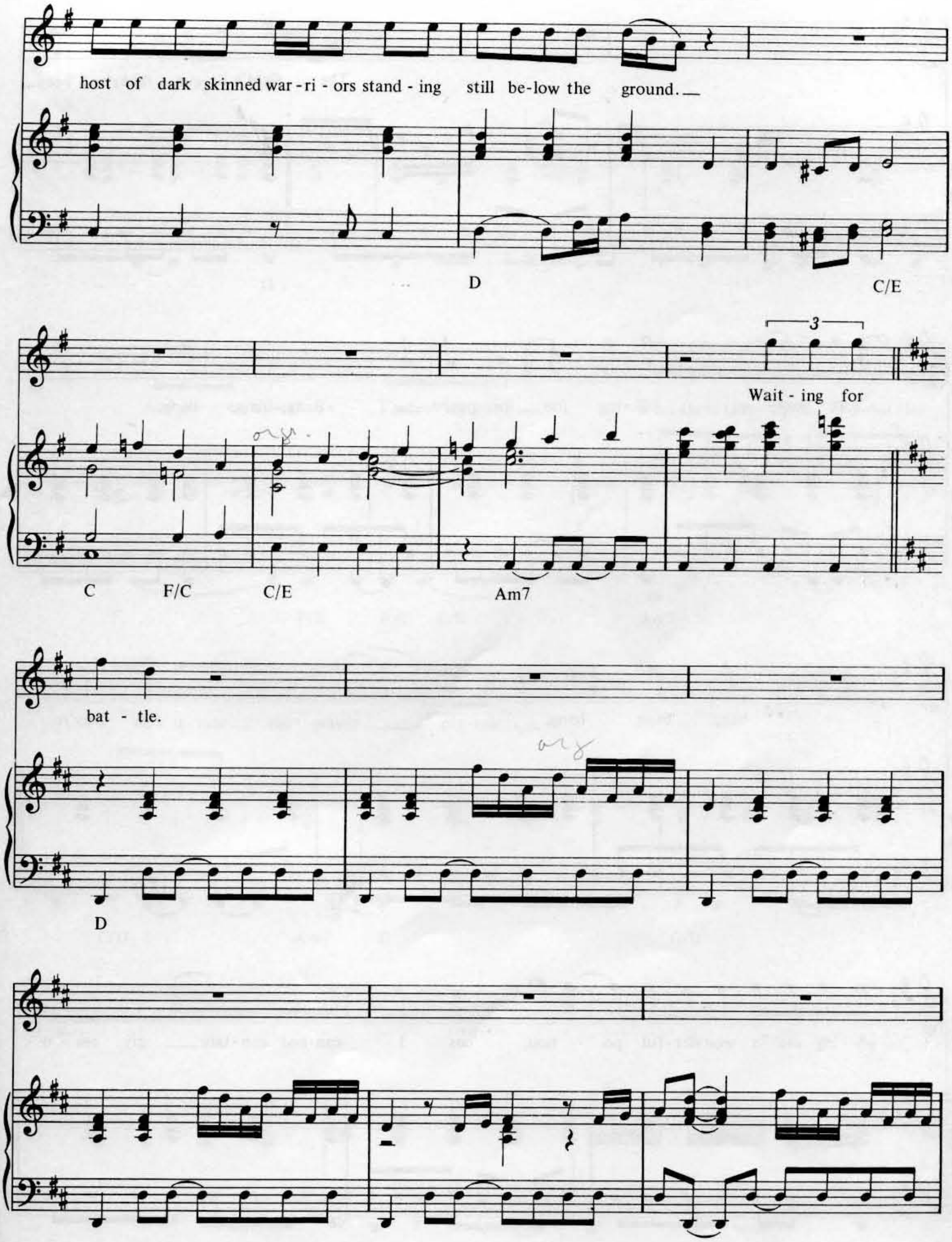

man. Look, look in - to my
mouth he cries, and all the
G/A
chil-dren lost down man-y paths, I
A
bet my life, you'll walk in - side, hand in hand, gland in gland
G/A
Bm
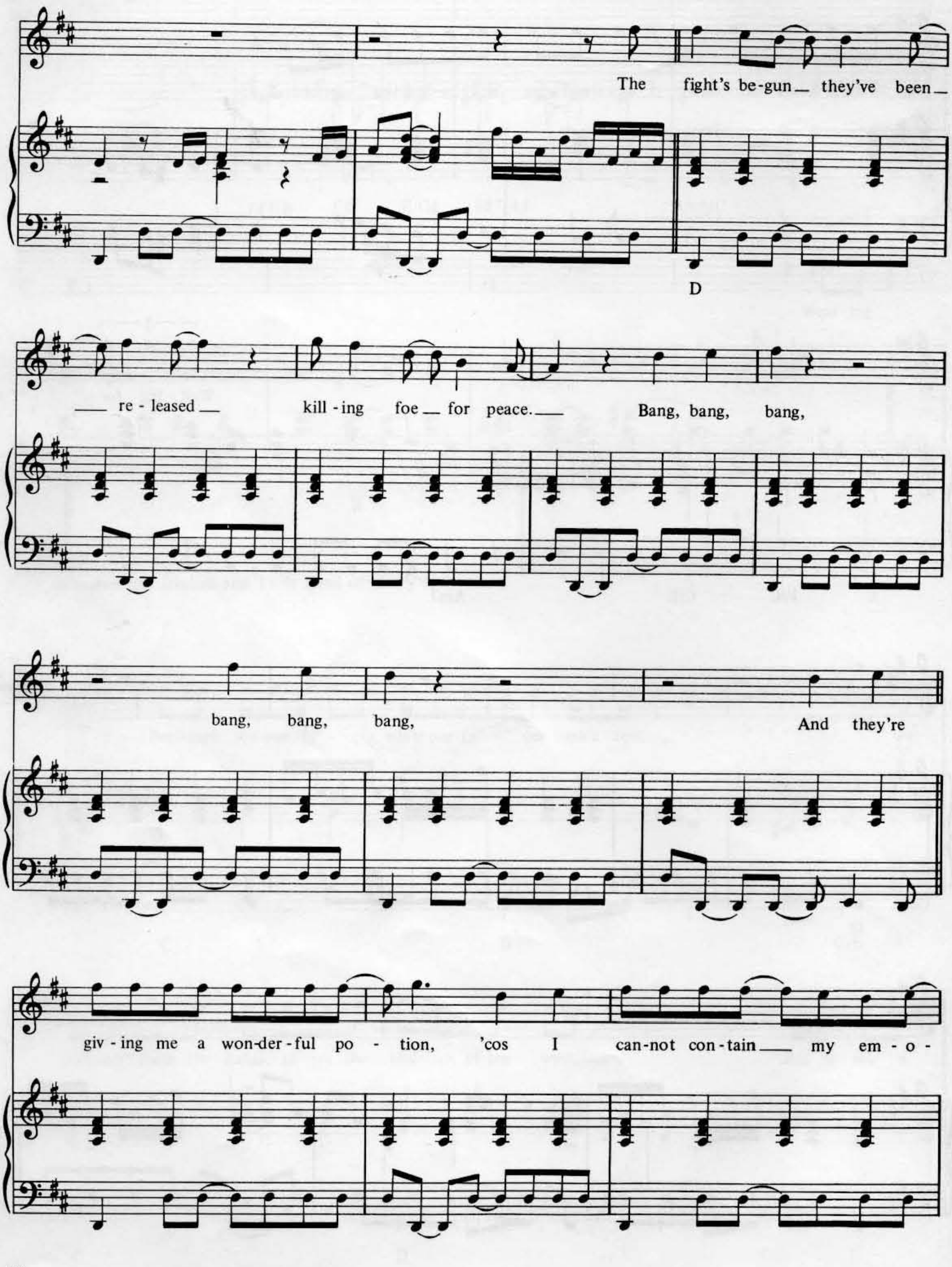

with a spoon - ful of mir - a - cle, he's the guar - an-teed e - ter - nal
Amaj7
C
D
C
Slightly slower
sanc - tu - ar - y. We will rock you, rock you lit - tle snake,
G
Am6
a tempo
we will keep you snug and warm.
Am6/C
E/B Bsus4 E/B B7 Bsus4 B7 Bm
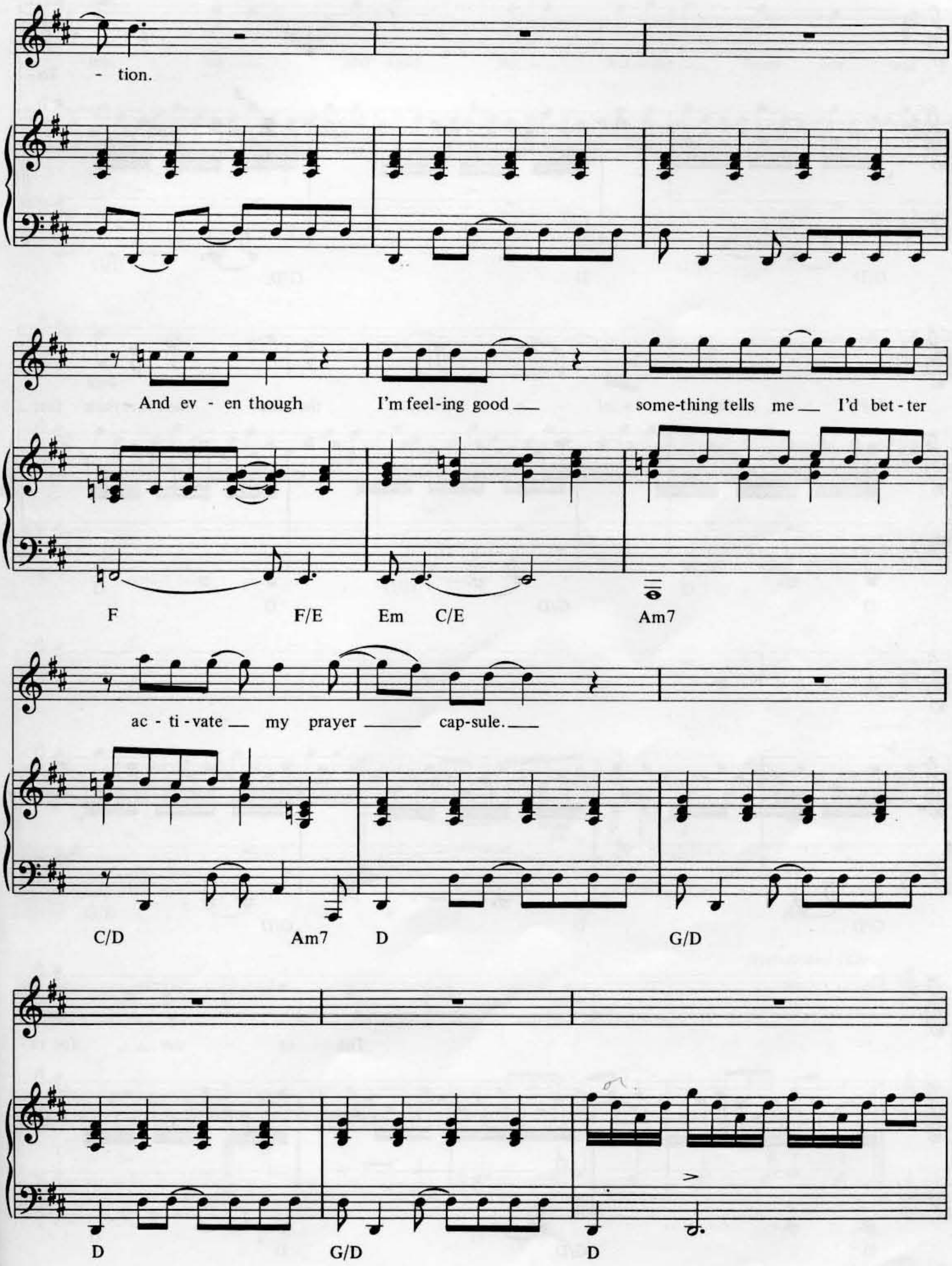


3 Ikhnaton and Itsacon and Their Band of Merry Men
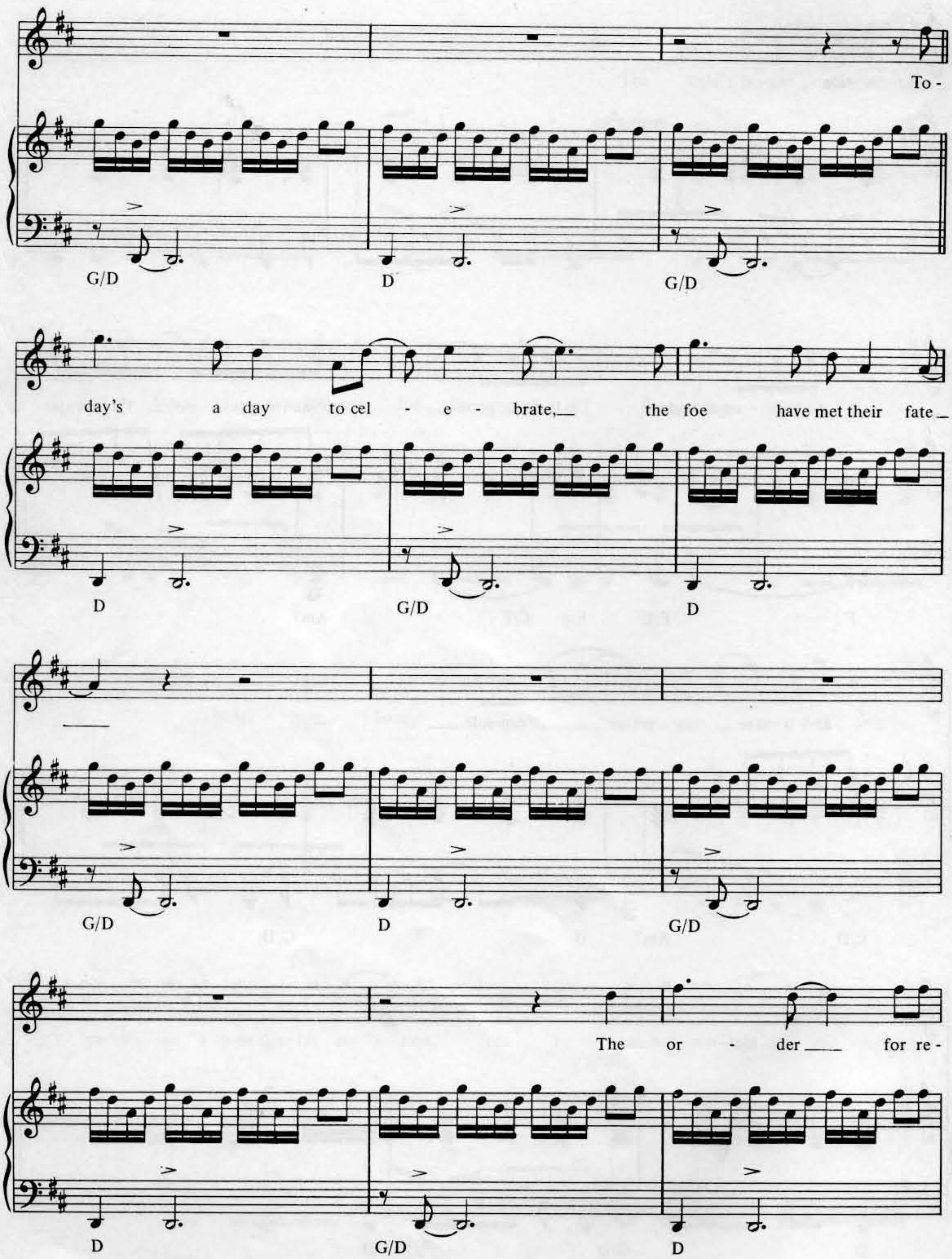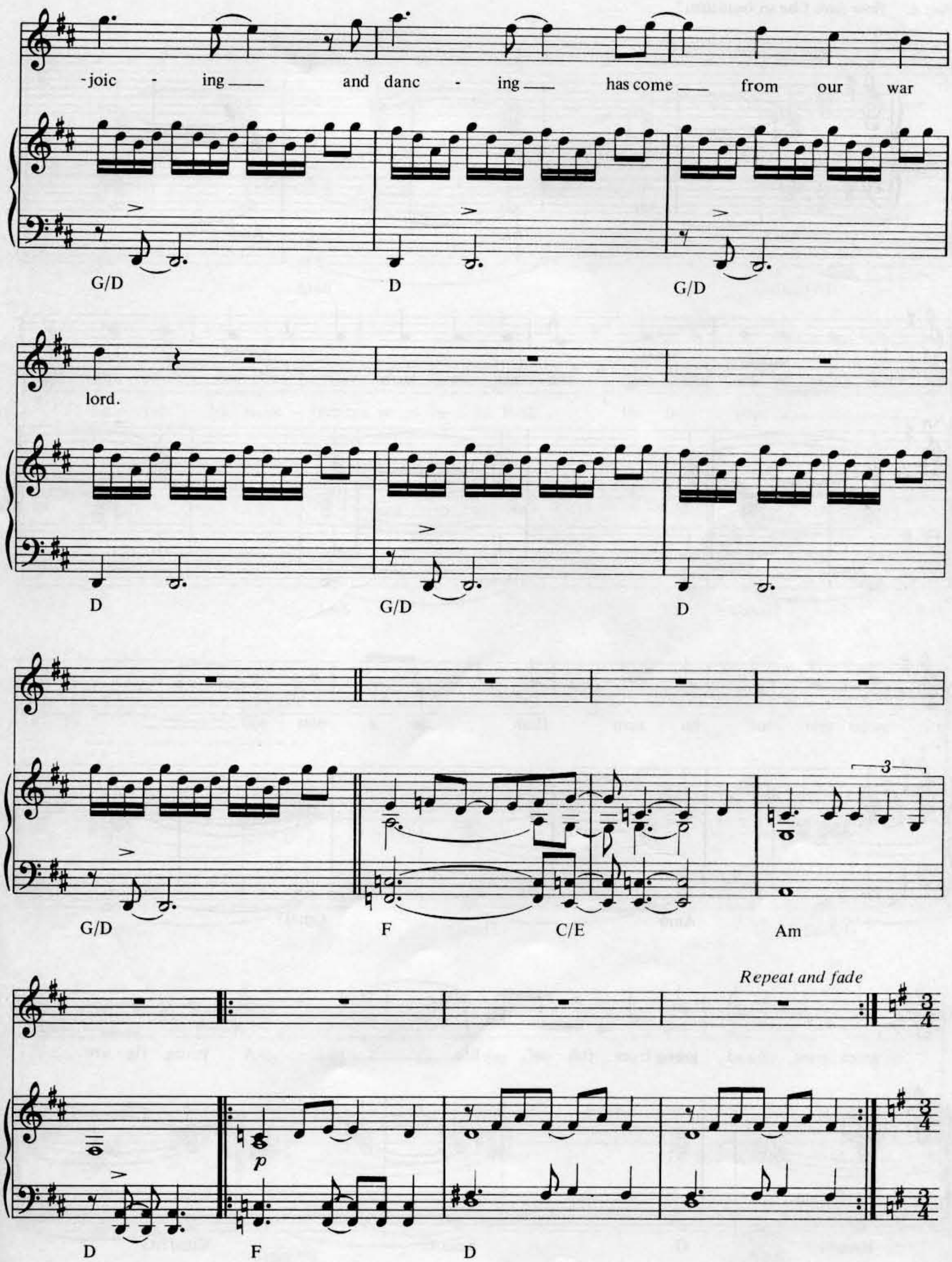



host of dark skinned war - ri - ors stand - ing still be - low the ground. —
D
C/E
Wait - ing for
C
F/C
C/E
Am7
bat - tle.
D
8va
8va
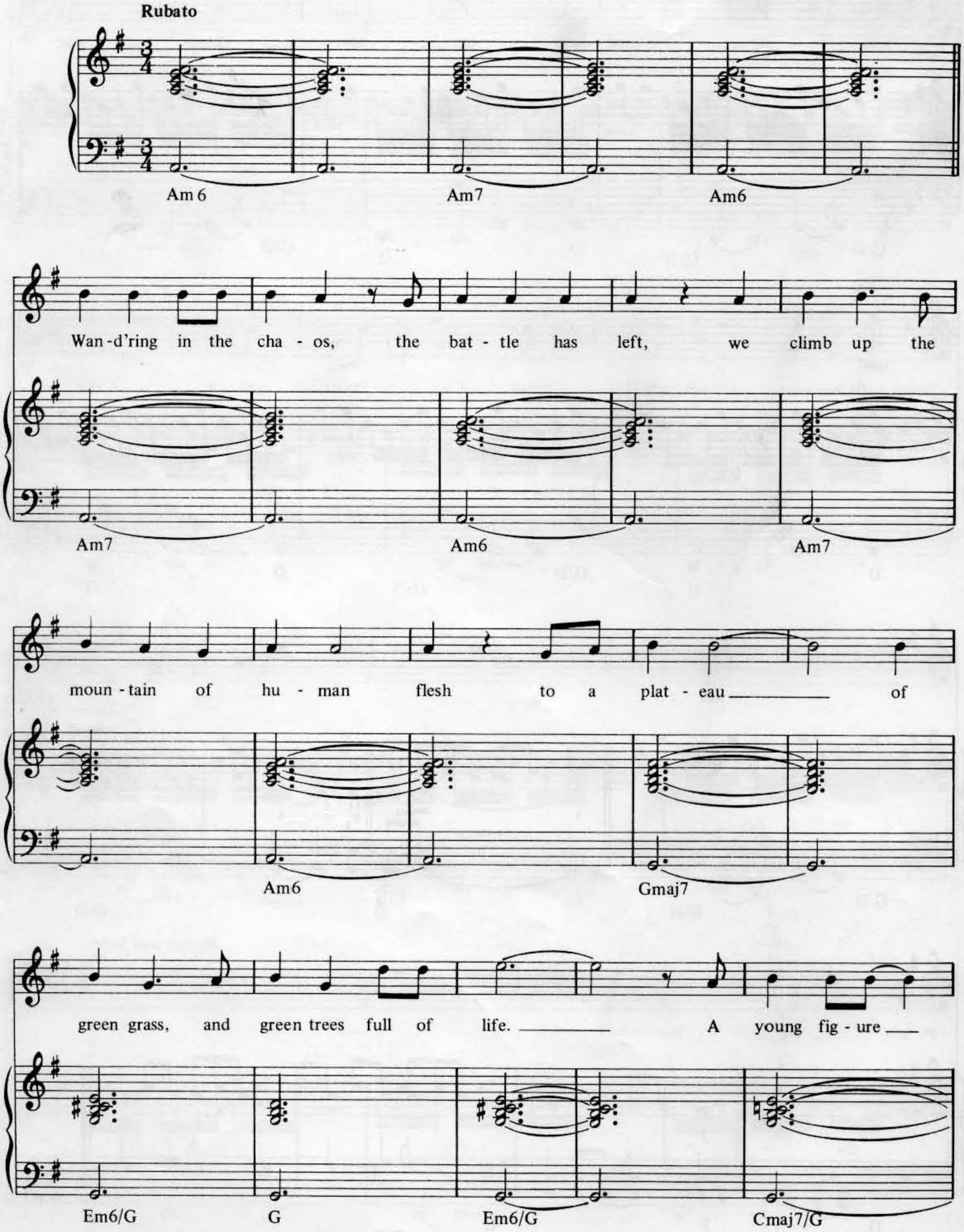


The fight's be-gun — they've been —
D
— re - leased — kill - ing foe — for peace. — Bang, bang, bang,
bang, bang, bang, And they're
giv - ing me a won-der - ful po - tion, 'cos I can-not con - tain — my em - o -
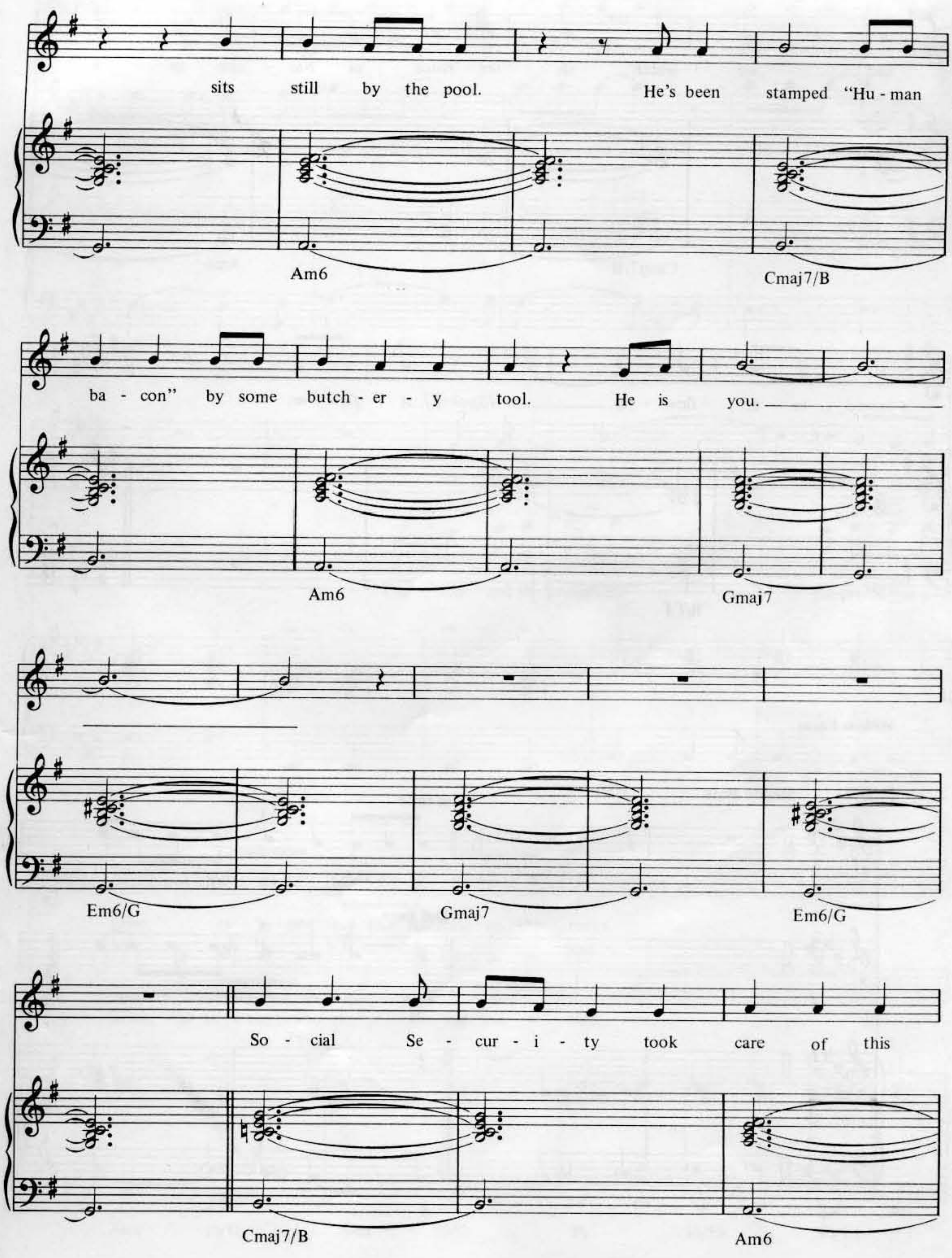

tion.
And even though I'm feeling good something tells me I'd better
F F/E Em C/E Am7
activate my prayer capsule.
C/D Am7 D G/D
D G/D D

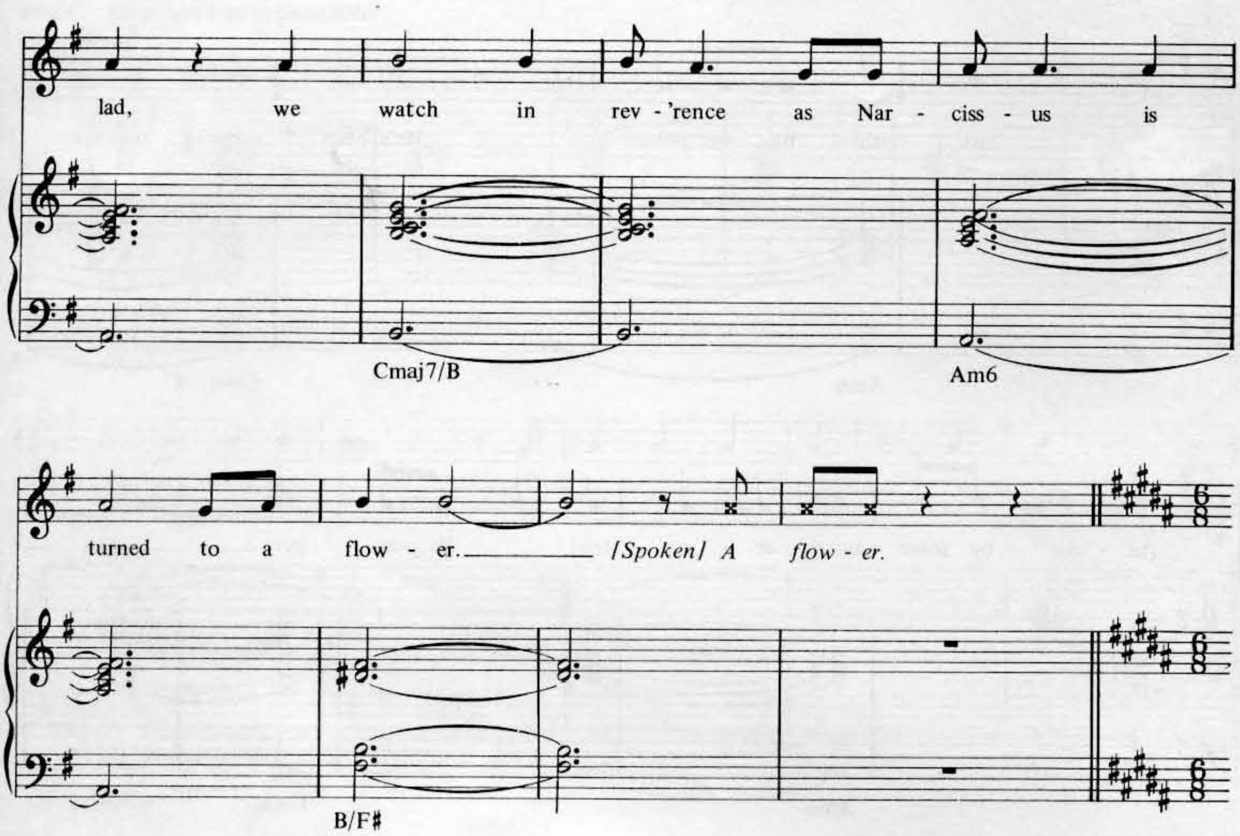

To -
G/D D G/D
day's a day to cel - e - brate, the foe have met their fate
D G/D D
G/D D G/D
The or - der for re -
D G/D D


-joic - ing and danc - ing has come from our war
G/D
D
G/D
lord.
D
G/D
D
G/D
F
C/E
Am
Repeat and fade
3/4
p
D
F
D
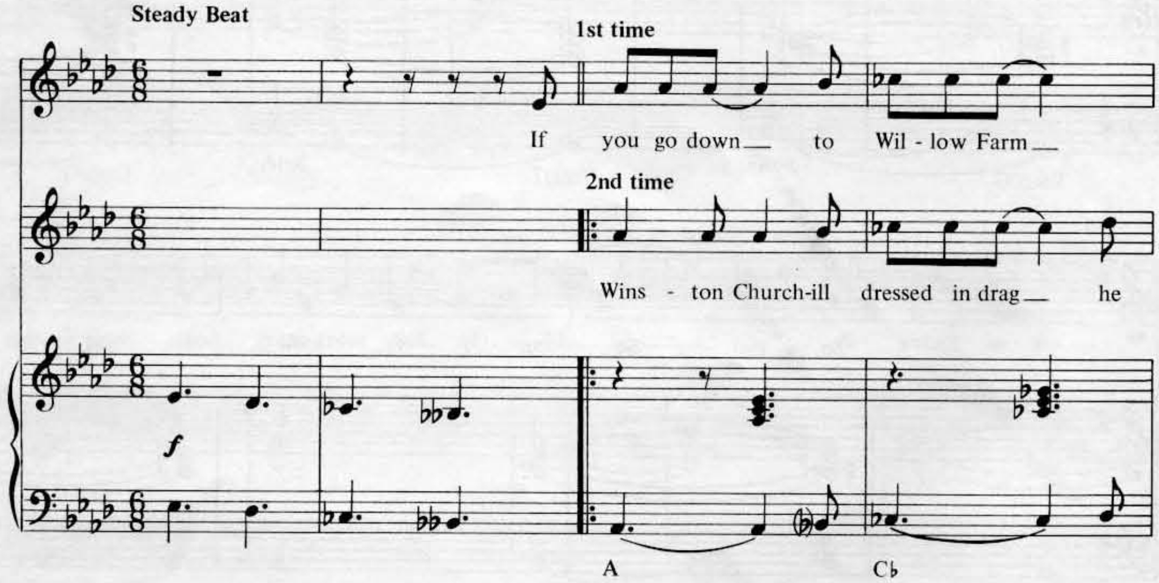
Part 4. **How dare I be so beautiful?**
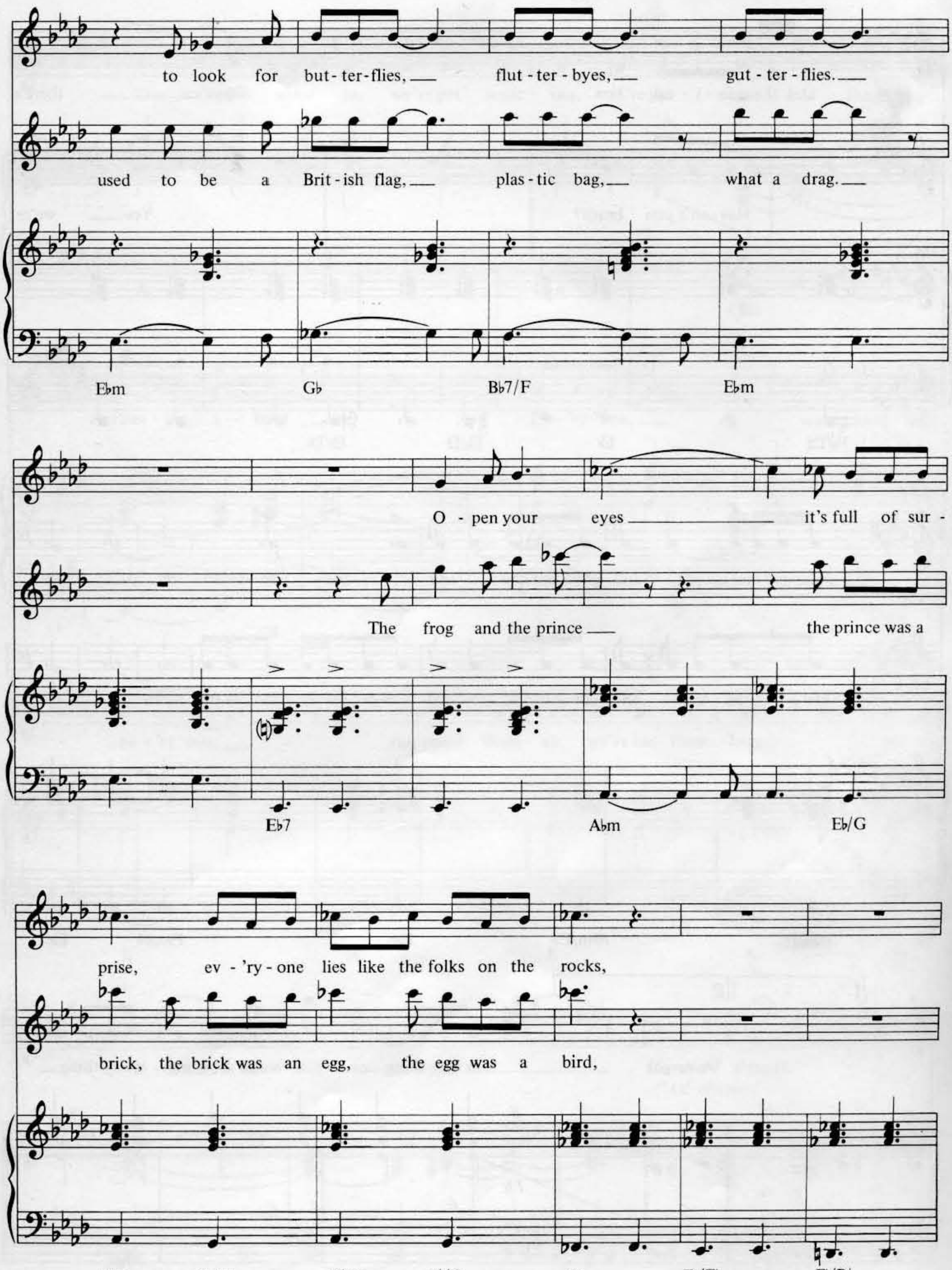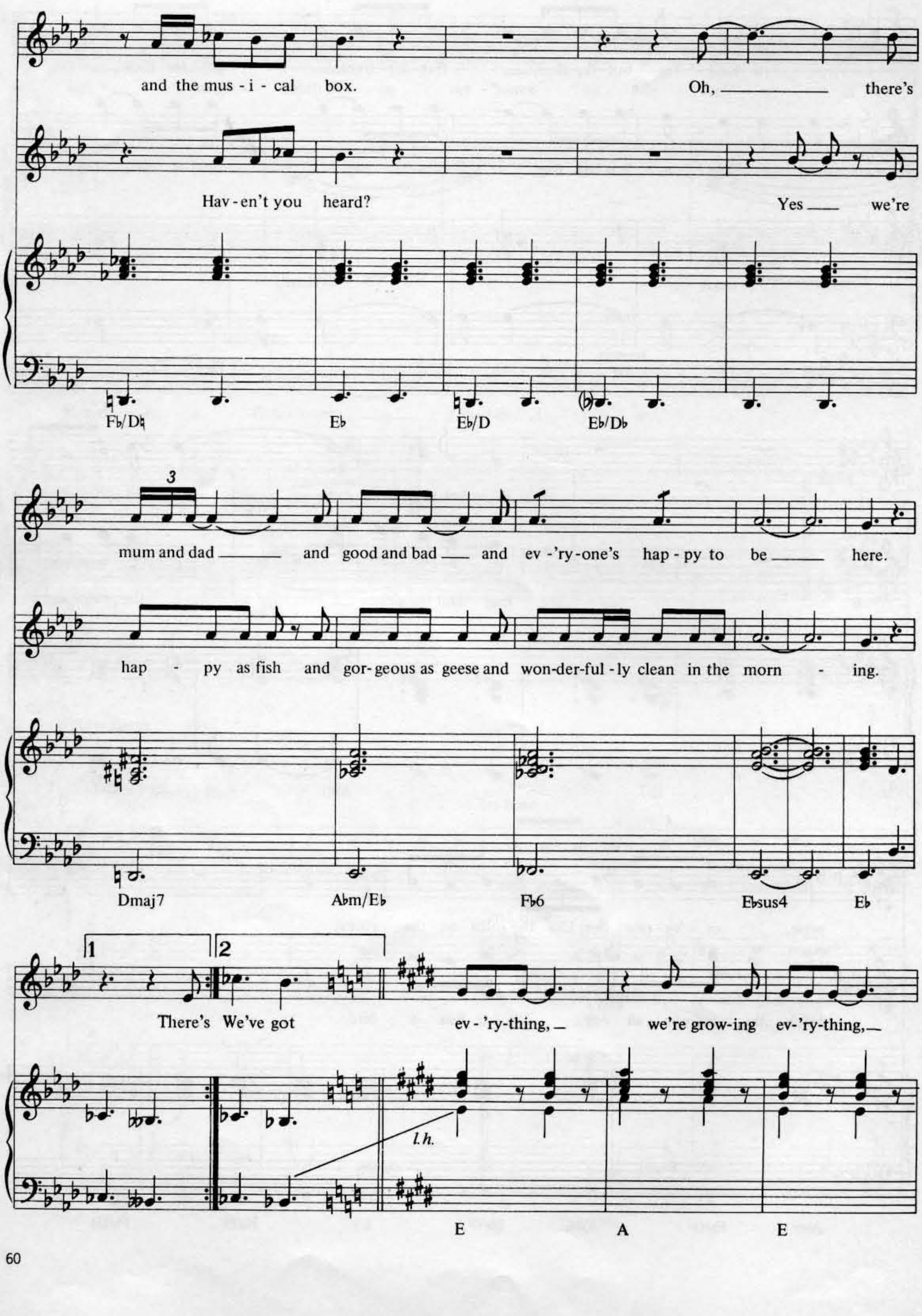



sits still by the pool. He's been stamped "Hu - man
Am6
Cmaj7/B
ba - con" by some butch - er - y tool. He is you.
Am6
Gmaj7
Em6/G
Gmaj7
Em6/G
So - cial Se - cur - i - ty took care of this
Cmaj7/B
Am6
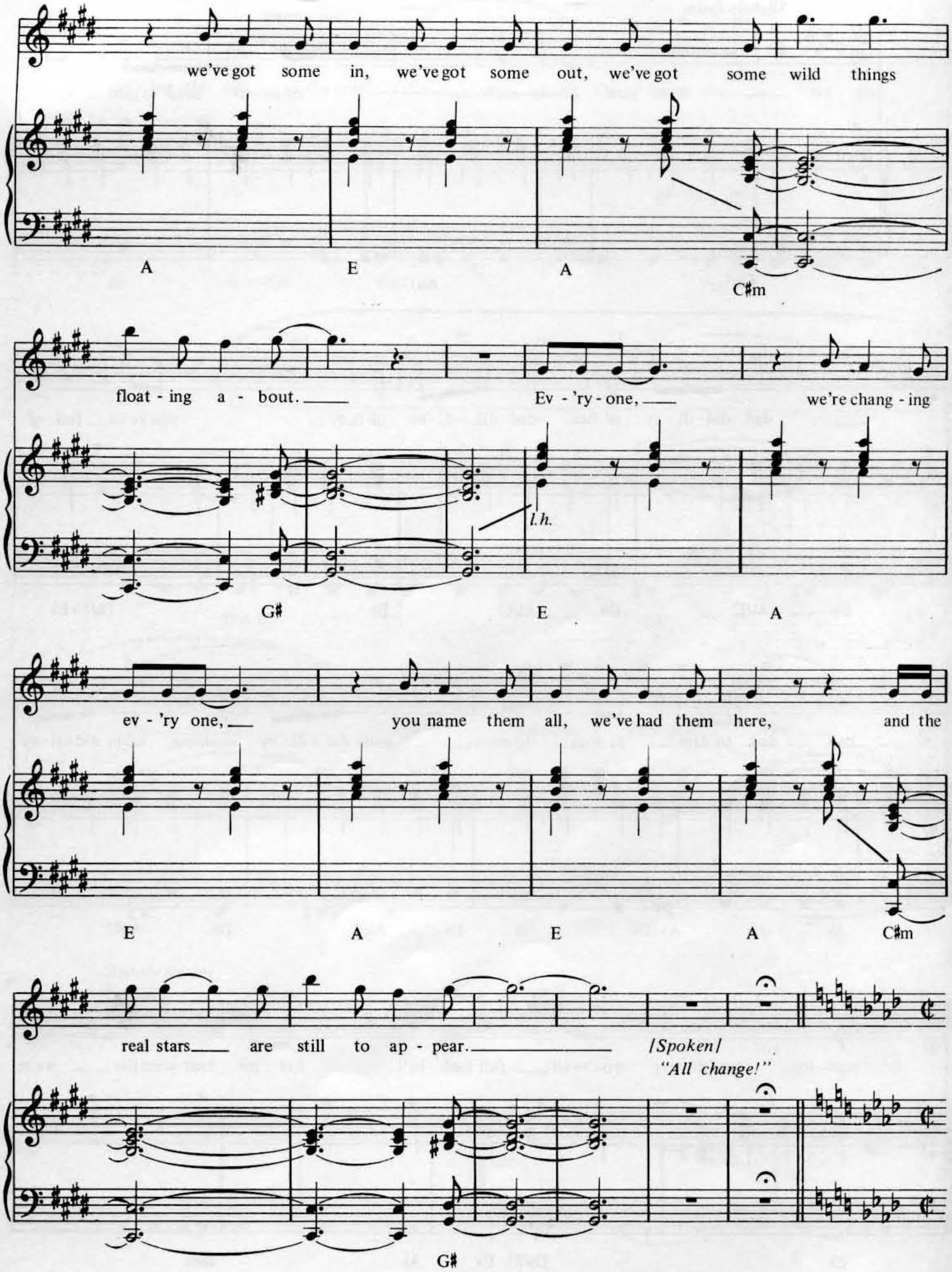

lad, we watch in rev - 'rence as Nar - ciss - us is
Cmaj7/B
Am6
turned to a flow - er. [Spoken] A flow - er.
B/F♯
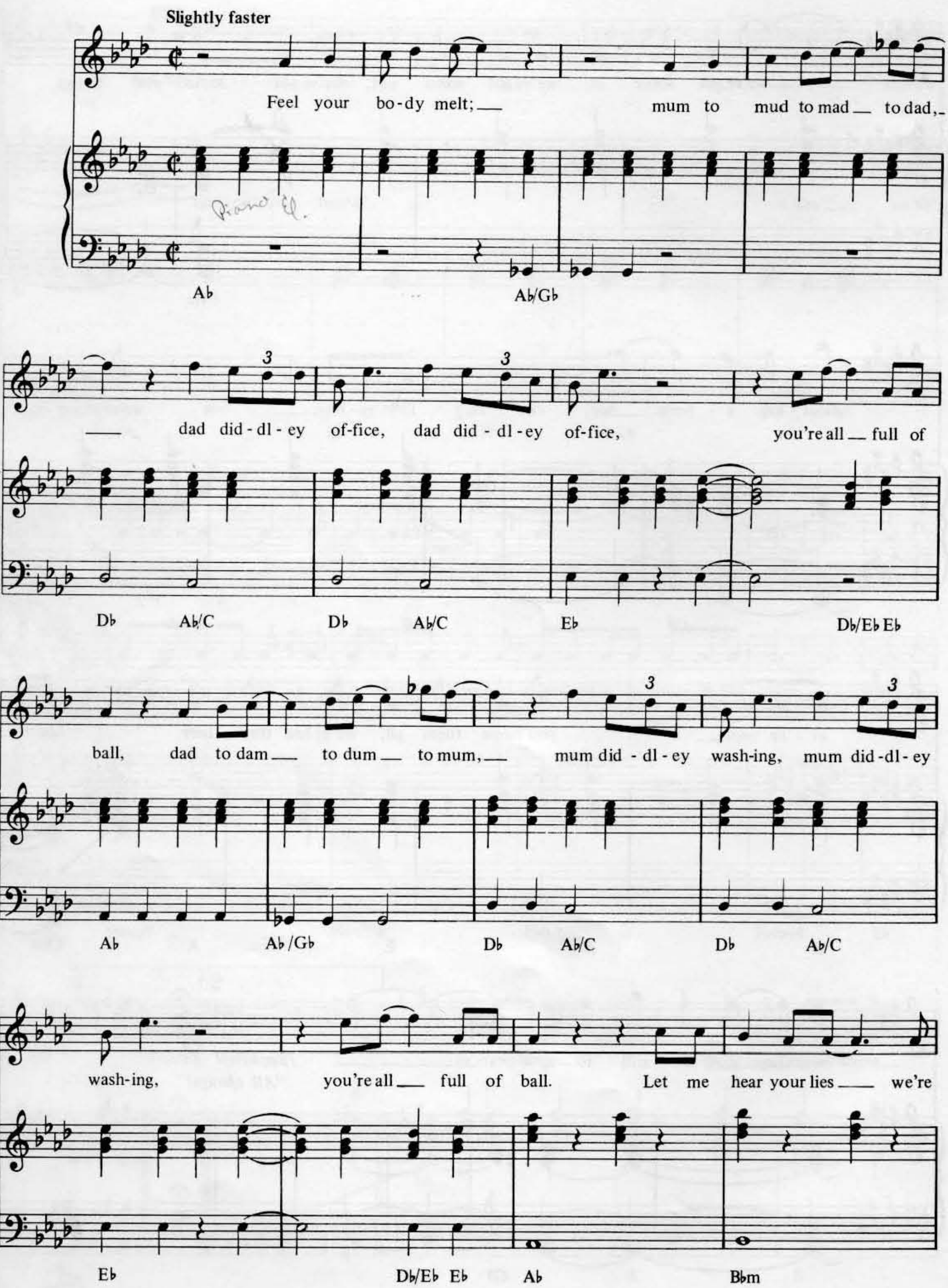
Willow Farm
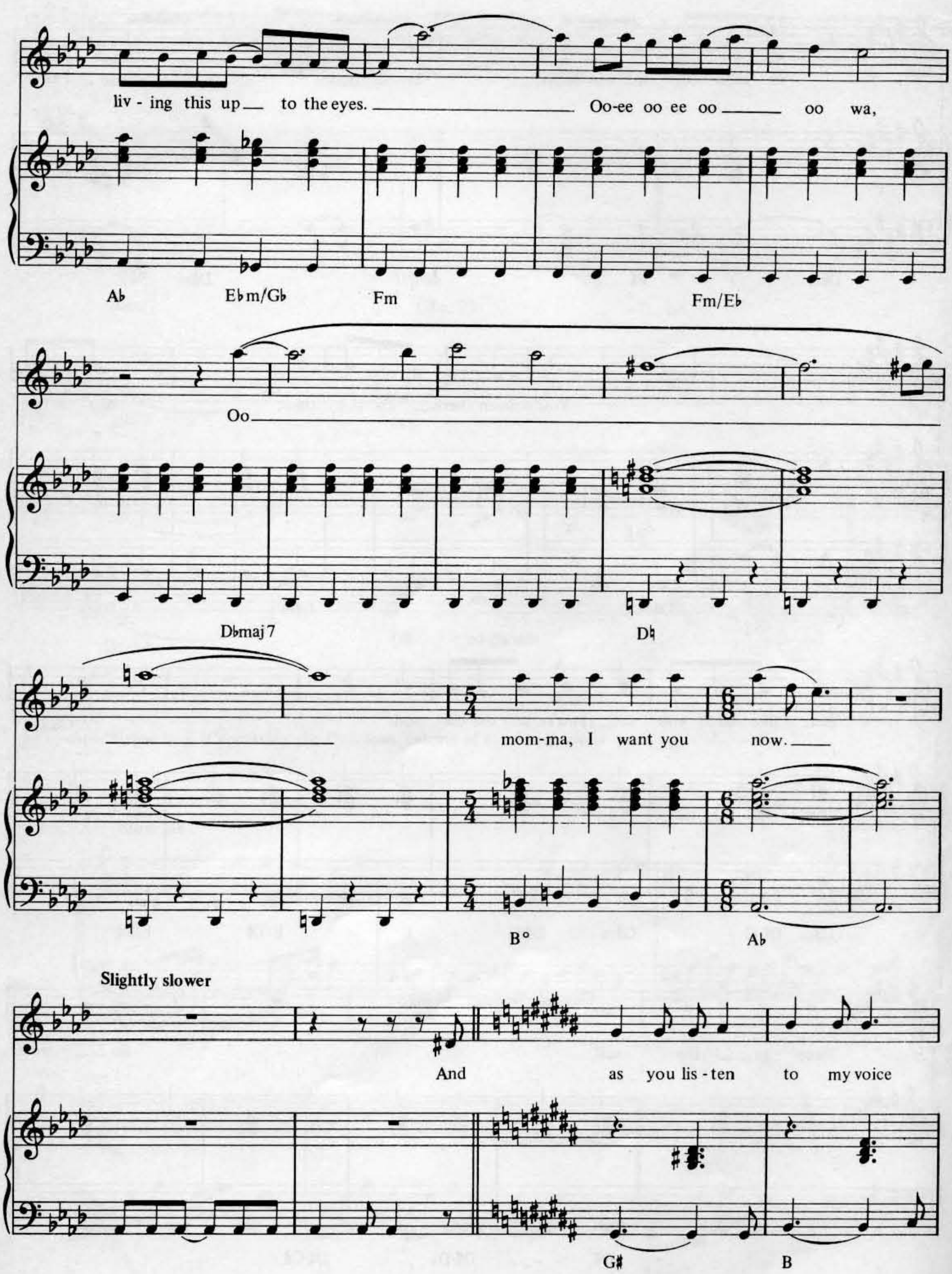

Steady Beat
1st time
If you go down to Wil - low Farm
2nd time
Wins - ton Church-ill dressed in drag he
f
A
C♭
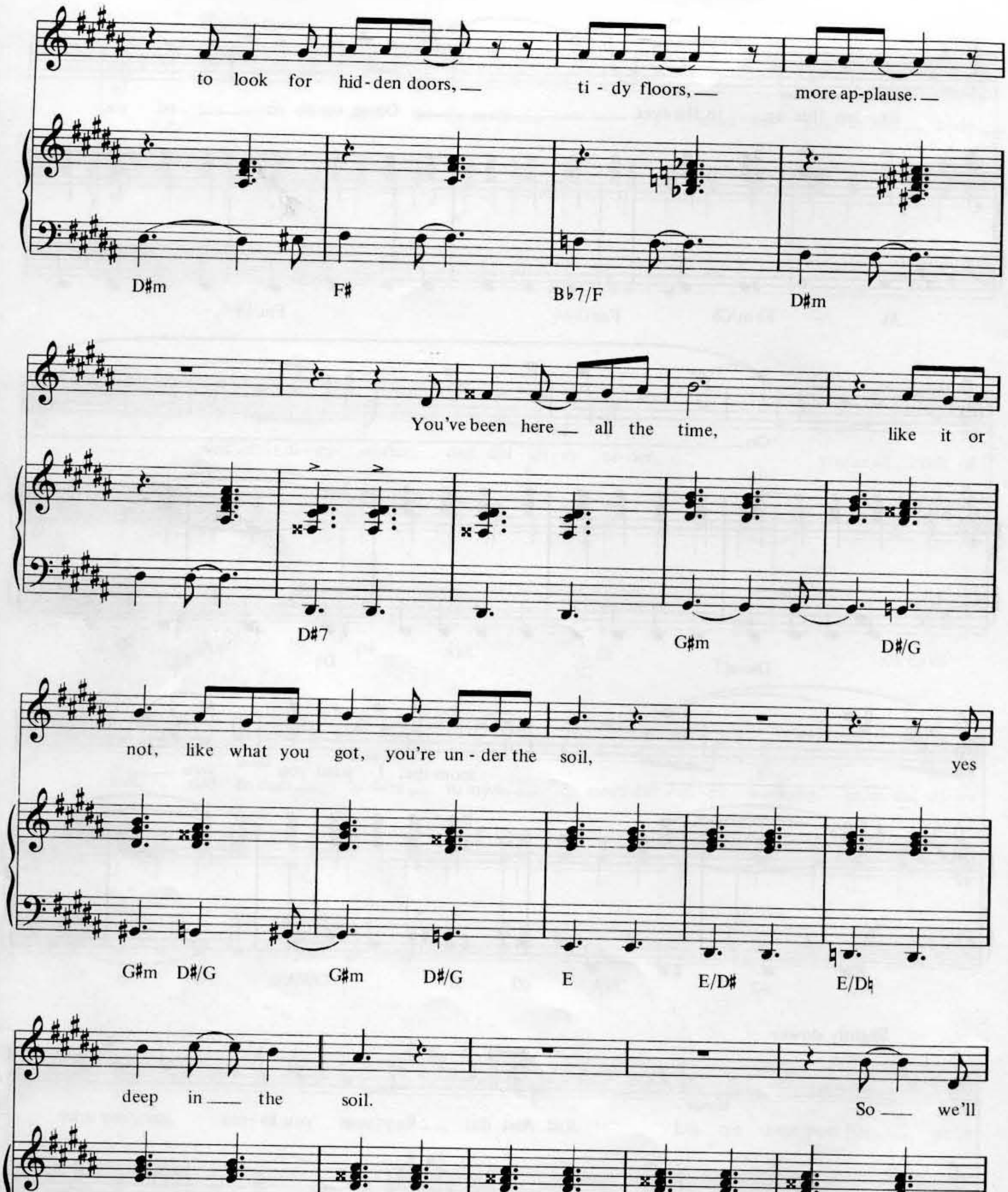

to look for but-ter-flies, flut-ter-byes, gut-ter-flies.
used to be a Brit-ish flag, plas-tic bag, what a drag.
E♭m G♭ B♭7/F E♭m
O-pen your eyes it's full of sur-
The frog and the prince the prince was a
E♭7 A♭m E♭/G
prise, ev-'ry-one lies like the folks on the rocks,
brick, the brick was an egg, the egg was a bird,
A♭m E♭/G A♭m E♭/G F♭ F♭/E♭ F♭/D♮
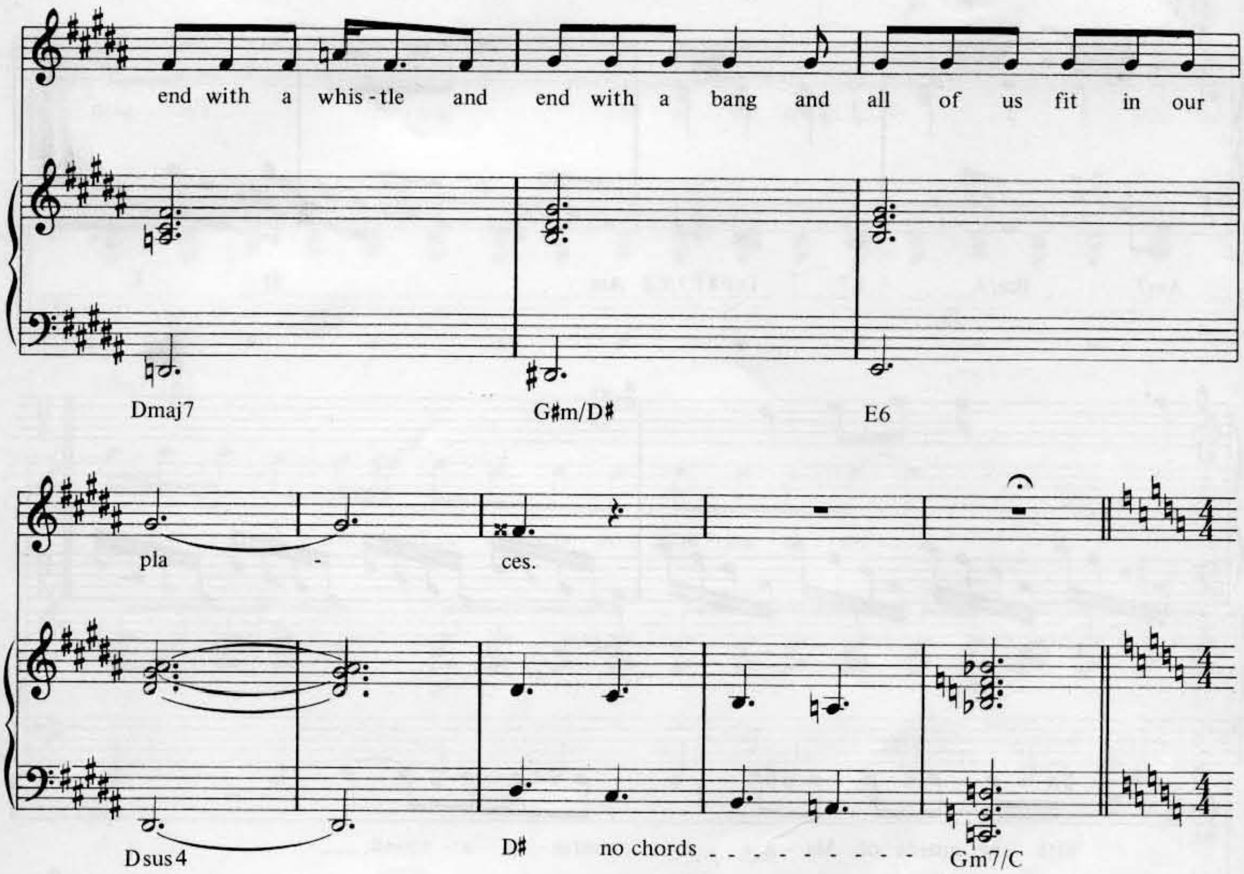

and the mus - i - cal box.
Oh, there's
Hav - en't you heard?
Yes we're
Fb/D♮
Eb
Eb/D
Eb/Db
3
mum and dad and good and bad and ev - 'ry - one's hap - py to be here.
hap - py as fish and gor - geous as geese and won - der - ful - ly clean in the morn - ing.
Dmaj7
Abm/Eb
Fb6
Ebsus4
Eb
1
2
There's We've got
ev - 'ry - thing, we're grow - ing ev - 'ry - thing,
l.h.
E
A
E


we've got some in, we've got some out, we've got some wild things
A E A C#m
float - ing a - bout. Ev - 'ry - one, we're chang - ing
l.h.
G# E A
ev - 'ry one, you name them all, we've had them here, and the
E A E A C#m
real stars are still to ap - pear.
[Spoken]
"All change!"
G#
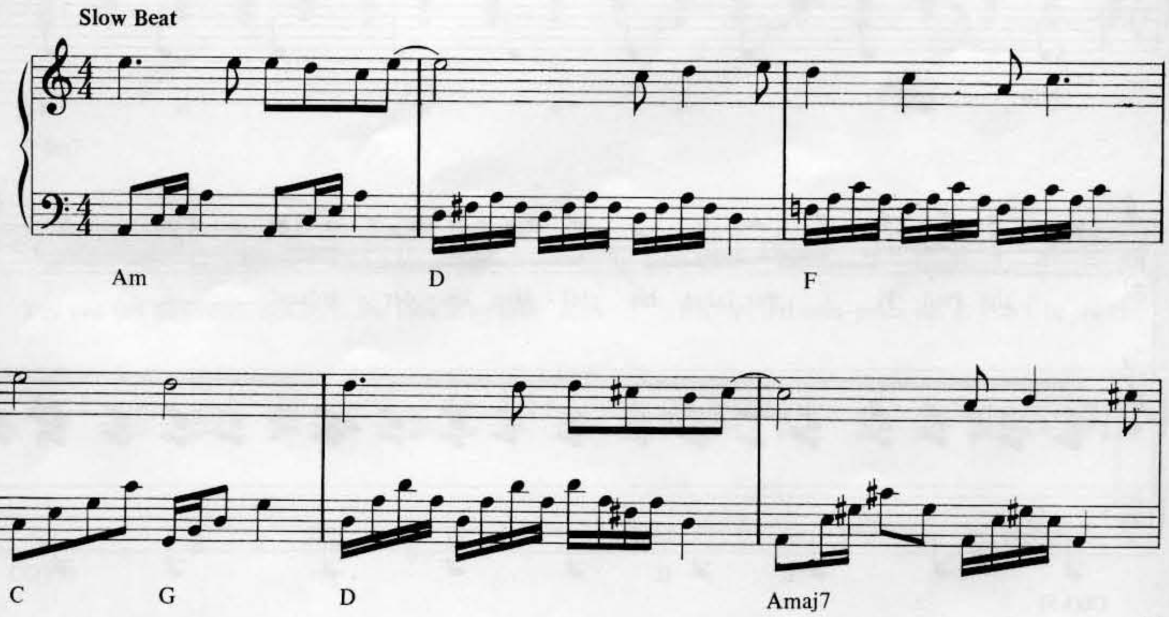

Slightly faster
Feel your bo-dy melt; mum to mud to mad to dad, dad did-dl-ey of-fice, dad did-dl-ey of-fice, you're all full of ball, dad to dam to dum to mum, mum did-dl-ey wash-ing, mum did-dl-ey wash-ing, you're all full of ball. Let me hear your lies we're
Piano El.
Ab Ab/Gb
Db Ab/C Db Ab/C Eb Db/Eb Eb
Ab Ab/Gb Db Ab/C Db Ab/C
Eb Db/Eb Eb Ab Bbm
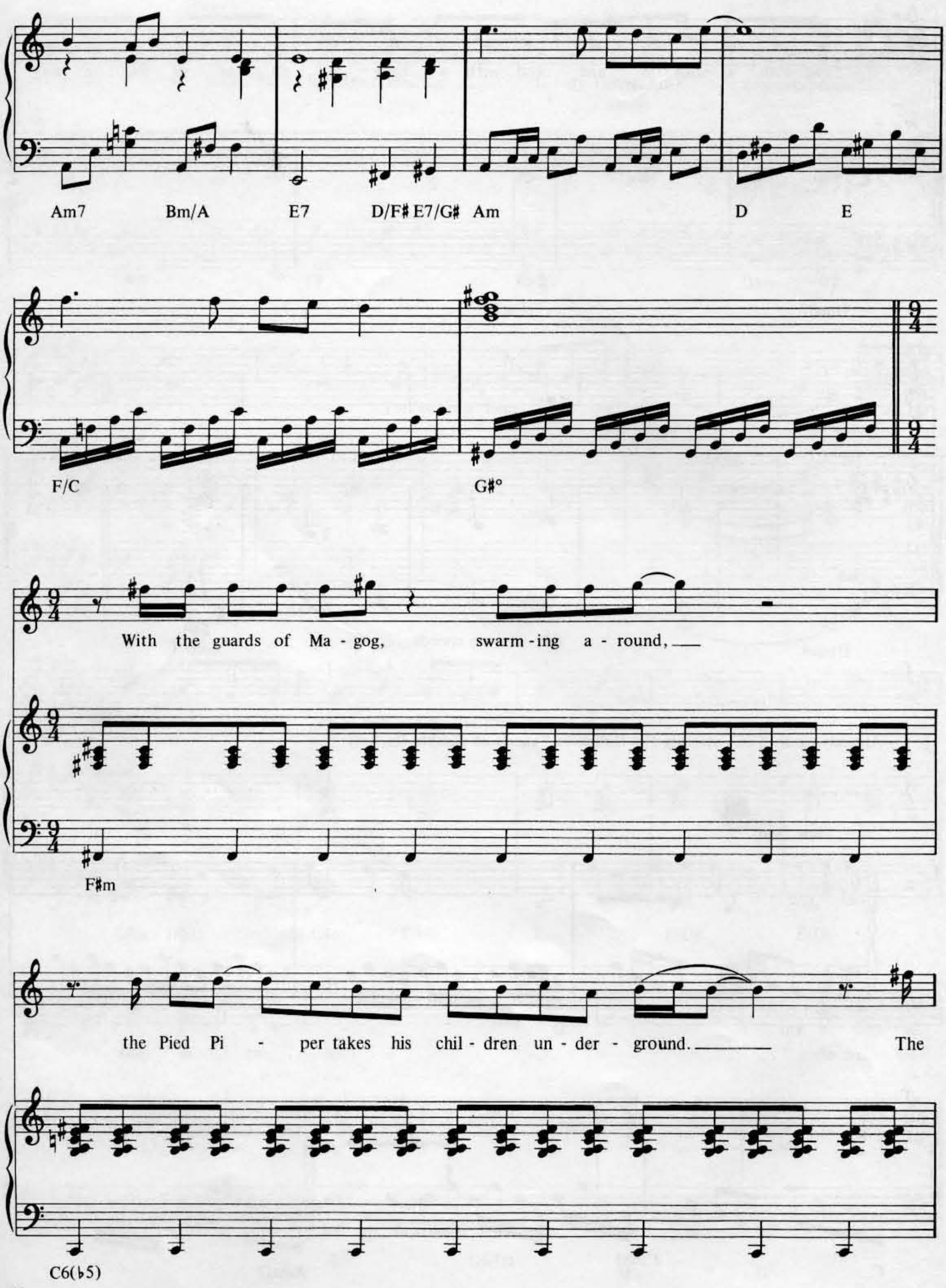

liv - ing this up to the eyes. Oo-ee oo ee oo oo wa,
Ab Ebm/Gb Fm Fm/Eb
Oo
Dbmaj7 D♮
mom-ma, I want you now.
B° Ab
Slightly slower
And as you lis - ten to my voice
G# B
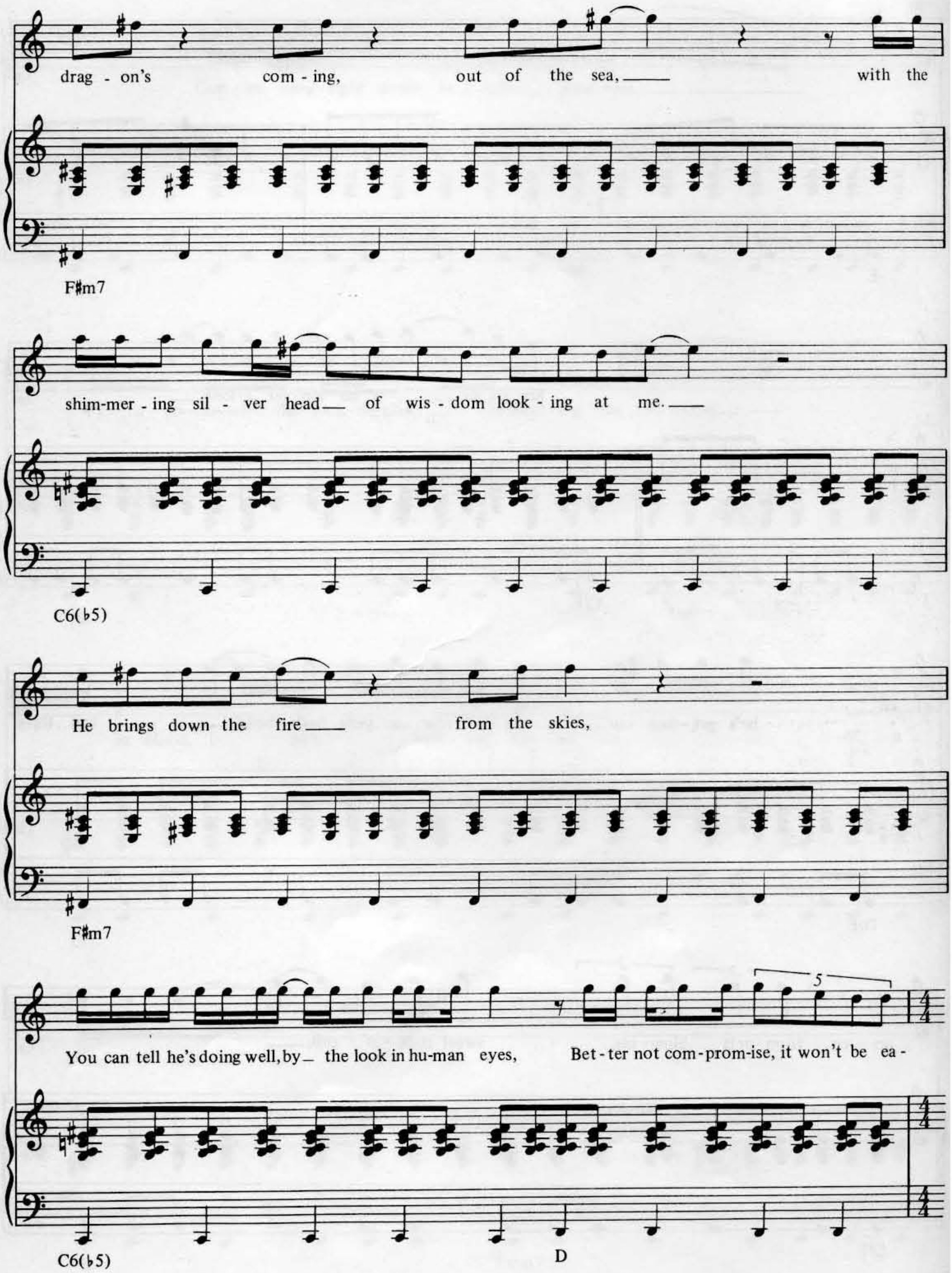

to look for hid-den doors, — ti - dy floors, — more ap-plause. —
D♯m F♯ B♭7/F D♯m
You've been here — all the time, like it or
D♯7 G♯m D♯/G
not, like what you got, you're un - der the soil, yes
G♯m D♯/G G♯m D♯/G E E/D♯ E/D♮
deep in — the soil. So — we'll
D♯ D♯/D♮ D♯/C♯
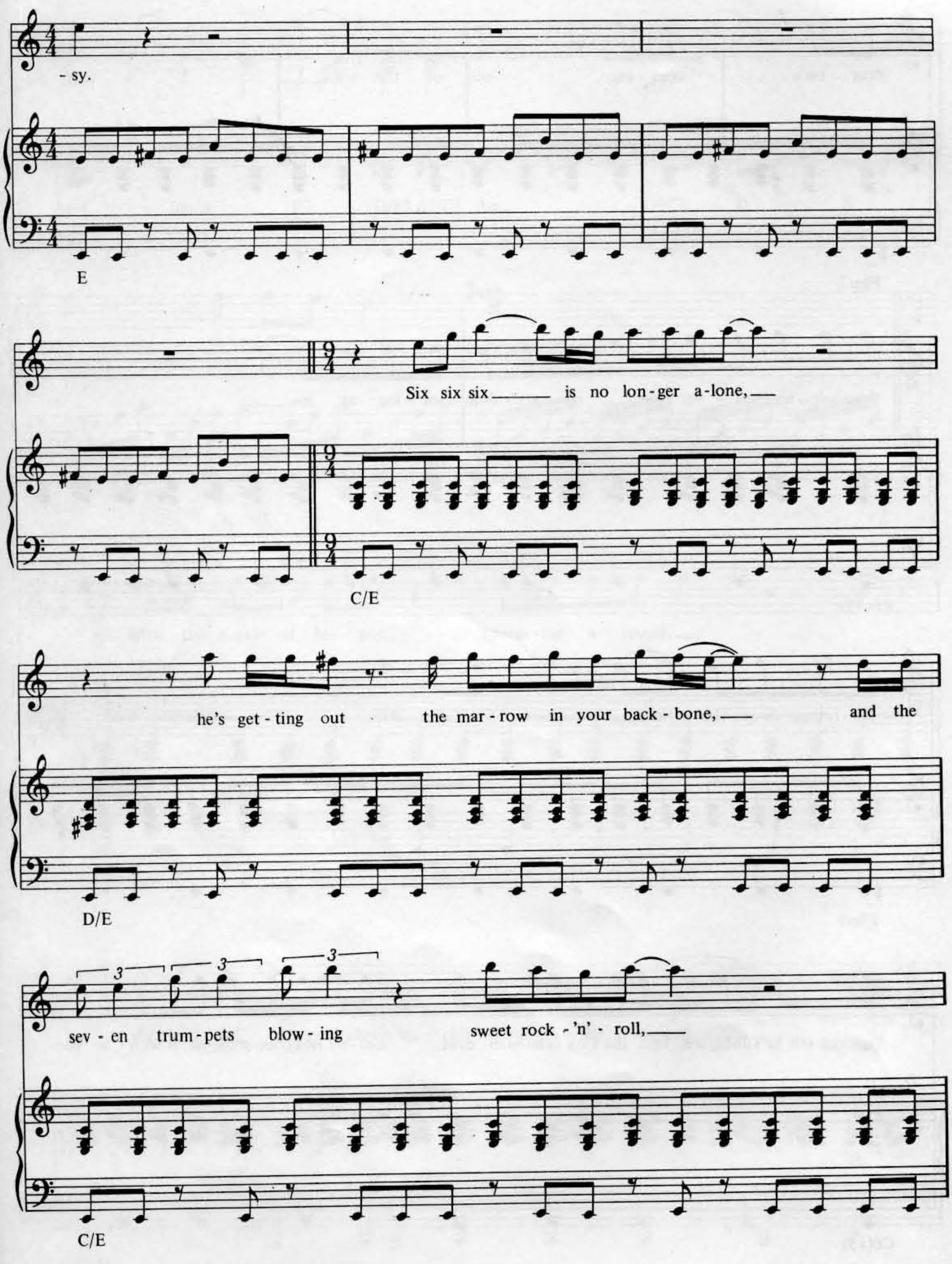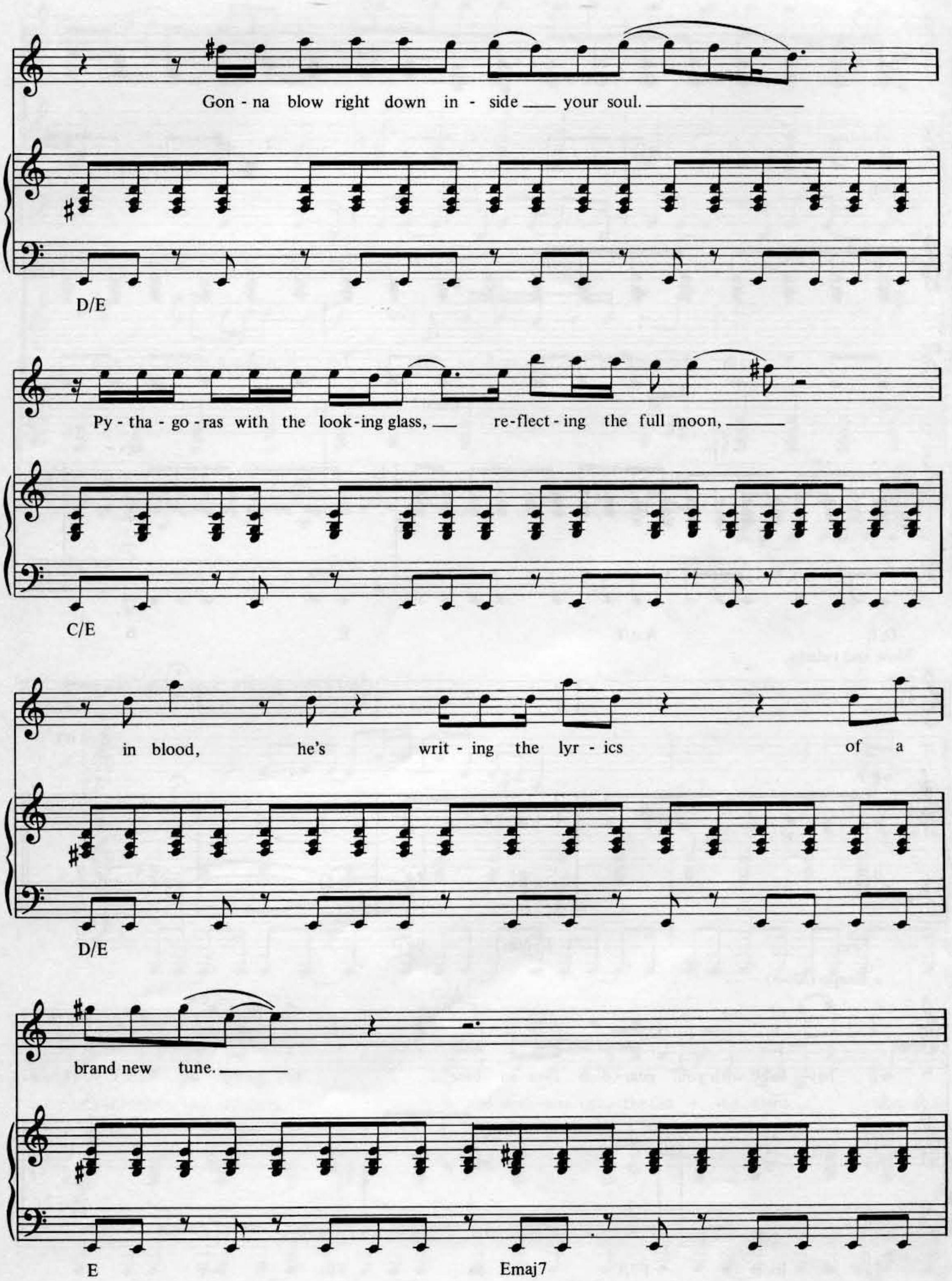


6 **Apocalypse in $\frac{9}{8}$ (Co-starring the Delicious Talents of Gabble Rachet)**
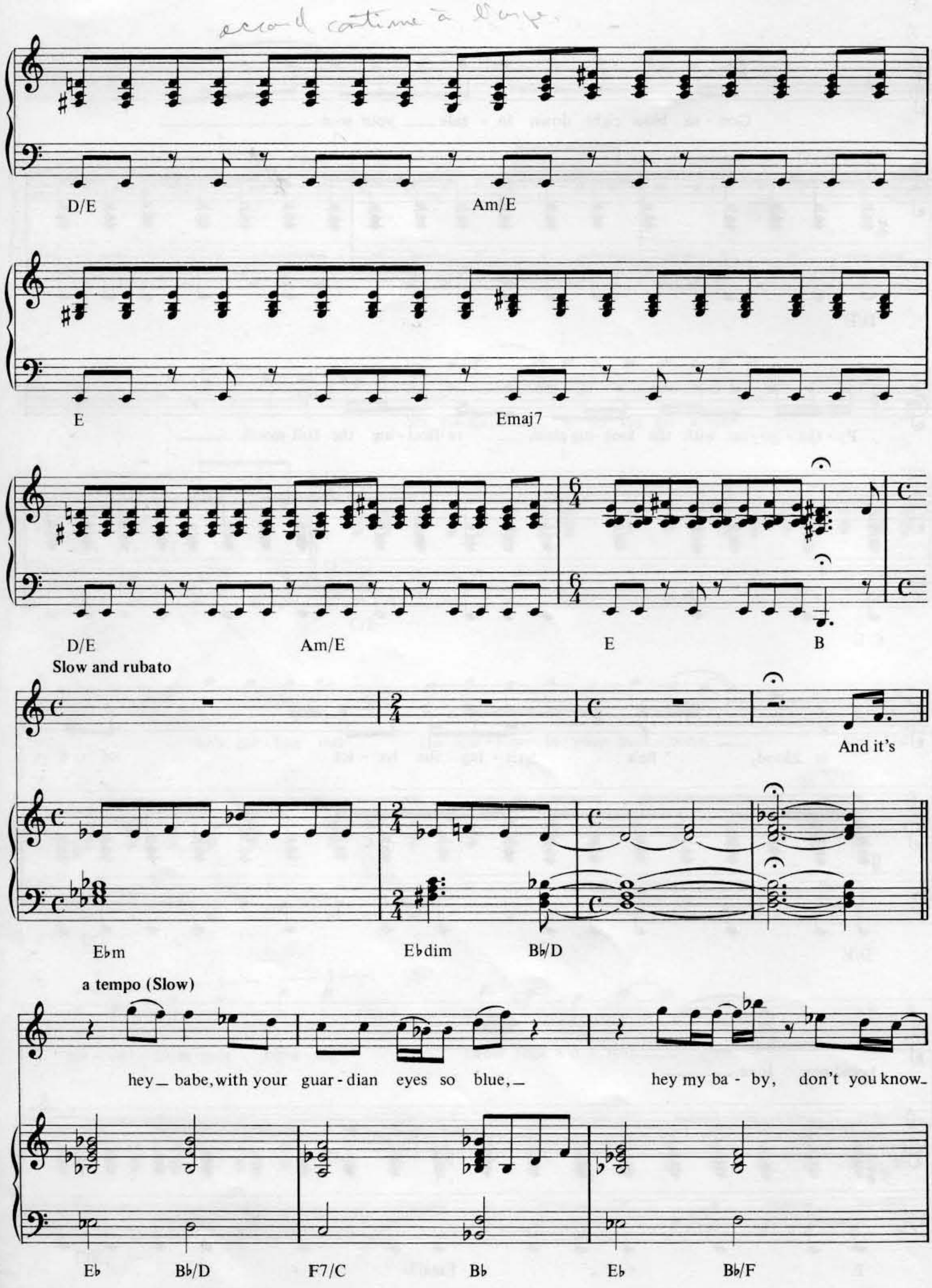



Am7 Bm/A E7 D/F♯ E7/G♯ Am D E
F/C G♯°
With the guards of Ma - gog, swarm - ing a - round,
F♯m
the Pied Pi - per takes his chil - dren un - der - ground. The
C6(♭5)
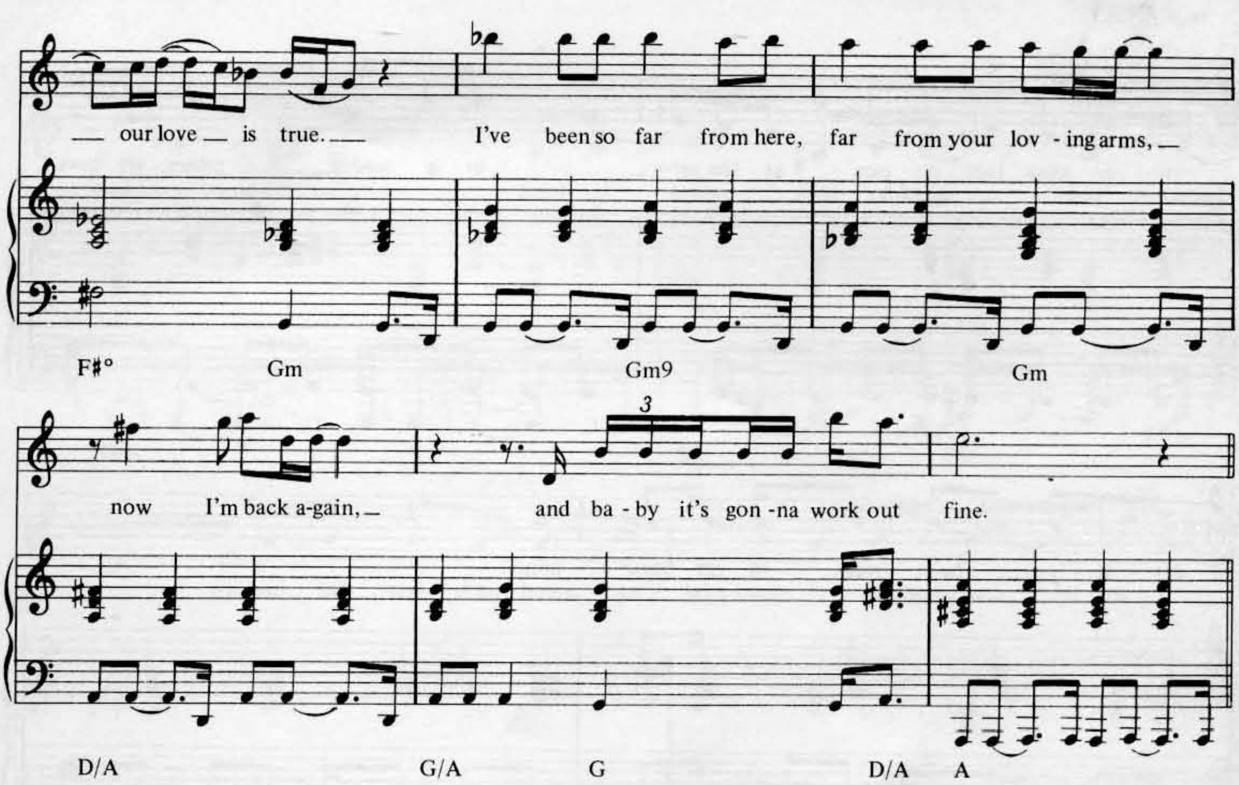

drag - on's com - ing, out of the sea, with the
F#m7
shim-mer - ing sil - ver head of wis - dom look - ing at me.
C6(♭5)
He brings down the fire from the skies,
F#m7
You can tell he's doing well, by the look in hu-man eyes, Bet - ter not com-prom-ise, it won't be ea -
C6(♭5)
D
5
4/4


- sy.
E
Six six six is no lon-ger a-lone,
C/E
he's get-ting out the mar-row in your back-bone, and the
D/E
sev-en trum-pets blow-ing sweet rock-'n'-roll,
C/E
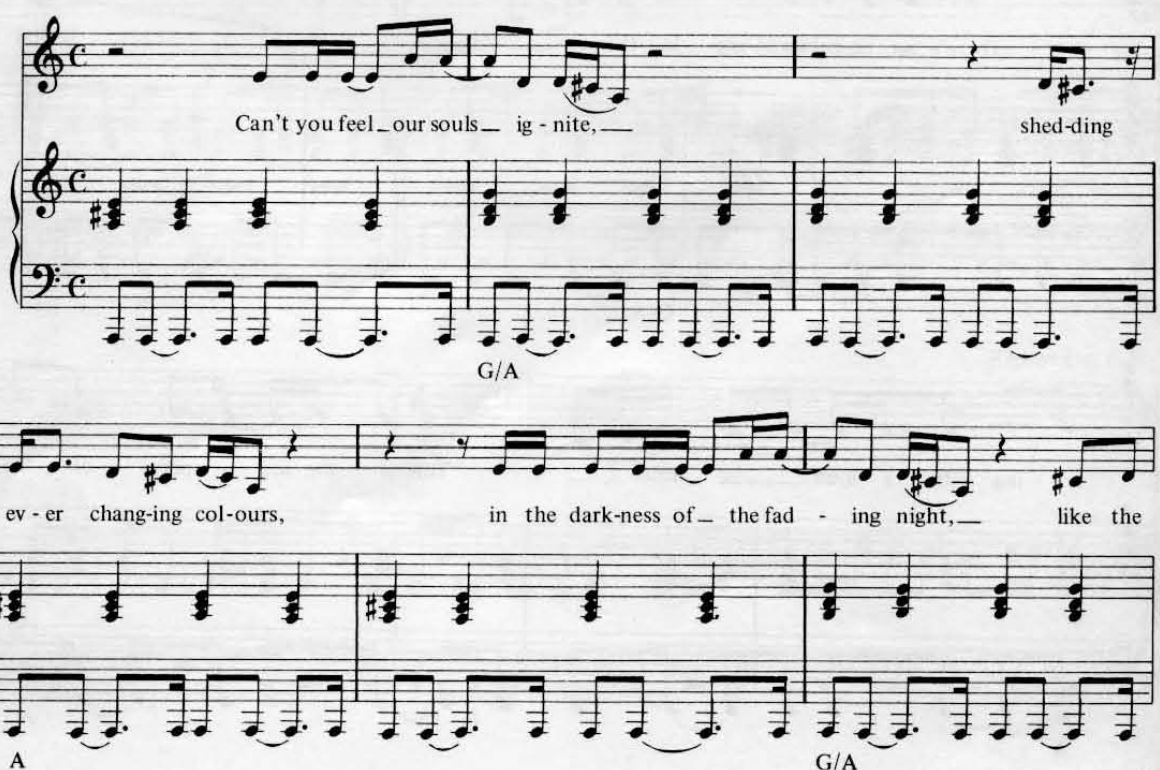

Gon - na blow right down in - side ___ your soul. ___
D/E
Py - tha - go - ras with the look - ing glass, ___ re - flect - ing the full moon, ___
C/E
in blood, he's writ - ing the lyr - ics of a
D/E
brand new tune. ___
E
Emaj7
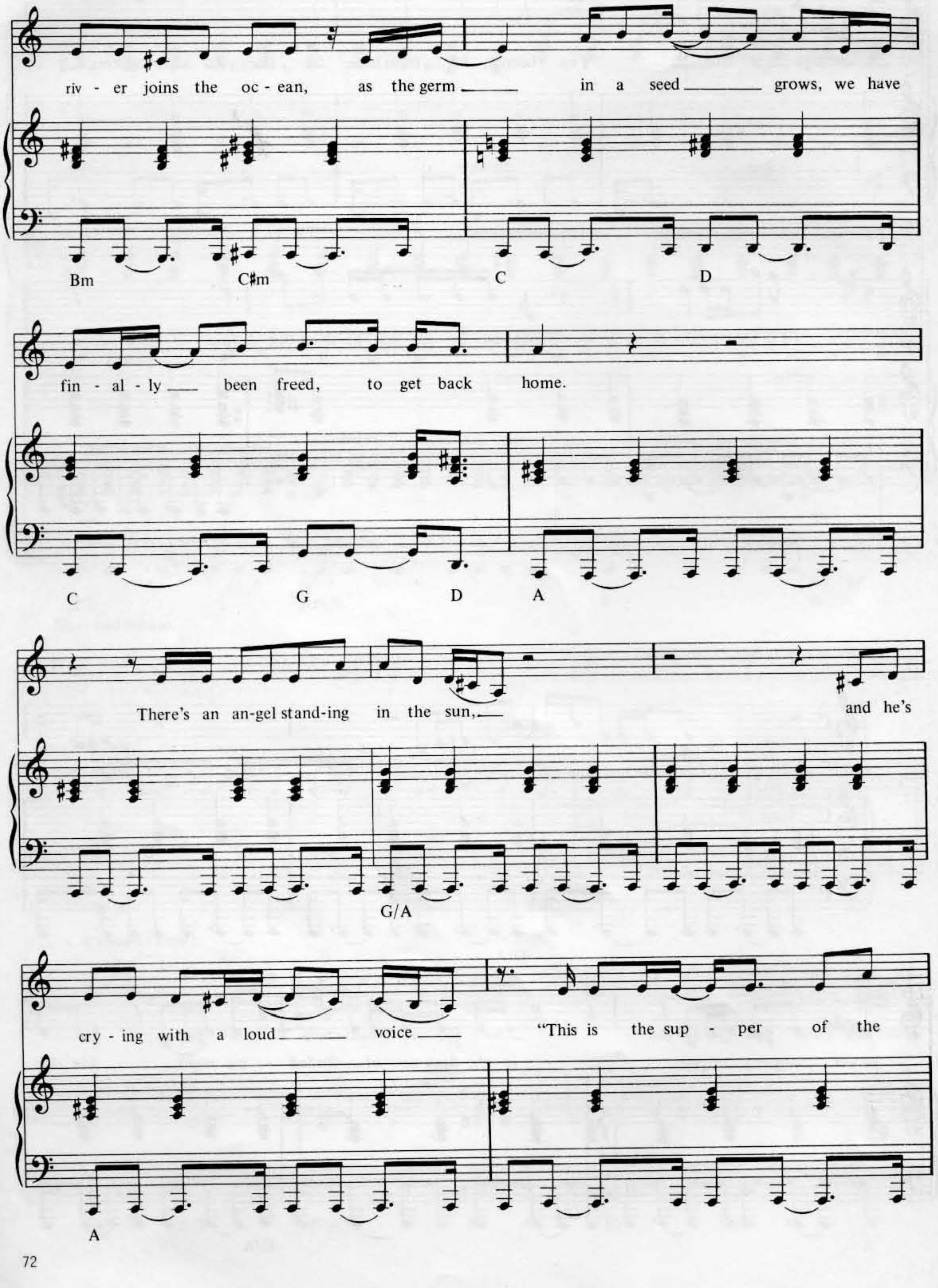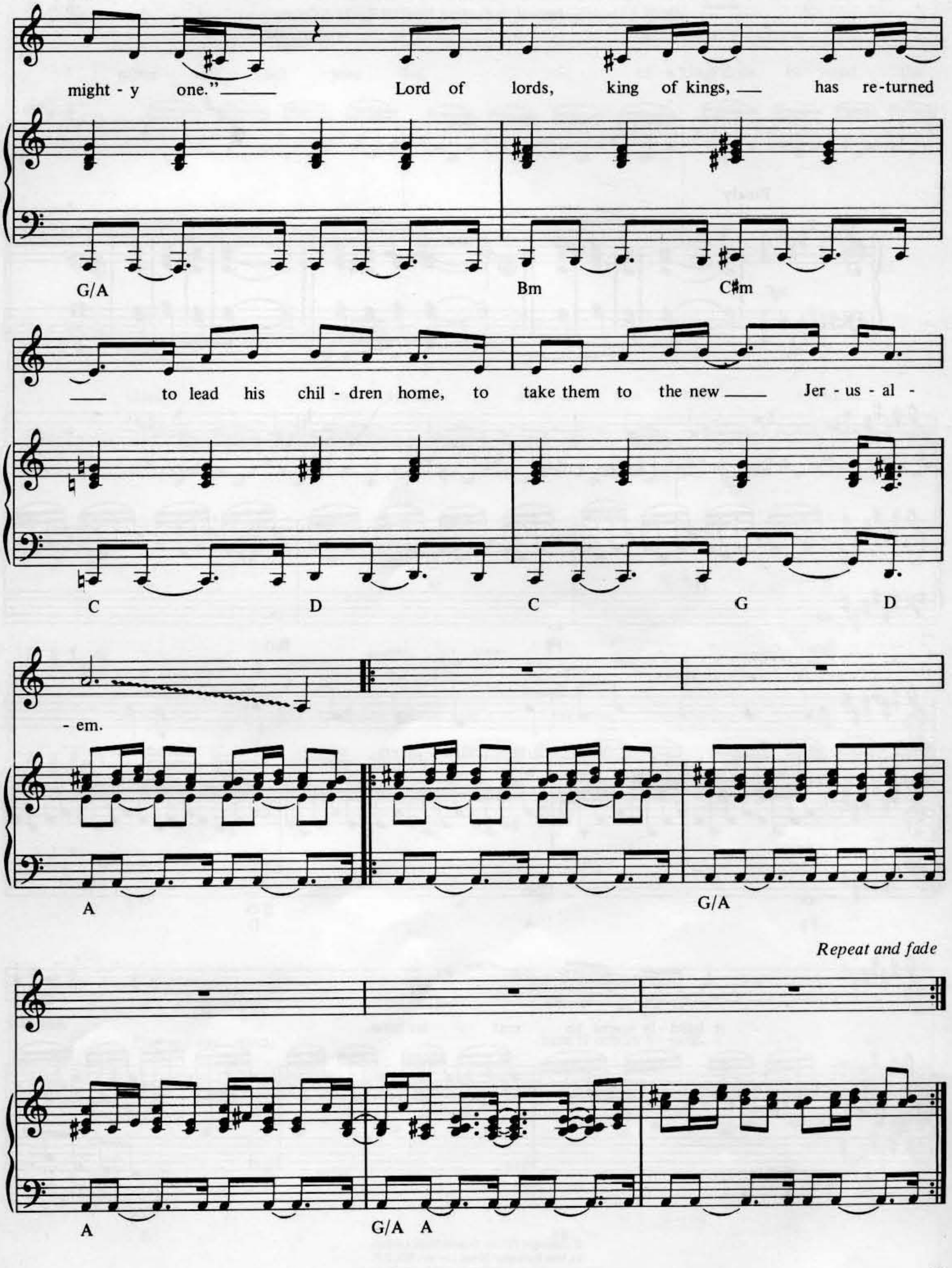


D/E
Am/E
E
Emaj7
D/E
Am/E
E
B
Slow and rubato
And it's
E♭m
E♭dim
B♭/D
a tempo (Slow)
hey_ babe, with your guar - dian eyes so blue,_
hey my ba - by, don't you know_
E♭
B♭/D
F7/C
B♭
E♭
B♭/F



7. **As sure as eggs is eggs (Aching men's feet)**
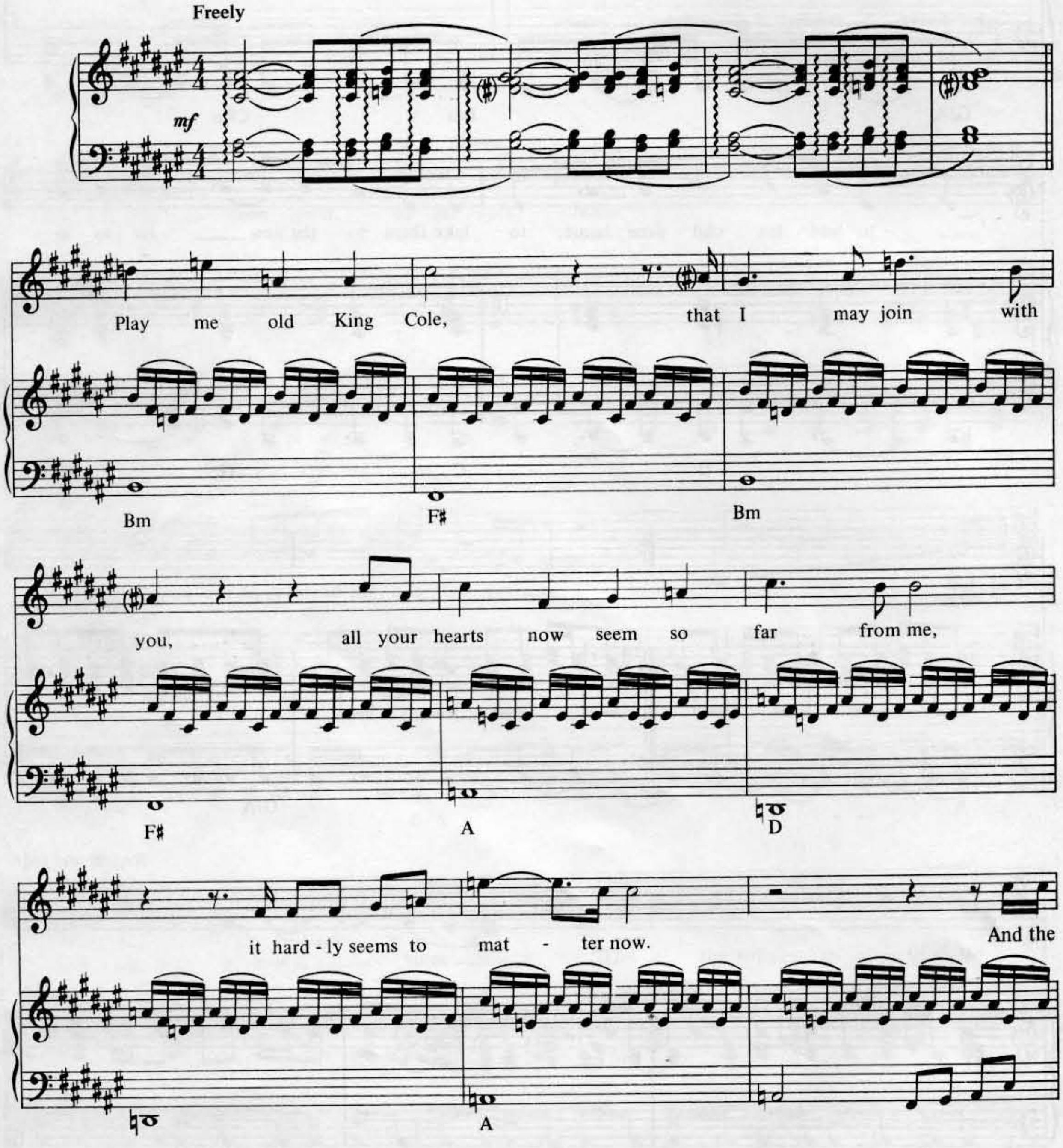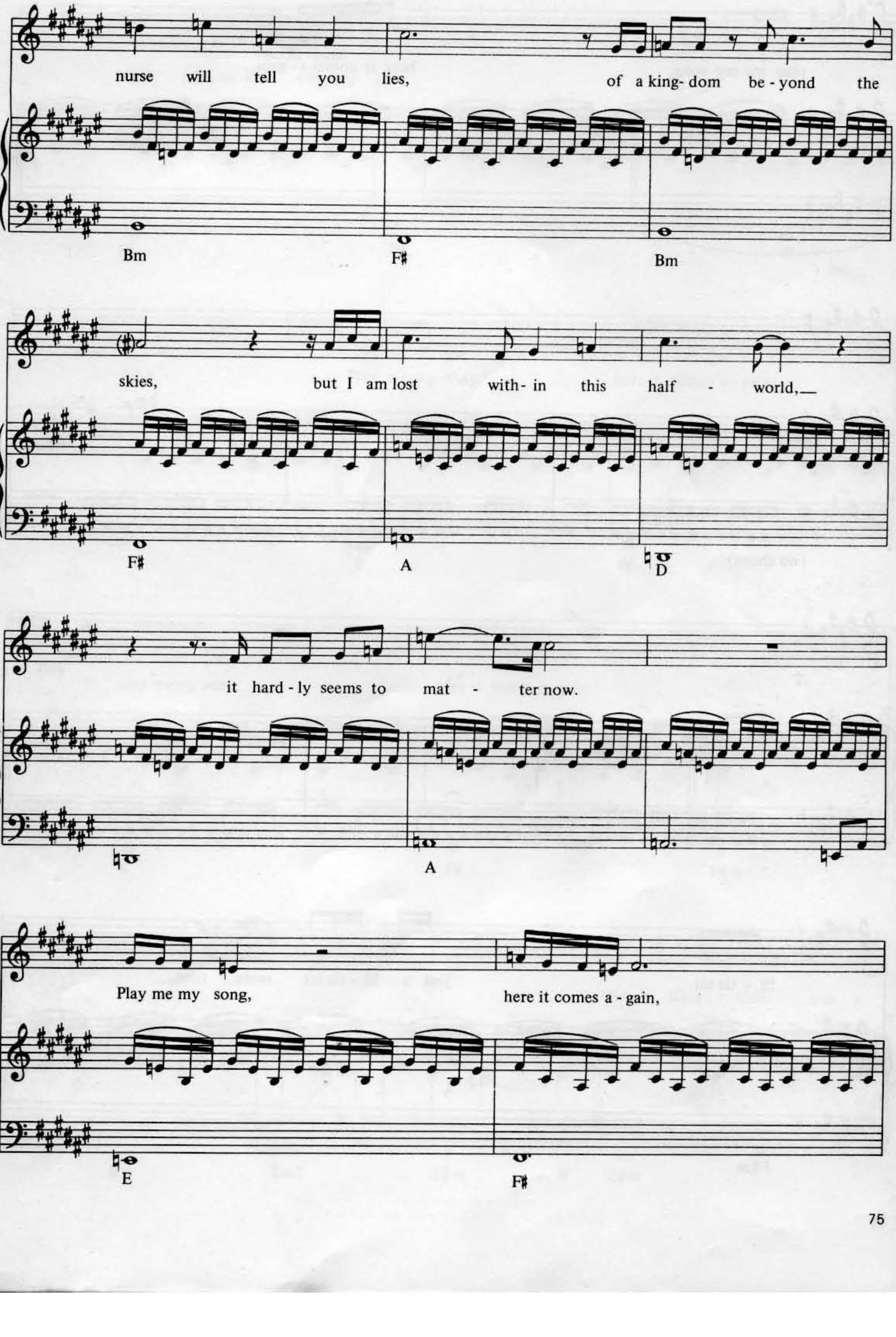



riv - er joins the oc - ean, as the germ in a seed grows, we have
Bm C♯m C D
fin - al - ly been freed, to get back home.
C G D A
There's an an-gel stand-ing in the sun, and he's
G/A
cry - ing with a loud voice "This is the sup - per of the
A
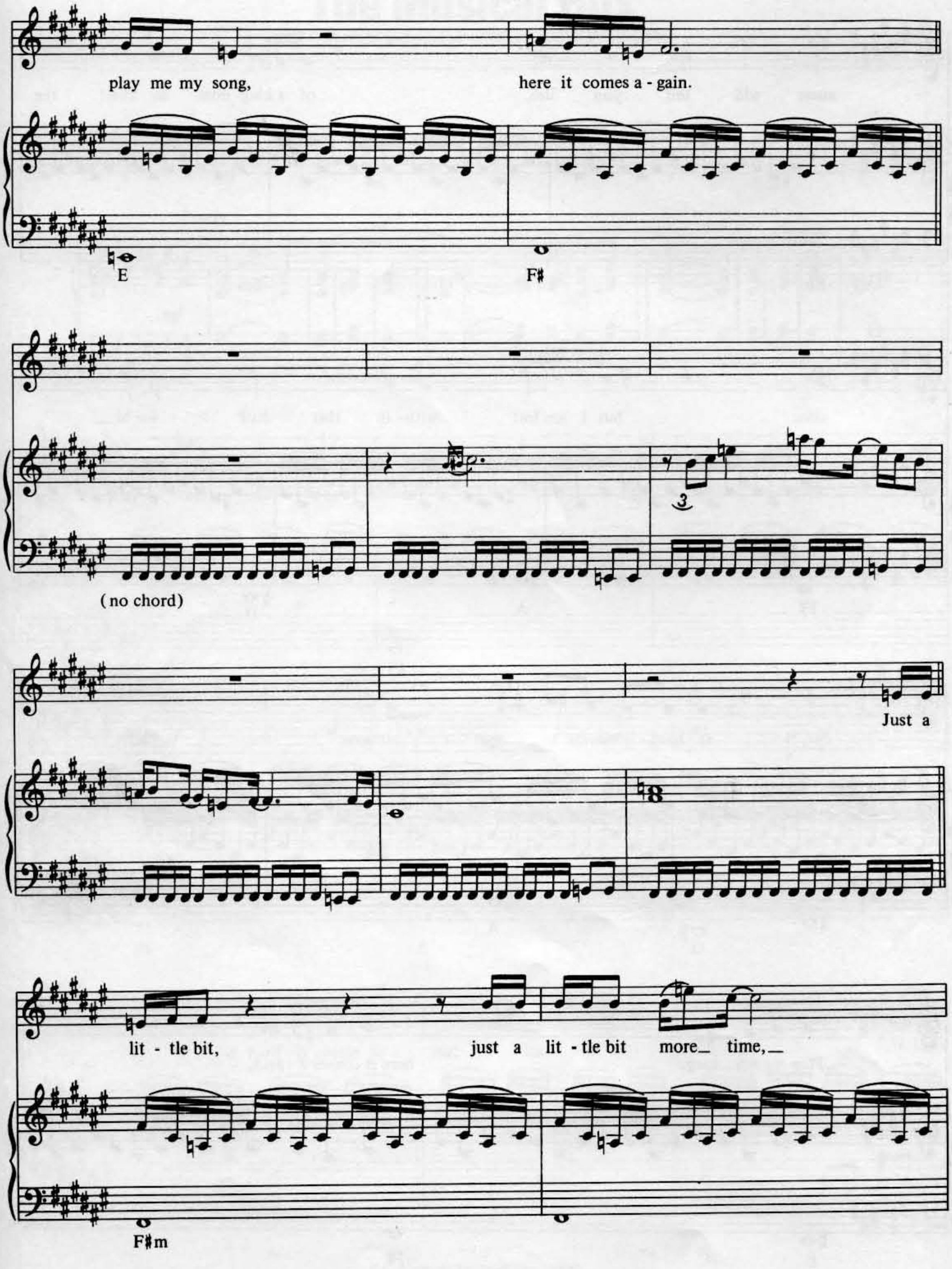

might - y one." Lord of lords, king of kings, has re-turned
G/A Bm C#m
to lead his chil - dren home, to take them to the new Jer - us - al -
C D C G D
- em.
A G/A
Repeat and fade
A G/A A
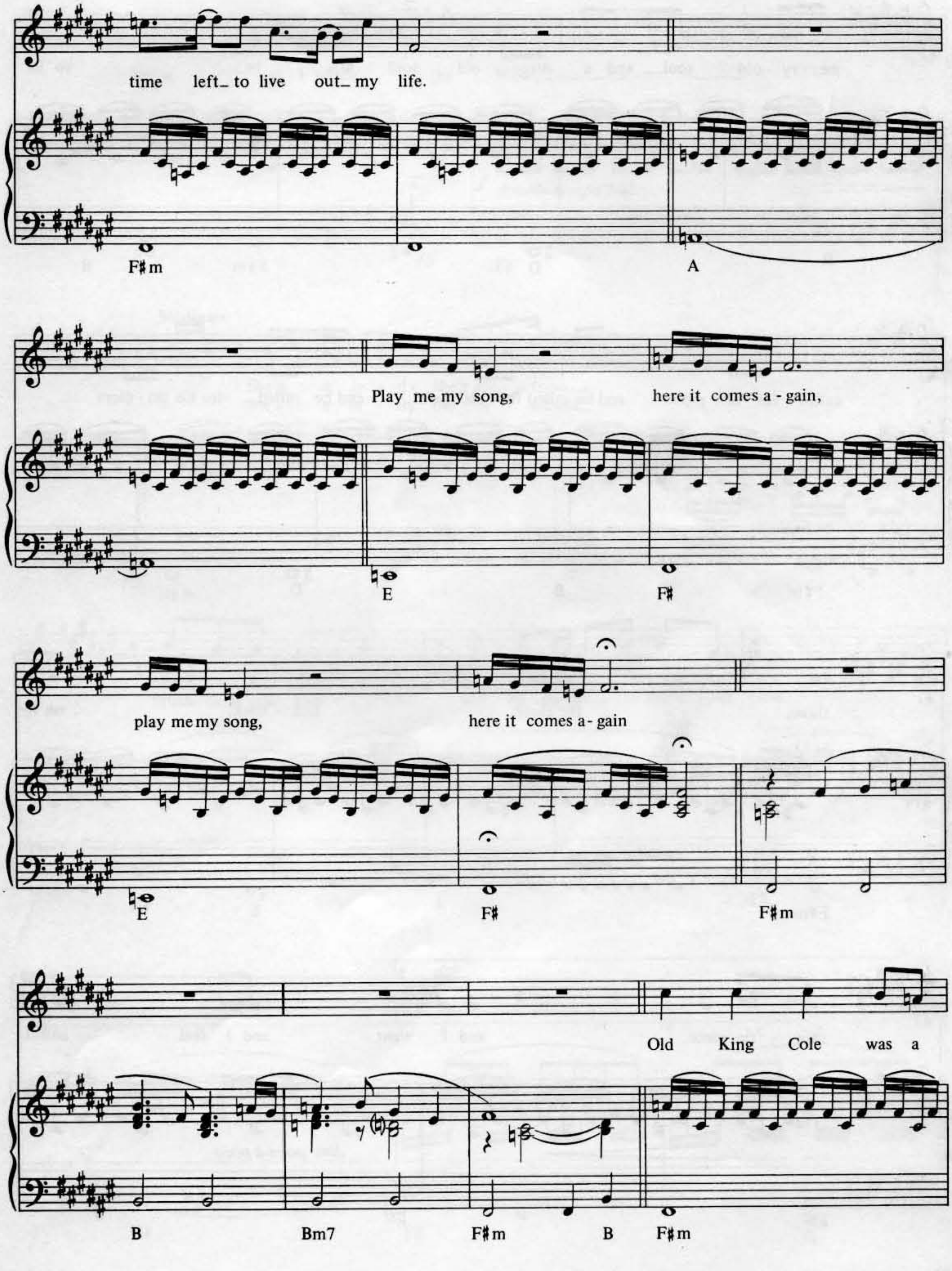
The Musical Box
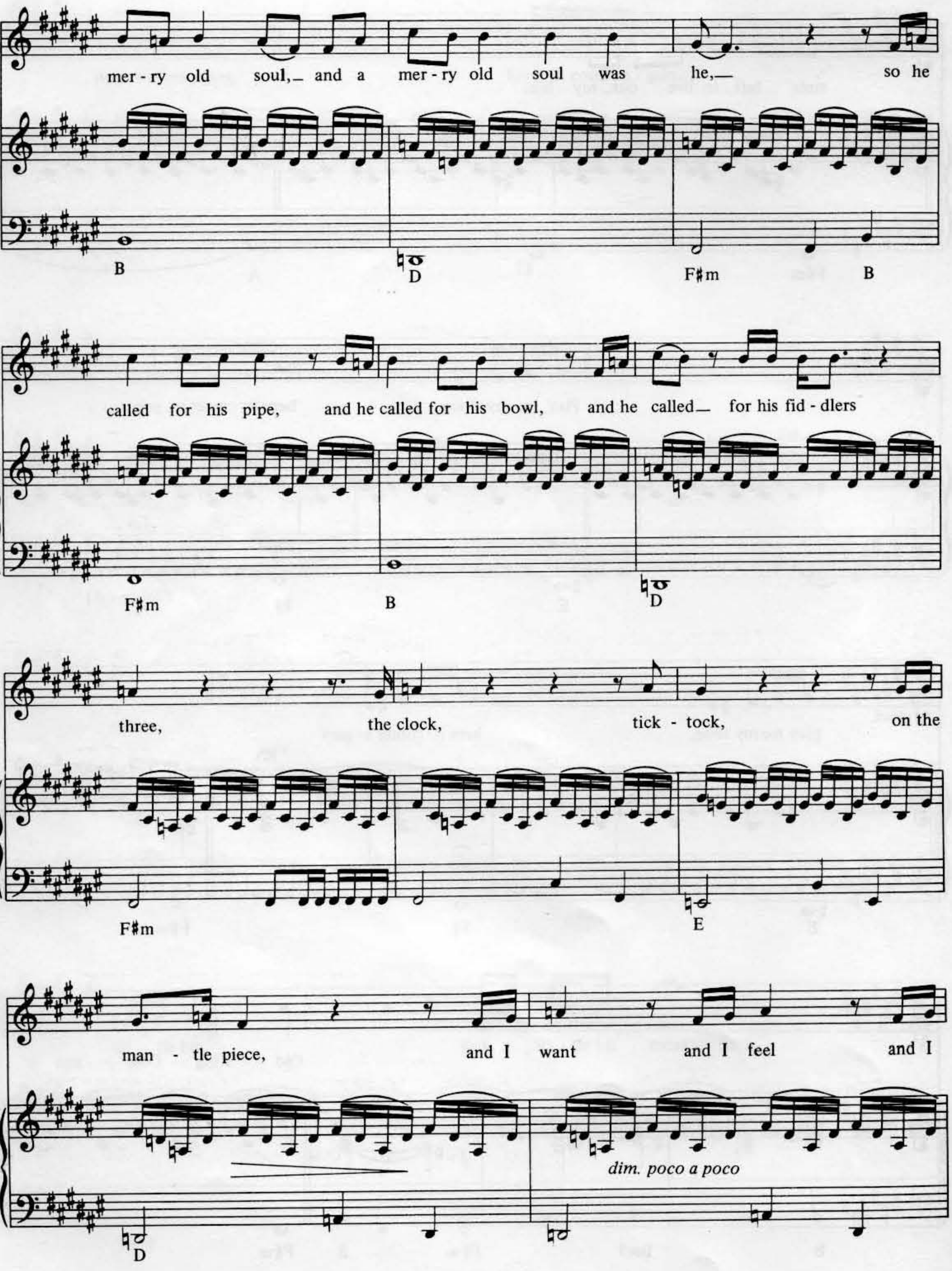
Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Hackett Banks & Collins.
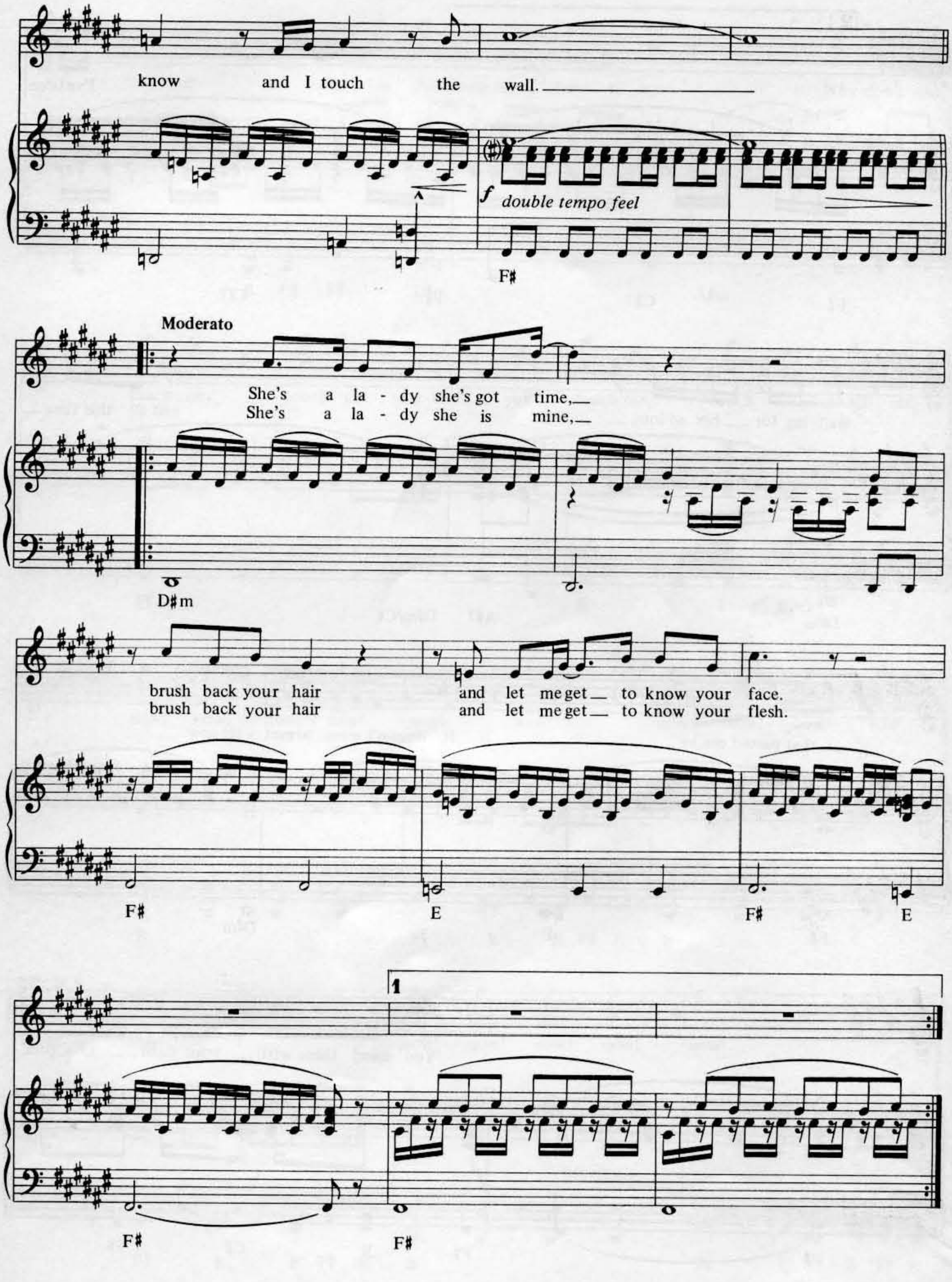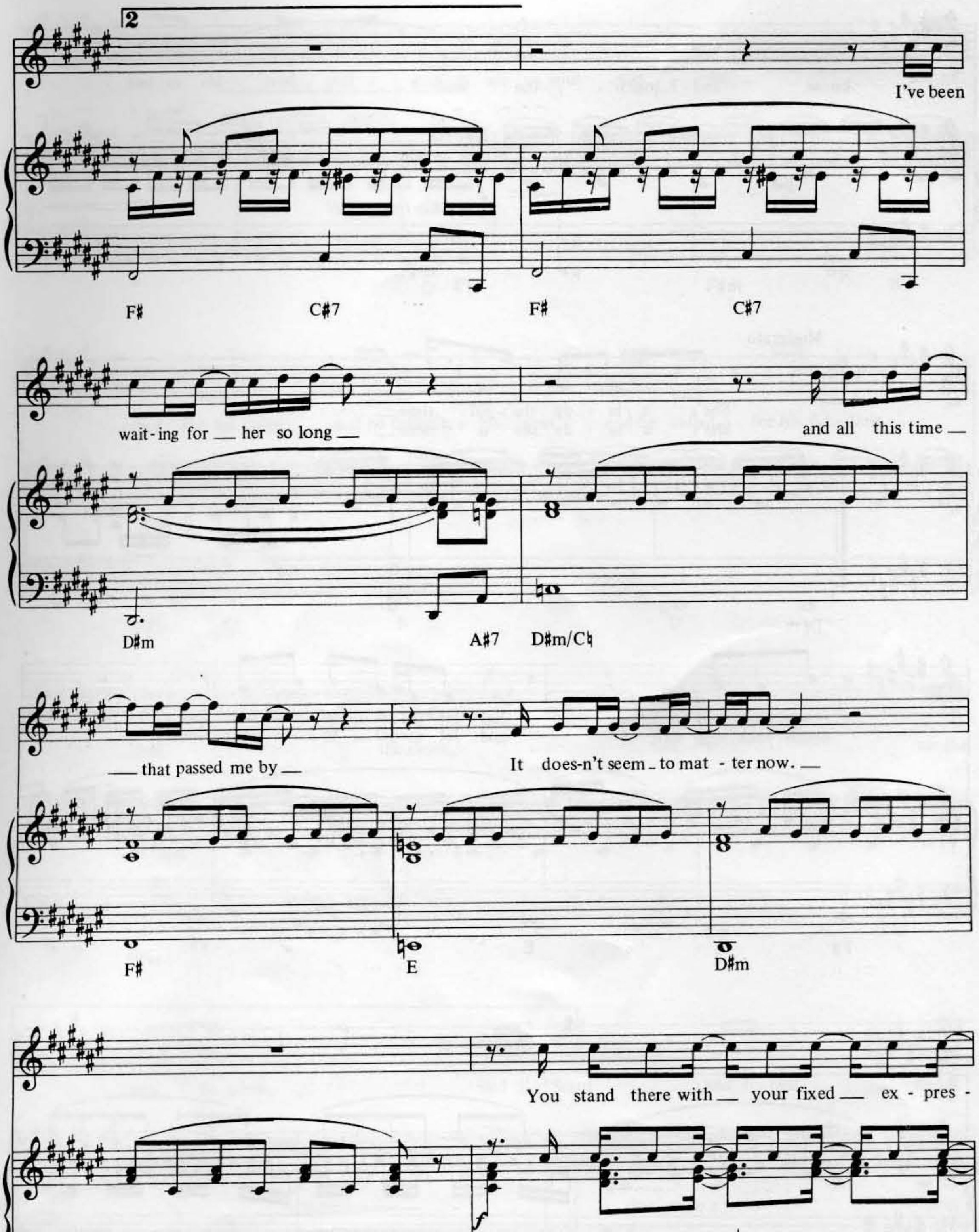



nurse will tell you lies, of a king-dom be-yond the
Bm
F♯
Bm
skies, but I am lost with-in this half - world,—
F♯
A
D
it hard-ly seems to mat - ter now.
A
Play me my song, here it comes a-gain,
E
F♯
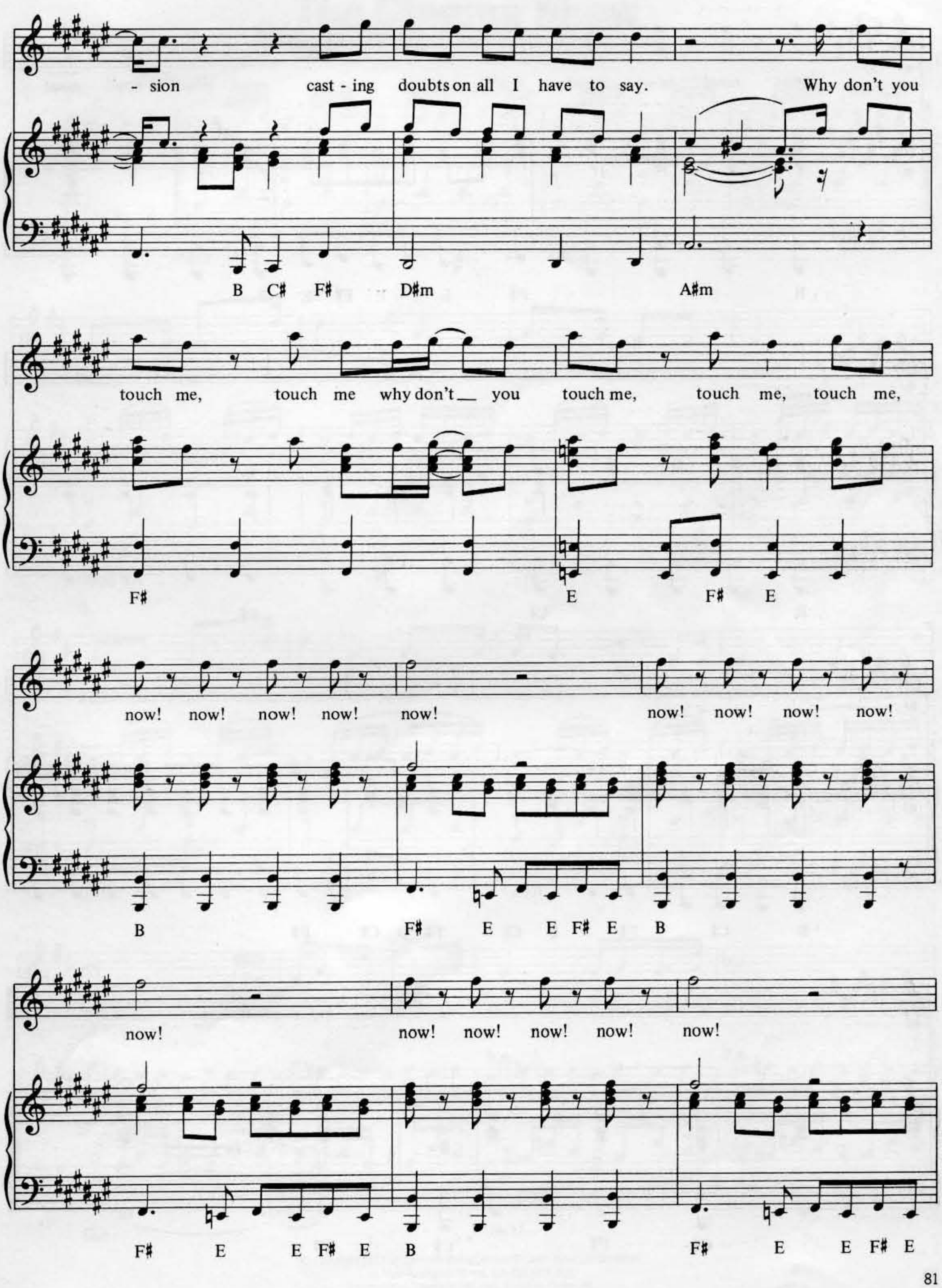

play me my song,
here it comes a - gain.
E
F♯
(no chord)
Just a
lit - tle bit,
just a lit - tle bit
more_ time,_
F♯m
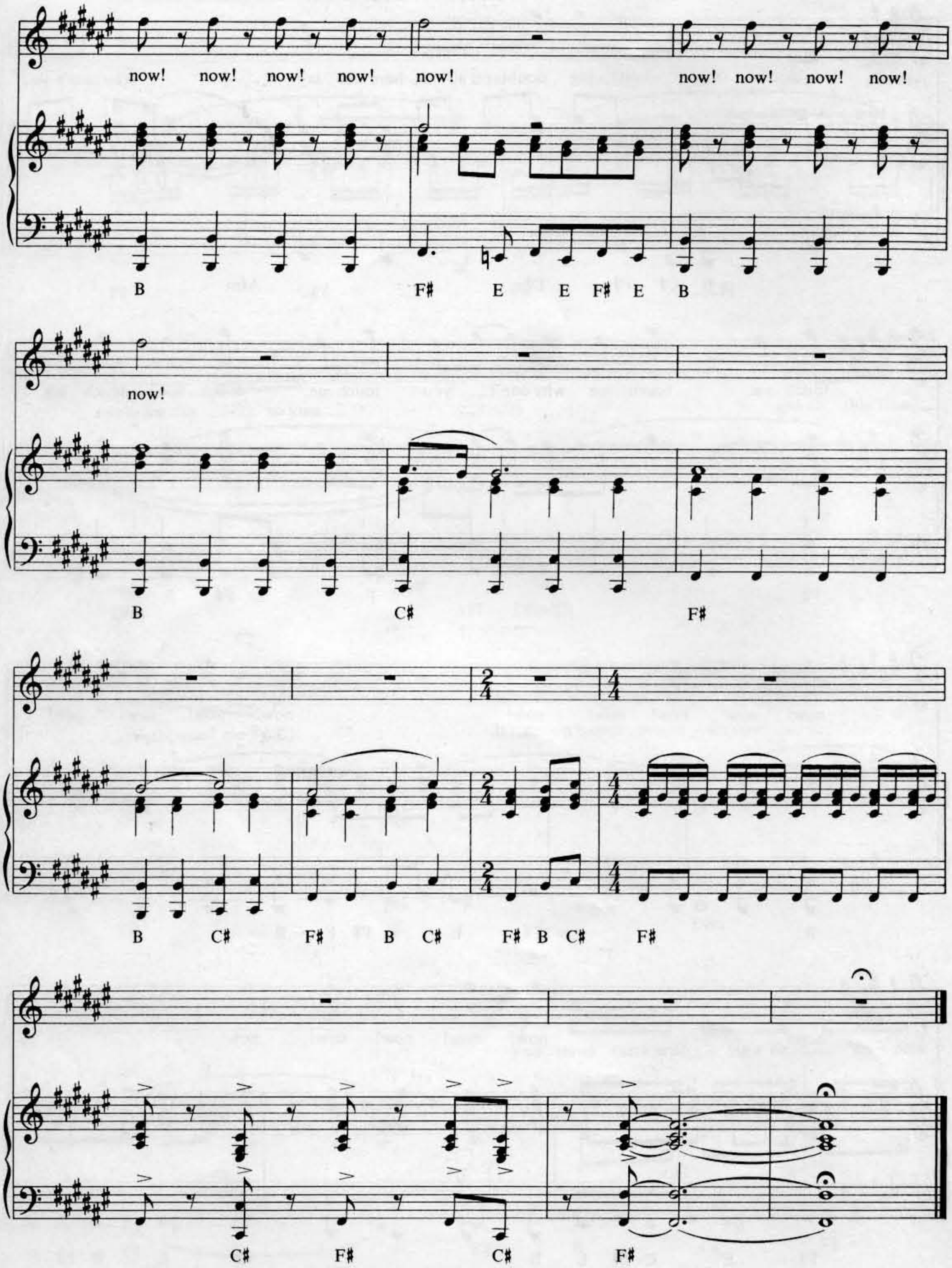

time left_ to live out_ my life.
F♯m
A
Play me my song,
here it comes a - gain,
E
F♯
play me my song,
here it comes a - gain
E
F♯
F♯m
Old King Cole was a
B
Bm7
F♯m
B
F♯m


mer - ry old soul, and a mer - ry old soul was he, so he
B
D
F♯m B
called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his fid - dlers
F♯m
B
D
three, the clock, tick - tock, on the
F♯m
E
man - tle piece, and I want and I feel and I
dim. poco a poco
D


know and I touch the wall.
f double tempo feel
F#
Moderato
She's a la - dy she's got time,
She's a la - dy she is mine,
D#m
brush back your hair and let me get to know your face.
brush back your hair and let me get to know your flesh.
F#
E
F#
E
1
F#
F#
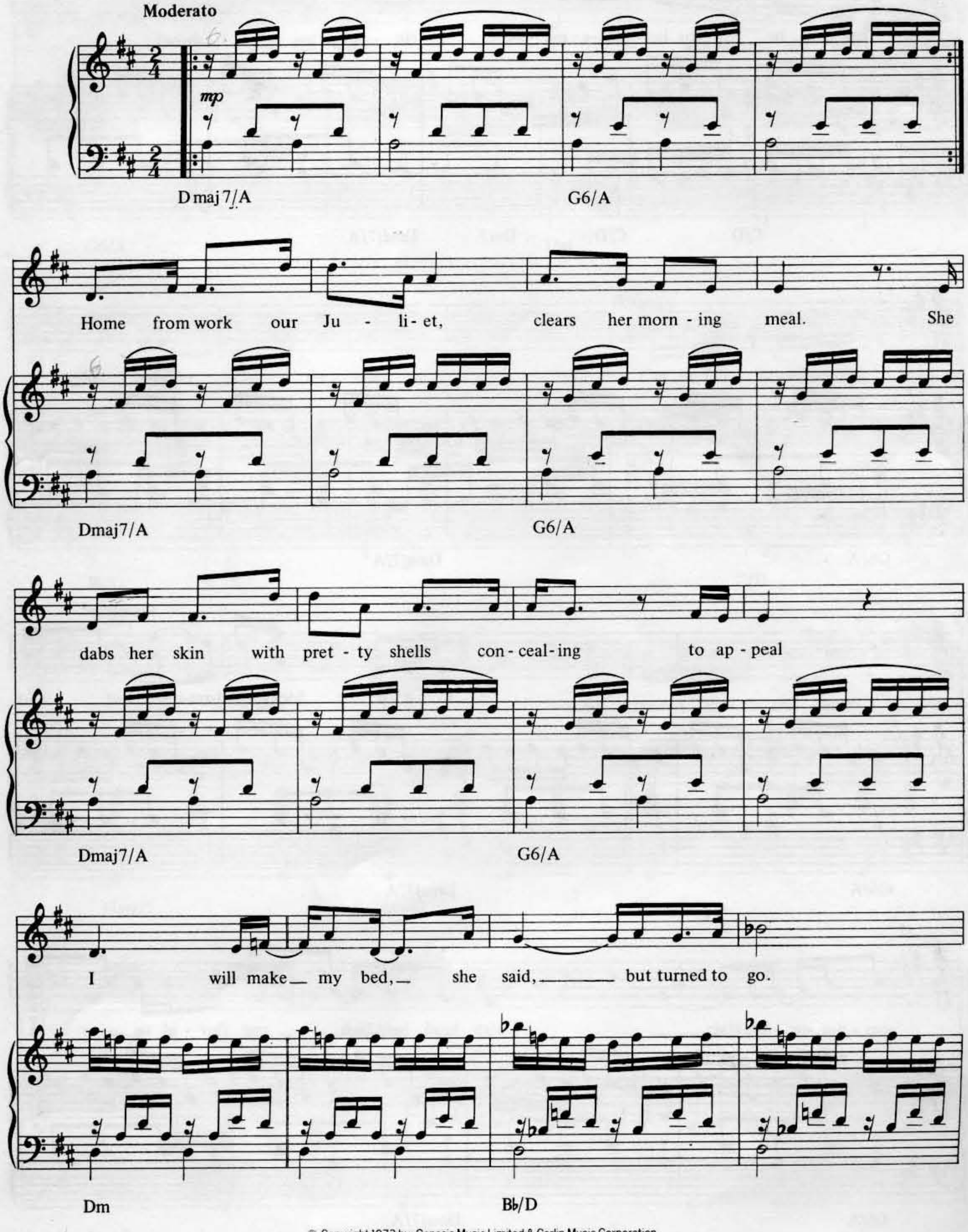

2
I've been
F♯
C♯7
F♯
C♯7
wait-ing for her so long
and all this time
D♯m
A♯7
D♯m/C♮
that passed me by
It does-n't seem to mat - ter now.
F♯
E
D♯m
You stand there with your fixed ex - pres -
F♯
F♯
B
C♯
F♯
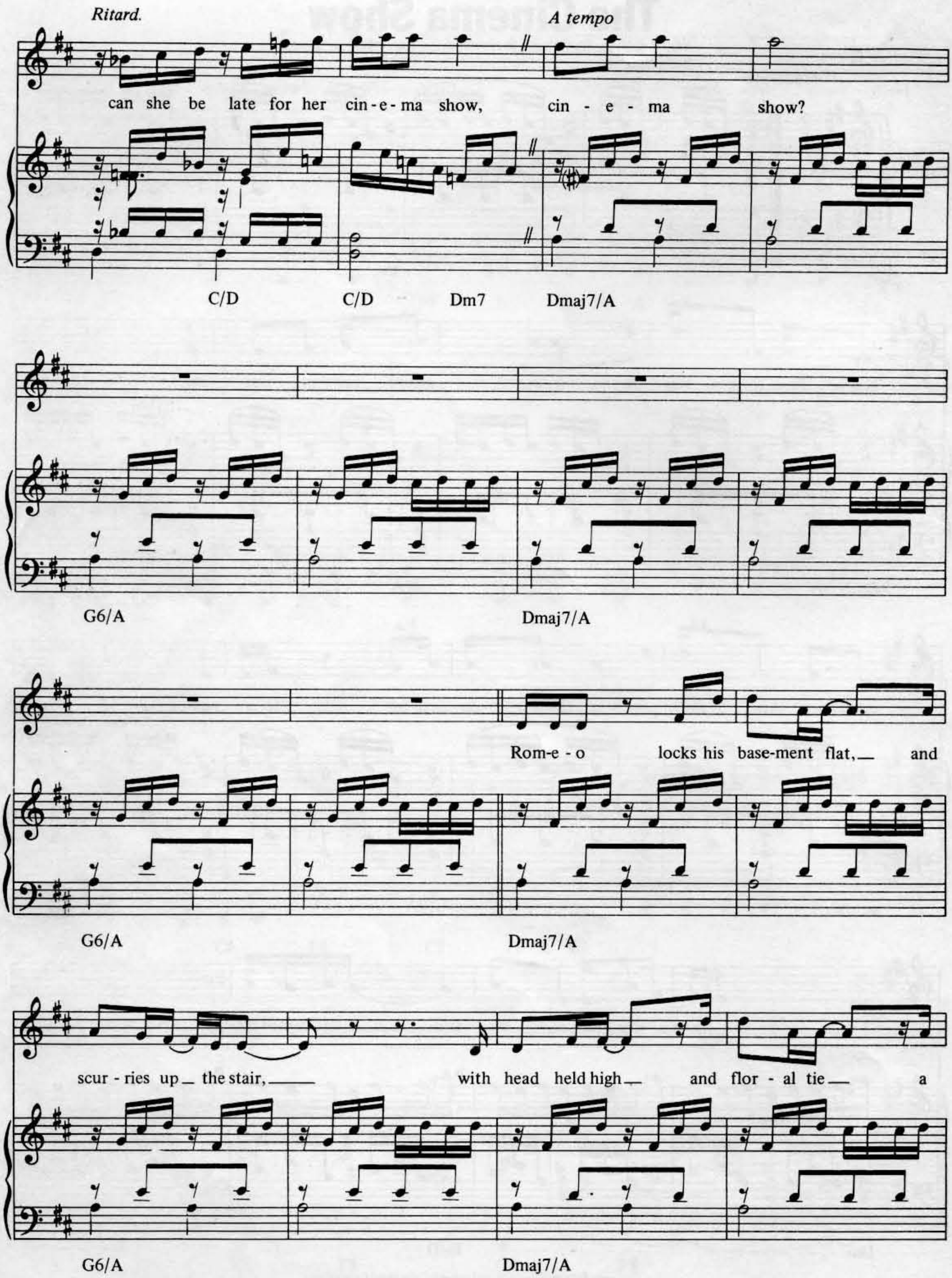

- sion cast - ing doubts on all I have to say. Why don't you
B C# F# D#m A#m
touch me, touch me why don't ___ you touch me, touch me, touch me,
F# E F# E
now! now! now! now! now! now! now! now! now!
B F# E E F# E B
now! now! now! now! now! now!
F# E E F# E B F# E E F# E

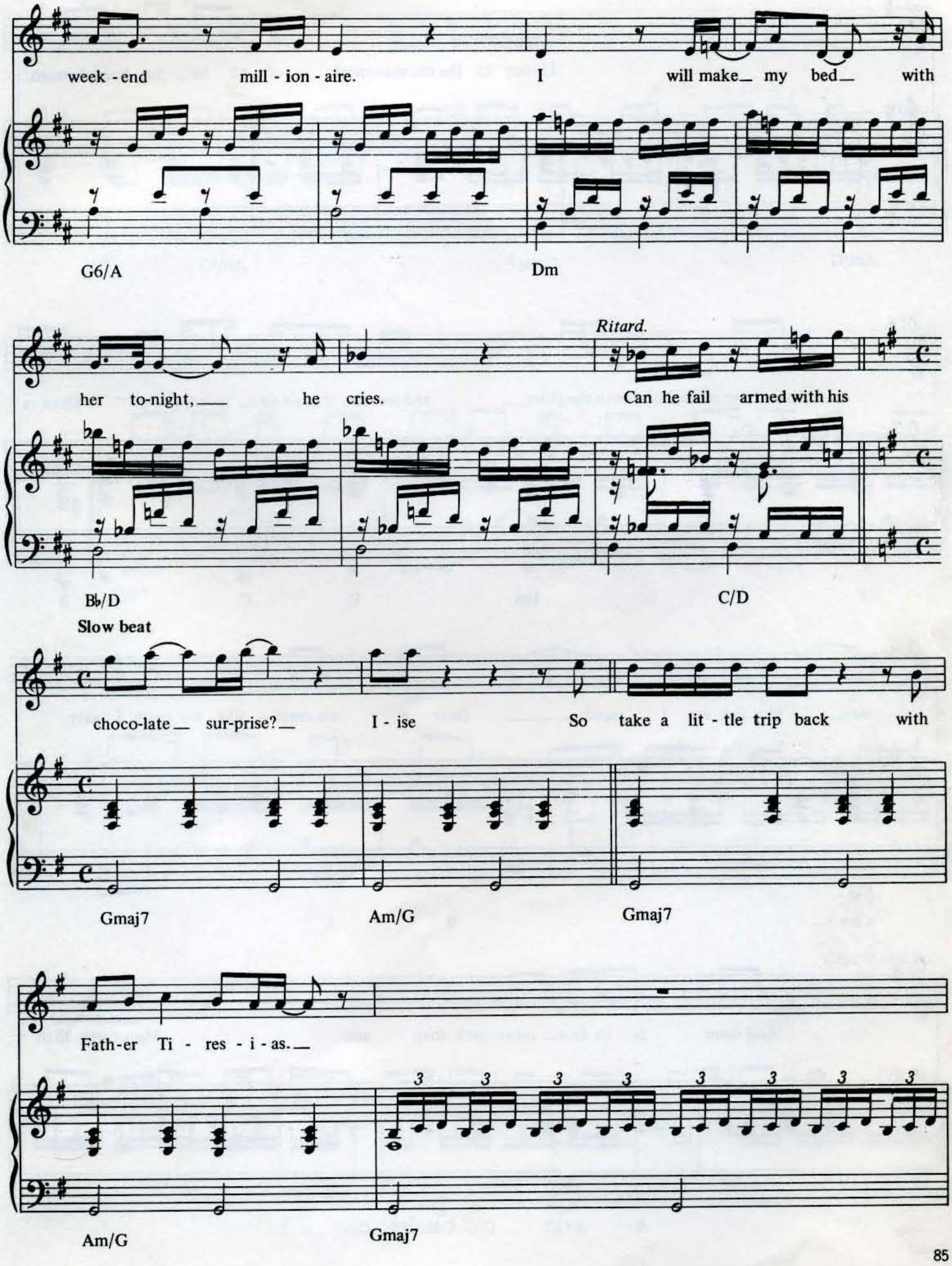

now! now! now! now! now! now! now! now! now!
B F# E E F# E B
now!
B C# F#
B C# F# B C# F# B C# F#
C# F# C# F#
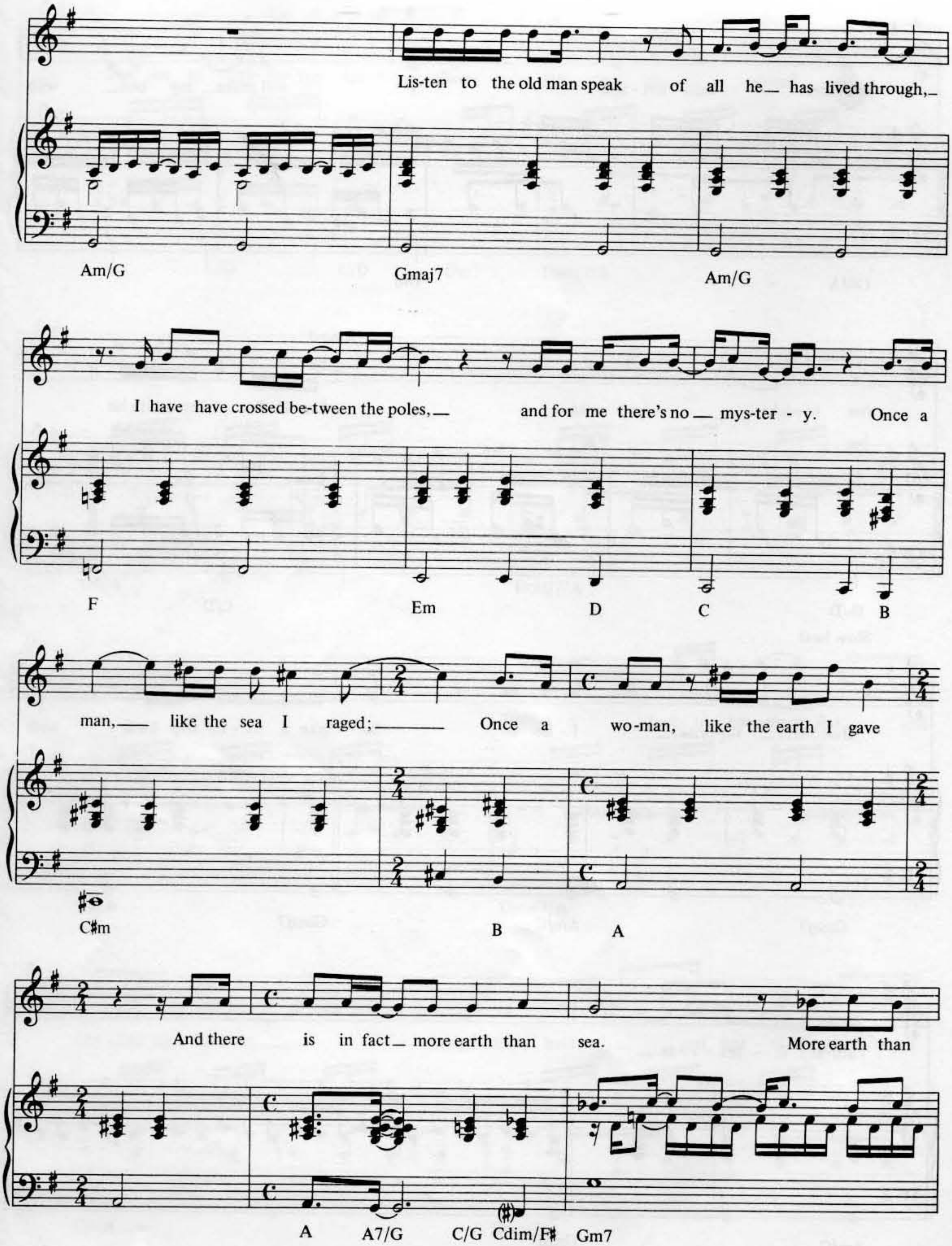
The Cinema Show
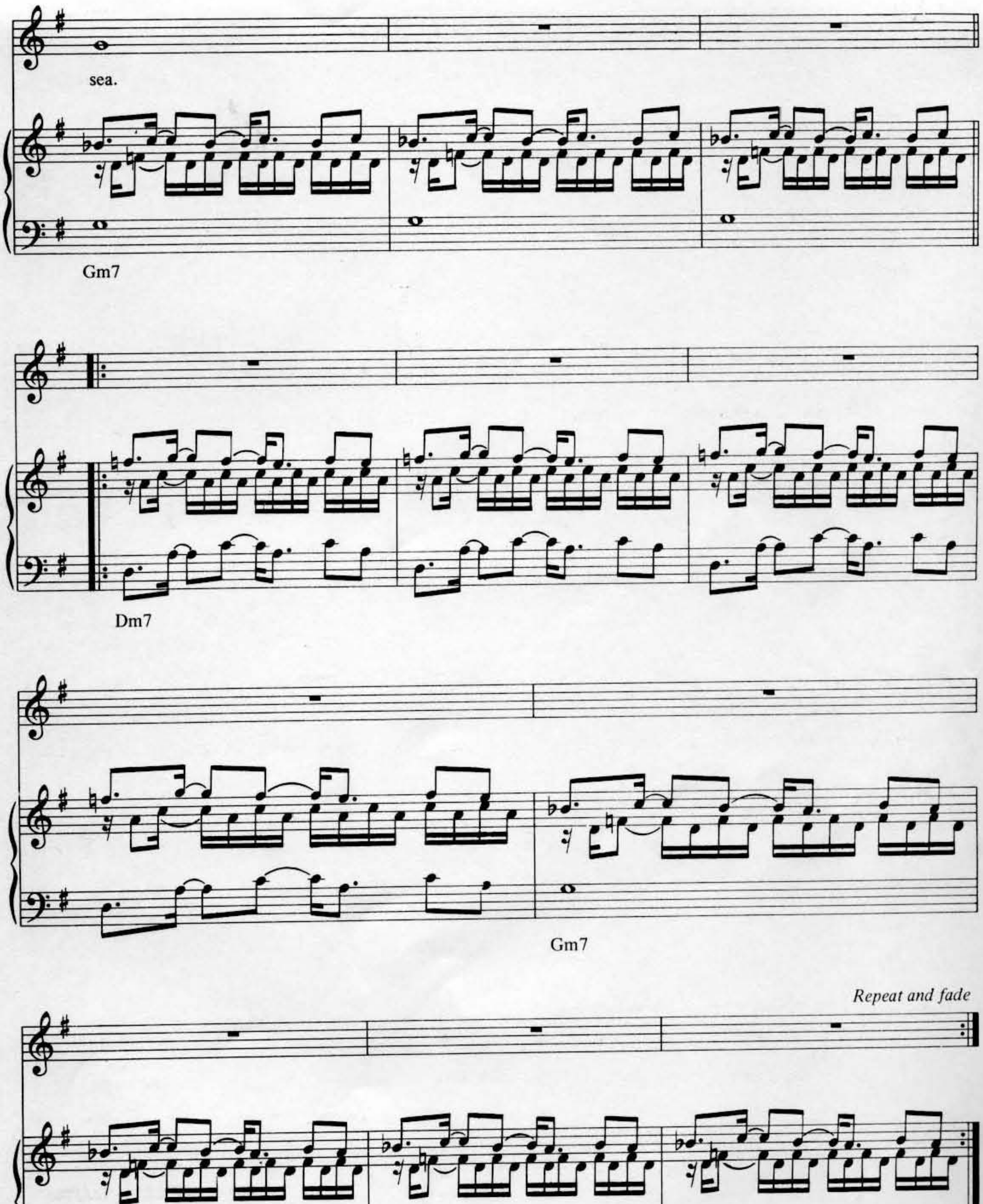
Words & Music by Gabriel, Rutherford, Banks, Collins & Hackett.




Ritard.
A tempo
can she be late for her cin-e-ma show, cin - e - ma show?
C/D
C/D Dm7 Dmaj7/A
G6/A
Dmaj7/A
Rom-e - o locks his base-ment flat, and
G6/A
Dmaj7/A
scur - ries up the stair, with head held high and flor - al tie a
G6/A
Dmaj7/A


week - end mill - ion - aire. I will make_ my bed_ with
G6/A
Dm
Ritard.
her to-night, _ he cries. Can he fail armed with his
Bb/D
C/D
Slow beat
choco-late _ sur-prise? _ I - ise So take a lit - tle trip back with
Gmaj7
Am/G
Gmaj7
Fath-er Ti - res - i - as. _
Am/G
Gmaj7


Lis-ten to the old man speak of all he has lived through,
I have have crossed be-tween the poles, and for me there's no mys-ter-y. Once a
man, like the sea I raged; Once a wo-man, like the earth I gave
And there is in fact more earth than sea. More earth than
Am/G Gmaj7 Am/G
F Em D C B
C♯m B A
A A7/G C/G Cdim/F♯ Gm7


sea.
Gm7
Dm7
Gm7
Repeat and fade

Squonk
The Carpet Crawl
Robbery Assault & Battery
Afterglow
Firth Of Fifth
I Know What I Like
The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway
The Musical Box
Supper's Ready
Cinema Show



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